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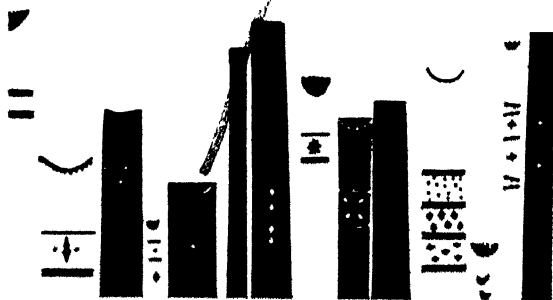
THE SPEAKER

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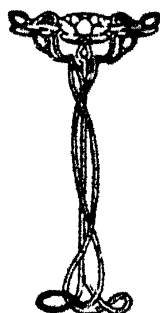


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After-Dinner Speaking



WITH the exception of pulpit oratory the most prevalent form of public speaking in America, doubtless, is the after-dinner speech. In every town the annual woman's club luncheon is followed by short speeches. The annual meeting of the high school alumni is usually a dinner, which is not considered complete without a program of toasts. In colleges, every class, fraternity, eating club, scientific club or literary society has one or more spreads, feeds, banquets or dinners, at all of which speaking is called for. In cities the common method of getting people together for social intercourse, or for the consideration of any public question, is to give a dinner, which is never thought complete without speaking. During a single week in an eastern city one may see announcements of dinners of the Ohio Society, the Yale Alumni Club, the Methodist Social Union, two or three college fraternities, the Bankers' Club, and so through a list of a dozen or so. The occasions for dinners are never-ending, and most dinners are followed by speaking.

MISCONCEPTION OF AFTER-DINNER SPEECHES.

Despite the wide practice of this form of public speaking, there is little literature on the subject, and almost no attempt on the part of those who practice it to make such speeches conform to the conditions under which the speeches are made. Certainly there is rarely evidenced on the part of the speaker a purpose to make the most of his opportunity. If one may judge by what he hears, the popular conception of an after-dinner speech is that it must do but one thing—it must produce laughter. Most men know that they are not humorists, but being called upon to give a toast, which they understand to be another name for a funny speech, they resort to the jest

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books for their material. The result is a string of unrelated stories, having no object but to raise a laugh. One such speech, even if indifferently given, may be relished by a company of friends or acquaintances; but the usual six, not to mention the occasional fourteen such, become an intolerable bore.

Though the prevalent misconception of the requirements of after-dinner speaking makes the situation serious, it is not beyond mending. Definite instruction by teachers of public speaking in schools and colleges will remedy conditions in a few years.

Only a few simple requirements need be pointed out, but the present misconception necessitates that these be insisted on with constant iteration.

The most important correction to be made is, that to be felicitous does not require one to try to be funny. The chief quality of after-dinner oratory is felicity; but let us understand felicity. The after-dinner audiences are in no critical mood. They are too full-fed to think. Persons who have antagonistic opinions refrain from discussing them at a dinner table. At least for the time being all who sit at table are friendly. It is a time of good fellowship, of good cheer. Not only must one avoid discussion which is likely to arouse animosity, but one should avoid scientific or philosophical, or other subjects which require concentrated attention or deep thought. This does not preclude subjects which make demands on the intelligence of the audience. Just here is where the majority of after-dinner speakers need frequent reminders. To eliminate abstruse or deeply philosophical themes as subjects for after-dinner presentation is not to turn from serious questions and compel every speaker to attempt the role of a humorist. The speeches chosen for this collection will sufficiently reinforce the editor's contention.

To insist that the after-dinner speech need not be humorous is not to say that it will be dull. The speech should be agreeable both in its matter and manner. To be agreeable, however, it is not necessary to be amusing.

TO BE AGREEABLE.

To present matter that is agreeable to an audience one is not compelled to search for a theme upon which he

believes all the persons present will agree, nor one that is so new that they will have no opinion about it. An audience always respects the speaker who frankly differs from them, who states the issues of both sides fairly, and sets forth his own contentions. Indeed, there is no more fruitful field for after-dinner speeches than those local or general issues about which the public to be addressed should be moved from its negative or antagonistic attitude. The public playground and similar social or charitable questions, public utilities or other economic questions, high school fraternities, as well as changes in the school curriculum or in the athletic rules; these and many more offer abundant opportunity to any person who has something to say to say it agreeably, though his point of view and his conclusion will not be in accord with the previous opinion of his hearers.

That the speech may not make undue demands upon the attention of hearers who are full-fed, the speaker will see to it that his discussion abounds in detail and illustration. It ought not to be necessary, but in the prevailing conceptions it may be wise to insist that there are other illustrations than funny stories. A humorous story lugged in to break up the speech rather than to make a point only diverts the audience, and does not advance or illuminate the discussion. On the other hand, a story of any kind, humorous or serious, which does advance or illuminate the point under discussion, will probably be more effective than much more effort and time spent in any other way.

If one is to have something to say to an after-dinner audience, he must depart from the common practice of choosing a theme that a successful speaker has used; the only excuse for choosing it being the fact that another person has been successful in its presentation. The theme need not be a great one; indeed, the simple themes are best. It should be one in which the speaker has vital interest, and, if possible, one on which he speaks with authority. An audience would much prefer to hear the winner of the broad jump discuss his method of training, or tell of comparative records, than to have him discuss the tariff or some subject about which he does not have first-hand information. One who has been successful in growing corn would better choose to

speaking on that subject than on a more popular one concerning which he has only hearsay information.

CHOOSING A THEME.

Choosing a theme is of such importance that much attention should be given to it, both by those who arrange the toasts and those who are asked to respond. Committees generally allow a freedom of choice, and in this they should be encouraged. The speaker should see to it that the toast assigned him is one on which he can speak with conviction.

The subject being known, the speaker must give himself to careful preparation. Though he may be asked to make only a "few informal remarks," he should nevertheless be ready. The informal remarks which are most appreciated and which do credit to the speaker are those which are formally prepared. He who trusts to the inspiration of the moment for something to say is likely to disappoint both himself and his audience.

One is not justified in taking the time of the audience unless he knows what he is to say and how he will say it.

Whether the preparation be memoriter, part memoriter and part extemporaneous, or entirely extemporaneous, the preparation must be thorough. He who writes out his speech and commits it will be stiffer and lack some of the inspiration of the moment, but he will probably not exceed his time limit, and what he says will be more direct and coherent. He who commits parts of his speech and carefully thinks out the rest is certain to have something which is written the best he can write it, while in his extemporaneous part he can take advantage of such inspiration as may come to him. He who uses the extemporaneous method may not speak so well in his earlier attempts, but with a little experience he will probably be more effective than in training by the other methods. The extemporaneous speaker needs as much time for preparation as any other. His attention is given to developing his ideas, arranging them logically, committing his outline, and practicing his speech in his room. It will not be said twice alike, but from repetition it will settle into a somewhat definite form, into which he can

inject any impromptu idea. The extemporaneous method is most to be commended.

WHAT TO LEAVE UNSAID.

What Lowell said of writing, "the art consists in knowing what to leave in the ink pot," is even truer of speaking. The art is quite as much in knowing what not to say as in knowing what to say. The requirements of after-dinner speaking make especially important the art of knowing what to leave unsaid. The audience is the least critical any speaker has to address: it will applaud almost any sentiment, and it gives its noisiest approval to that which is jolliest or most entertaining. The evident approval of an after-dinner audience, however, is not always the judgment of next morning.

BE BRIEF.

Most after-dinner speeches are too long, both for the patience of the audience and the presentation of the theme. A half-hour speech should seldom be allowed. Speeches of ten or twelve minutes should prevail. It is said that the secret of Senator's Hoar's perennial popularity at the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa dinner was that his speeches contained one original idea, clearly stated, and one fresh story, well told.

The after-dinner speech should, no doubt, contain more stories than any other form of speech. But the stories should be fresh, at least authentic. That which becomes most wearisome in after-dinner speaking is to listen to the same old stories. A personal experience is often the best form of story to use; but to tell an old story as a personal experience is not only bad ethics, but is calculated to disgust the audience. Let authentic stories be told; historic incidents, or anecdotes of persons whose names are given, will fix the story and give it double significance.

AGREEABLE IN MANNER.

Turning from the matter of the speech let us consider the manner of presentation. It is to be borne constantly in mind that the chief characteristic of after-dinner speaking is felicity. To the agreeable matter one must add an agreeable manner. The audience is to be won easiest by charm of manner. The speaker is usually the

guest of the company, and to his host he will be gracious. At the beginning he will say some words of cordial greeting, or he will counter the pleasantry or return the compliment of the toastmaster. No palaver should be indulged. Praise should never contain adulation.

Such a beginning not only meets the amenities of the occasion, but it insures a simple, direct manner of speaking, which is the chief charm of after-dinner oratory. Whatever makes the speech seem informal adds much to its effectiveness.

If the Athenian orators feared to mispronounce a word lest they be hissed by the people, the American orators should have slovenliness shamed out of them. It is only fitting that with the beautiful decorations, sumptuous menu and perfection of service, which characterize our dinners, there should be elegance of speech. In after-dinner speaking fitness is effectiveness. Elegance of speech is always charming, but at a banquet it is peculiarly so. He who would be effective must strive for elegance. This quality adds not only to the effectiveness of the manner, but of the matter as well. As Thomas Wentworth Higginson says in a letter to a young contributor, "Half a life may be concentrated in a sentence. There may be phrases which shall be palaces to dwell in, treasure houses to explore: a single word may be a window from which one may perceive all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them. Sometimes a word will speak what accumulated volumes have labored in vain to utter."

Such an injunction is no justification for the over-ornate oratory one sometimes hears at after-dinner occasions, which is a mere fury of words. No attention to form can take the place of a mastery of the substance; but in any effective after-dinner speaking there must be added to a mastery of the subject matter a careful regard for the right words.

To sum up: an after-dinner speaker is under no compulsion to attempt the role of a humorist. He is to be himself, discussing in his own most effective way a subject with which he is familiar. Stories should be used only to enforce points made. Second: an after-dinner speaker should strive to say the fitting thing. To do so requires that in subject-matter and in manner he should be agreeable.

Public Speaking for Private Citizens

BY ALLAN DAVIS.

(An address delivered at the Conference of Instructors in Public Speaking, at Swarthmore College, April 16, 1910.)



CAME here with a set of notes for a speech, but yesterday's discussion was so fruitful in suggestions that it has diversified my views and opinions, even though it has not changed them, and I am, therefore, obliged to speak without any notes at all. First of all, in order that I may not draw upon me the fire of objection which Prof. Kay innocently brought down upon his head yesterday, let me say that I thoroughly believe in technical instruction in public speaking; that I value very highly the lessons that may be derived from elocution and declamation; and that we, in the University of Pittsburg, have been doing all in our power to aid in the cultivation of the voice, in the placing of tone, and in training for symmetry of gesture. In short, we endeavor to do all that we possibly can do to enable the student to acquire facility in the details of the art which he is to practice.

Let me say, too, that I do not share the general ill opinions that have been so often expressed here about the so-called "old school." I do not know exactly what that old school is. I suppose that the young bloods of the times of Demosthenes called the generation immediately preceding theirs "the old school," just as young men of to-day look back upon the time of Webster and of Wendell Phillips, and, coming still nearer, to that of Robert Ingersoll as the "old school." If the term be meant to designate that period of oratory in our country between the Mexican and Civil Wars, let me say that he shall do well to speak not only with respect, but with reverence of an era with the names that we shall find there. Clay, Calhoun and Webster; Beecher, Seward and Lincoln are not names to be trifled with. That this old school had faults does not impair the general high

excellence of its achievement in speech. The orators of that time may have erred, with the exception of Lincoln, a little too much, perhaps, in the direction of over-elaboration; some of the minor men tried to make their little fishes speak like big whales; and there was a stateliness and formality at that time—an outgrowth, of course, of the manners and customs of the epoch—that would be out of key with the laconic strenuousness of to-day. Let us not forget, however, that if those orators erred in the direction of over-expression, we to-day may perhaps be erring just as badly in the direction of over-repression; that if they overcharged their periods with figures of speech and multiplied words for the sake of rhythm, we may perhaps be frowning imagination entirely out of our oratory, and building sentences utterly devoid of music.

To take up a kindred art of speech—acting. The few surviving members of the old school, Mr. Skinner and Mr. Dodson, for example, to mention no others, have histrionic virtues, the lack of which in the younger generation of actors is only too often deplored by the discriminating critic. If the acting of these two gentlemen is sometimes rhetorical, it is at all times clear; if it lack the fine shades and shadows of high fantasy and supreme intellectual conception, it always projects the character in vivid and unmistakable detail across the footlights. The enunciation and diction of these men is exquisite; and there is a charm in their presence which comes not only from the free play of fine personality upon the lines of the prompt-book, but also from a long schooling and exacting discipline in the technic of their art.

CONDITIONS IN OUR COLLEGES.

You see, therefore, that I am no blind antagonist of technic as such. But, on the other hand, I wish to call to your notice to-day a condition of affairs which has grown up in our universities and which I think must cause us to bring about some adaptation in our methods of teaching public speaking if that art is to take the place that it should take in a republic of intelligent citizens. The number of students in a university who expect to enter the professions of which public speaking

will be an integral part is very small in proportion to the number of those who expect to enter private business; and from more recent reports in the various colleges, men who enter business are rapidly increasing in numbers, while those who enter the professions, law and the ministry especially, are in proportion decreasing. Here is a condition of affairs which demands our attention. Ought we to teach anything about public speaking to the student who does not intend to enter public life, who hopes that he will always be spared the indication of making a speech? And if we ought to teach him something, how shall we do so?

SHOULD PUBLIC SPEAKING BE TAUGHT IN COLLEGE?

In the first place, ought we to teach the man public speaking? What good will it do him? Now, I should like to bring this discussion down to its lowest terms. I shall not speak of the necessity that comes to every educated man sooner or later in life to address a body of his neighbors either at a banquet or at a church gathering, or at a town meeting, or on any one of the innumerable occasions in the life of a citizen when a theme of general interest is under discussion. It would seem strange indeed when a topic affecting the well-being of men in a community is being discussed, that the educated man, the college man, the man who has had more advantages than the majority of his brethren, should be obliged to sit in a shadowy corner of the room because he is unable to express openly and on his feet the many thoughts that arise in him while he is sitting on his chair. But I wish, for a moment, to disregard this fact; nor shall I speak of the advantages that public speaking affords for private conversation. We are told that conversation nowadays is a lost art. If so, there may be more reasons for it than the mere lack of leisure among the more intellectual of our people. It may also be that slovenliness in speech has become a mental habit. But I wish also to disregard this point; and in pursuance of my object to bring this discussion down to its lowest terms, I want to put the question that every hard-headed student who wants to go into business has put to me when I have advocated

his taking a course in oratory. I want to ask the question of increased earning capacity, the question of dollars and cents. Will the lessons learned from public speaking enable a man to make more money? In answer to this question, let me adduce several bits of testimony, which on their face may seem to have no close connection, but which at bottom may perhaps have some underlying general principle of agreement.

In the first place, the director of the high schools of Pittsburg where I live, one of the most commercial cities in the world, sent out a circular letter to every business firm of consequence in the city, asking those firms what, in their opinion, was the most important thing he could teach students in order to enable them to grapple more successfully with the problems that would await them in the business world. With a few exceptions the answers that he got did not say, "Teach them more arithmetic," or "Teach them more stenography." In fact, ninety-nine per cent. of those business firms laid stress upon the advantage of being able to write and to speak the English tongue accurately and forcibly. Let us mark this bit of testimony, Exhibit 1.

WHAT A SOCIETY OF ENGINEERS SAID.

Now for Exhibit 2. The Chancellor of the University of Pittsburg recently had a meeting with a body of engineers, and asked them what they considered to be the most important part of a college career. Now, their answer may seem strange to you, but I quote it exactly as it was given. "We presuppose," said these gentlemen, "that graduates of an engineering school will have some knowledge of the principles of their profession; but you, Mr. Chancellor, cannot emphasize too strongly the advantage that accrues to men from the ability to think on their feet; to express a well-thought-out proposition extempore; to adapt themselves and their conversation instantaneously to changing conditions as they may arise. We value this ability of rapid and clear thinking and expression more highly than almost anything else." Let us mark this bit of testimony Exhibit 2.

DEMAND FOR MEN WHO CAN SPEAK.

Now for Exhibit 3, and I shall have done with direct proof. I recently spoke to the general manager of an international business house which employs thousands of salesmen. This gentleman said to me, "I never can get enough men for the more important positions of the firm, because there are so very few men who can present their own arguments clearly and overcome the arguments of the other side without giving offence. At the present time, I have three positions paying \$5,000 a year each, and I am unable to find a man of personality who has the qualifications that I have indicated." I told him that I felt rather sorry that some of us underpaid teachers of public speaking did not know of his need, as we might become successful candidates ourselves.

But seriously different as these three points may seem on their face, is there not at the bottom an underlying unity to all of them? What does "writing and speaking the mother tongue well" mean but the conveying of thought clearly and powerfully—to persuade? What does "thinking on one's feet and adapting one's case to the case of the other man" mean but the skilful presentation of facts—in order to persuade? And what does "an ability to meet the case of the opponent without giving offence" mean but convincing refutation in order to persuade? Is not persuasion of one sort or another, whether it be to present facts that they may be accepted, or to induce a mood in the mind of the reader to correspond to that of the writer, at the basis of all language; and how much more, at the basis of all spoken language, and, above all, of oratory which has for its fundamental object the moving bodies of men to action as the speaker directs them."

"A PAWNBROKER WITH IMAGINATION."

Now, here we have from unimpeachable sources in a most commercial of cities the testimony of hard-headed business men concerning the value of the lessons of persuasion which public speaking, if only it is taught properly, endeavors to inculcate. Here then is the answer as to whether public speaking will increase the earning power of the student, as to whether it will be a help to

him in his career when he meets men both formally and informally, or whether it will be a hindrance to him. Here also is an answer to the query as to whether the enriching and deepening of personality by an art which so pre-eminently raises a man above his fellows, because it enables him to think deeply and express beautifully what everybody thinks and cannot express, will be of no service to a business man in the great marts of trade and of commerce where much more is required of leaders than that they shall be frugal and attentive. "What is a financier?" asks a character in Mr. Pinero's "Iris." "Oh," replies the person addressed, "a financier is a pawnbroker with imagination." Whether a financier be a pawnbroker or not, imagination he must have; imagination concerned with the business facts of life; imagination to see steel and iron and railroads and wheat and cotton in big terms; to see those facts and figures as elements in the special problems we must face, just as the statesman must see societies and moralities and civilizations in the problems that he must face.

Is public speaking of any use? Sometimes when I see good and able men falling because they are not able to talk for themselves I cannot help thinking that a man can have no greater advantage in the world than the ability to present his case clearly, sanely, weightily, without the narrowness of not recognizing opposing argument on the one hand, nor the shallowness of not having a point of view of his own on the other. All the broad-minded business men with whom I have spoken have told me that they regret few things so much as the fact that they had not the opportunity early in life to learn the principles of speaking, which would have been of immeasurable service to them in every step of their careers from the time when, for example, they were clerks and had to sell goods from behind a counter to the time they appeared before Committees of Congress to defend their interests against what they deemed to be unfair legislation.

METHODS TO BE USED.

Now, if we agree upon this one point, that public speaking is of some worth to the man who does not in-

tend to enter public life: if we agree that it will help that man to sell goods, or to make his customers accept a proposition, or to enable him to present his point of view, whether before a Board of Directors or a cashier of a bank, I want to ask how we, at our colleges, can go about to teach it.

I suppose that every instructor of public speaking present will bear me out when I say that the student who does not intend to enter public life or to make some specialty of public speaking has a natural aversion to speaking altogether. He may call it "gassing," or with his Anglo-Saxon reserve, he may look with suspicion upon a man who can express himself freely and fluently. To take such a student into a public speaking class, and to run him through a course of gesturing or of tone production, would be like driving the horse to water when the horse will not drink.

Or to mix the metaphors of swallowing, here is a time when bitter technic must be administered in sugar-coated pills. Just how? May I be allowed to speak of my own experience? A good half of my students in the University of Pittsburg study engineering subjects, and public speaking is as natural to them as flying would be to an elephant. When I first came to the university, I tried those boys out in elocution. They were respectful, but pained. The year following, seeing that their personal deference for me deserved more kindly treatment on my part, I rearranged the entire system. Instead of assigning a selection to be learned by heart, I made the students look up a topic and master it—any topic of deep and abiding interest to any of them. Then I would ask one man to speak on that topic and I would allow the class, to use the English phrase, "to heckle" him. The result was as successful as it was startling. A young man who a year before had recited Patrick Henry's orations in a most genteel and ladylike manner now waxed passionate in defense of some nasty substance or other which is known to the initiate as coal tar.

And why not? That boy was a chemist, and coal tar would very likely play a very important part in his life. It was a thing that he knew a great deal about, a substance the properties of which he wished to impress upon the minds of others. The professor who spoke here

yesterday about the supposed decline of public speaking in America maintained as one of his reasons that the industrial facts of modern life do not lend themselves to oratorical treatment, and enquired how public speaking could deal with such things, for example, as polyphase motors. Why should not speaking deal with polyphase motors? Must a speaker always dwell upon the bare peaks of emotion alone? Is not the business of life, the manufacture, the buying and selling of just such things as polyphase motors, fraught with enormous import for the man whose main purpose, main duty, you might almost say, is to make and sell polyphase motors?

Now, we must try, first of all, to enable such a man to master his case in as many details as he possibly can, and then to present it as convincingly as he can, and to answer objections so as not only to satisfy the mind, but as to win over the will. That should be our first duty, and I venture to say that perhaps the greatest part of the technic of public speaking consists in doing just that. Everything else is but the hewing of wood and the drawing of water of the art. Let us train our students to have beautiful voices if we can; let us train them to express their conceptions by means of agreeable gestures by all means, if we can. Let us coach them in placing the voice, in variety and inflection; in rhythm, pitch and stress; in contrast and climax; but, first of all, let us coach them to know what they are talking about.

THE BUSINESS OF PUBLIC SPEAKING.

You see that I am not now concerned so much with the fine art of public speaking as with the business of public speaking. Let us have the grand style for the grand subject, for the discussion of moral issues, of great questions of statesmanship, and what not. But let us also have the business style for the business subject, for the discussion of things whereby man earns his daily bread. And let us not forget that more than one-third of a man's life, one-third of every day, day in and day out, through every year and all the generations of years, is given over to nothing else but the earning of that daily bread. And let me say, too, lest anybody think that I advocate a hard, dry, matter-of-fact

kind of speaking in business relations, that the young engineers whom I have had the privilege of instructing have astonished me by their common sense, their humor, their sincerity—only another word for deep and honest feeling; and if with these fundamental qualities of speaking we also encourage the development of large and flexible vocabularies, and touch the imagination so that it kindles in concrete and striking imagery, shall we not in that manner also get the essence that hovers up from every great speech like an aroma—a sense of beauty?

SUBSTANCE BEFORE FORM.

No teacher, to be successful, can forget that form, to be effective, is absolutely dependent upon content, and that a well-fortified case, backed up by a spirit of sincerity, is much more worth while in oratory than beauty alone. Perhaps the greatest words that were ever said on this subject were said by one of the world's greatest orators, St. Paul: "For my speech and my preaching were not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the spirit and of power." And to descend for a moment from the sublime to the Irish, I think Mr. Dooley, that shrewd observer of American foibles, hit the nail pretty well on the head when he said, "When a man has something to say and don't know how to say it, he says it pretty well; when he has something to say, and knows how to say it, he makes a great speech; but when a man has nothing to say, and a great many words to say it in, thin he is an orator."

In addition to class work, there may perhaps be one or two other ways of increasing the effectiveness of young men in speech. It might be wise to correlate the classes in English composition with the classes in public speaking. Students might speak their themes before writing them, or recite them after they have been written. The student of economics engaged in studying the Central Bank might well compose his thesis as if he were designing it to be read at a meeting of bankers; or the student of history might well study a period with reference to the possibility of writing an *occasional* or *dedicatory* address for an audience definitely outlined in his mind. And who shall venture to say that in this

manner history and economics may not become more interesting; and the students, aside from the facts that they have gathered, learn to think and feel as well as to write more intimately and more humanly? This matter of oral English has not yet received sufficient attention by our instructors, and the result is that we have developed in our schools an English for the eye alone, one sure sign of decadence if continued exclusively—for a language to be vital must be spoken.

And a third way perhaps to teach public speaking to students who expect to enter private life would be to organize forums, a combination of the many clubs that spring up in each college. If, for example, the subject for consideration in the Republican Club of a university is "The Insurgent Party," the Socialists might well have something to say on the topic. Or, if the subject is "Modern Political Reform," the religious club which has been discussing "Land Tenure in the Bible" might help in giving historical background to the discussion. Above all, the idea of give and take from the platform must be preserved, for a good speech is as much the product of the audience and the occasion as of the speaker. Readiness in speech, readiness in thought must be encouraged.

THE MASTERY OF MATERIAL.

All this depends fundamentally upon absolute mastery of material. There is an old phrase, "Beware of the man of one book." It might be paraphrased thus: "Beware of the man who knows his subject thoroughly." And with this mastery of substance as the foundation, all that we can gain in addition along the lines of beauty, of form, is so much gained for us. Both are important, and I think content much more than form in the ordinary business of life. Perhaps not a little of the disrespect in which public speaking is held by a number of well-intentioned people is due to the over-emphasizing of the idea of form till it becomes bad form in the exaggerated manner, the affectation of many readers and reciters on the platform. To quote Mr. Dooley again: "I believe," says he, "that all true oratory proceeds from the tails of the coat, and that if you made an orator change into a short-tailed coat he would be deaf and dumb."

We must learn that whether we are in short-tailed coats or in long-tailed coats, whether in business suits or in overalls, most of the business of life, surely its most important and critical business, is carried on by the spoken word long before it is put into the written word. And, ladies and gentlemen, is not ours a high and noble art, in that it strives to assist men to carry on this business of life powerfully, sincerely and beautifully? And would it not be possible with stronger insistence in our schools and colleges from now on that public speaking is not esoteric, not for the chosen few, but for all alike, in all the relationships of life, to make it of illimitable good to our country and our fellow-men?



Carolyn Wells in a New Role

On a certain Thursday some time ago a number of literary folk dined together at a famous old New York restaurant. There were present Gelett Burgess, Carolyn Wells, Theodosia Garrison, Gertrude Lynch, Kate Jordan, Bliss Carman, Charles G. D. Roberts, and many more. It so happened that Miss Wells was in a hurry to get away, for, being as popular in the social world as in magazinedom, she always may be depended upon to have a hundred engagements. She was clamoring for her waiter, and making no secret of the fact that she wished to be served with despatch.

The editor of a popular magazine, who was fortunate enough to sit between two such witty people as Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Herford, was looking down the long board at the familiar faces of what seemed his entire staff of contributors.

"Why, this looks like a live table of contents of my magazine," he remarked to Mr. Herford.

To which Herford replied quickly, gazing instantly in the direction of Miss Wells:

"More like a table of *dis*-contents, I think."—*Randolph Forbes.*

Welcome to the Alumni

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

'Speech of Oliver Wendell Holmes as President of the day, at the annual dinner of the Harvard Alumni Association, in Cambridge, July 19, 1860, instituting public speaking at the "Harvard Dinners." That year also took place the inauguration of President C. Felton, an event to which Dr. Holmes alludes in his graceful reference to the "goodly armful of scholarship, experience and fidelity" once more filling the "old chair of office."

This festival is always a joyous occasion. It resembles a scattered family without making any distinction except that which age establishes, an aristocracy of silver hairs which all inherit in their turn, and none is too eager to anticipate. In the great world outside there are and must be differences of lot and position; one has been fortunate, another, toiling as nobly perhaps, has fallen in with adverse currents; one has become famous, his name stares in great letters from the hand-bills of the drama of his generation; another lurks in small type among the supernumeraries. But here we stand in one unbroken row of brotherhood. No symbol establishes a hierarchy that divides one from another; every name which has passed into our golden book, the triennial catalogue, is illuminated and emblazoned in our remembrance and affection with the purple and sunshine of our common mother's hallowed past and hopeful future.

We have at this time a twofold reason for welcoming the return of our day of festive meeting. The old chair of office, against whose uneasy knobs have rested so many well-compacted spines, whose uncushioned arms have embraced so many stately forms, over whose inheritance of cares and toils have ached so many ample brows, is filled once more with a goodly armful of scholarship, experience and fidelity. The President never dies. Our precious Mother must not be left too long a widow, for the most urgent of reasons. We talk so much about her maternity that we are apt to overlook the fact that a responsible Father is as necessary to the good name of a well-ordered college as to that of a well-regulated household. As children of the College, our thoughts naturally centre on the fact that she has this

day put off the weeds of her nominal widowhood, and stands before us radiant in the adornment of her new espousals. You will not murmur, that, without debating questions of precedence, we turn our eyes upon the new head of the family, to whom our younger brothers are to look as their guide and counsellor as we hope and trust through many long and prosperous years.

Brothers of the Association of the Alumni! Our own existence as a society is so bound up with that of the College whose seal is upon our foreheads, that every blessing we invoke on our parent's head returns like the dew from Heaven upon our own. So closely is the welfare of our beloved Mother knitted to that of her chief counsellor and official consort, that in honoring him we honor her under whose roof we are gathered, at whose breast we have been nurtured, whose fair fame is our glory, whose lease of long life is the charter of our own perpetuity.

I propose the health of the President of Harvard University: We greet our brother as the happy father of a long line of future alumni.



A Friendly Hint to the Artist

Sir John Millais tells this story on himself. He was down by the banks of the Tay, painting in the rushes of his famous landscape, "Chill October," which has thrilled us all with the ineffable sadness and mystery of the dying summer. He worked on so steadily that he failed to observe a watcher, until a voice said: "Eh, mon, did ye ever try photography?"

"No," said the artist, "I never have."

"It's a deal quicker," quoth his friendly critic, eyeing the picture doubtfully.

Millais was not flattered, so he waited a minute before replying, "I dare say it is." His lack of enthusiasm displeased the Scot, who took another look and then marched off with the Parthian shot:

"Ay, and photography's a muckle sight mair like the place, too."—*Everybody's Magazine*.

Our United Country

BY CLARK HOWELL.

Speech of Clark Howell at the Peace Jubilee Banquet, in Chicago, October 19, 1898, in response to the toast, "Our Re-united Country: North and South."



IN the mountains of my State, in a county remote from the quickening touch of commerce and railroads and telegraphs—so far removed that the sincerity of its rugged people flows unpolluted from the spring of nature—two vine-covered mounds, nestling in the solemn silence of a country churchyard, suggest the text of my response to the sentiment to which I am to speak to-night. A serious text, Mr. Toastmaster, for an occasion like this, and yet out of it there is life and peace and hope and prosperity, for in the solemn sacrifice of the voiceless grave can the chiefest lesson of the Republic be learned, and the destiny of its real mission be unfolded. So bear with me while I lead you to the rust-stained slab, which for a third of a century—since Chickamauga—has been kissed by the sun as it peeped over the Blue Ridge, melting the tears with which the mourning night had bedewed the inscription:—

"Here lies a Confederate soldier.
He died for his country."

The September day which brought the body of this mountain hero to that home among the hills which had smiled upon his infancy, been gladdened by his youth, and strengthened by his manhood, was an ever memorable one with the sorrowing concourse of friends and neighbors who followed his shot-riddled body to the grave. And of that number no man gainsaid the honor of his death, lacked full loyalty to the flag for which he fought, or doubted the justice of the cause for which he gave his life.

Thirty-five years have passed; another war has called its roll of martyrs; again the old bell tolls from the crude latticed tower of the settlement church, another great

pouring of sympathetic humanity, and this time the body of a son, wrapped in the stars and stripes, is lowered to its everlasting rest beside that of the father who sleeps in the stars and bars.

There were those there who stood by the grave of the Confederate hero years before, and the children of those were there, and of those present, no one gainsaid the honor of the death of this hero of El Caney, and none were there but loved, as patriots alone can love, the glorious flag that enshrines the people of a common country as it enshrouds the form that will sleep forever in its blessed folds. And on this tomb will be written:—

“Here lies the son of a Confederate soldier.
He died for his country.”

And so it is that between the making of these two graves human hands and human hearts have reached a solution of the vexed problem that has baffled human will and human thought for three decades.

Out of the chaos of that civil war had risen a new nation, mighty in the vastness of its limitless resources, the realities within its reach surpassing the dreams of fiction, and eclipsing the fancy of fable—a new nation, yet rosy in the flesh, with the bloom of youth upon its cheeks and the gleam of morning in its eyes. No one questioned that commercial and geographic union had been effected.

Whence was the proof to come, to ourselves as well as to the world, that we were being moved once again by a common impulse, and by the same heart that inspired and gave strength to the hands that smote the British in the days of the Revolution, and again at New Orleans; that made our ships the masters of the seas; that placed our flag on Chapultepec, and widened our domain from ocean to ocean? How was the world to know that the burning fires of patriotism, so essential to national glory and achievement, had not been quenched by the blood spilled by the heroes of both sides of the most desperate struggle known in the history of civil wars? How was the doubt that stood, all unwilling, between outstretched hands and sympathetic hearts, to be, in fact, dispelled?

If from out of the caldron of conflict there arose this doubt, only from the crucible of war could come the answer. And, thank God, that answer has been made in the record of the war, the peaceful termination of which we celebrate to-night. Read it in every page of its history; read it in the obliteration of party and sectional lines in the congressional action which called the nation to arms in the defence of prostrate liberty, and for the extension of the sphere of human freedom; read it in the conduct of the distinguished Federal soldier who, as the chief executive of this great Republic,* honors this occasion by his presence to-night, and whose appointments in the first commissions issued after war had been declared made manifest the sincerity of his often-repeated utterances of complete sectional reconciliation and the elimination of sectional lines in the affairs of government.

Drawing alike from all sections of the Union for her heroes and her martyrs, depending alike upon north, south, east and west for her glorious victories, and weeping with sympathy with the widows and the stricken mothers wherever they may be, America, incarnated spirit of liberty, stands again to-day the holy emblem of a household in which the children abide in unity, equality, love and peace. The iron sledge of war that rent asunder the links of loyalty and love has welded them together again. Ears that were deaf to loving appeals for the burial of sectional strife have listened and believed when the muster guns have spoken. Hearts that were cold to calls for trust and sympathy have awakened to loving confidence in the baptism of their blood.

Drawing inspiration from the flag of our country, the South has shared not only the dangers, but the glories of the war. In the death of brave young Bagley at Cardenas, North Carolina furnished the first blood in the tragedy. It was Victor Blue, of South Carolina, who, like the Swamp Fox of the Revolution, crossed the fiery path of the enemy at his pleasure, and brought the first official tidings of the situation as it existed in Cuba. It was Brumby, a Georgia boy, the flag lieutenant of Dewey, who first raised the stars and stripes over Ma-

* William McKinley

nila. It was Alabama that furnished Hobson—glorious Hobson—who accomplished two things the Spanish navy never yet has done—sunk an American ship, and made a Spanish man-of-war securely float.

When that great and generous soldier, U. S. Grant, gave back to Lee, crushed, but ever glorious, the sword he had surrendered at Appomattox, that magnanimous deed said to the people of the South: "You are our brothers." But when the present ruler of our grand republic, on awakening to the condition of war that confronted him, with his first commission placed the leader's sword in the hands of those gallant Confederate commanders, Joe Wheeler and Fitzhugh Lee, he wrote between the lines in living letters of everlasting light the words: "There is but one people of this Union, one flag alone for all."



They Were Really Agreed

Timothy Woodruff tells of the efforts on the part of a kindly disposed man in Albany to arbitrate between a man and his wife who were airing their troubles on the sidewalk one Saturday evening.

"Look here, my man," exclaimed the Albany man, at once intervening in the altercation, which was growing more and more violent, "this won't do, you know!"

"What business is it of yours?" demanded the male combatant angrily.

"It's my business only so far as I may be of service in settling this dispute," answered the other mildly, "and I should like very much to do that."

"This ain't no dispute," sulkily returned the man.

"No dispute!" came in astonished tones from the would-be peace-maker. "Why, you——"

"I tell you that it ain't no dispute," insisted the man. "She thinks she ain't goin' to get my week's wages, and I know she ain't! That ain't no dispute!"

The Blue and the Gray

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE.

Speech of Henry Cabot Lodge, delivered at a banquet given to the Robert E. Lee Camp of Confederate Veterans, of Richmond, Va., in Faneuil Hall, Boston, June 17, 1887. The Southerners were visiting Boston as the special guests of the John A. Andrew Post 15, Department of Massachusetts, Grand Army of the Republic. At the banquet Commander William B. Daley, of Post 15, presided, while on either side of him were seated Col. A. L. Phillips, commander of the visiting camp; ex-Solicitor-General Goode, of Virginia; the Hon. George D. Wise, of Virginia, and Governor Ames, of Massachusetts. Mr. Lodge responded to the toast, "The Blue and the Gray."



R. CHAIRMAN:—To such a toast, sir, it would seem perhaps most fitting that one of those should respond who was a part of the great event which it recalls. Yet, after all, on an occasion like this, it may not be amiss to call upon one who belongs to a generation to whom the Rebellion is little more than history, and who, however insufficiently, represents the feelings of that and the succeeding generations as to our great Civil War. I was a boy ten years old when the troops marched away to defend Washington, and my personal knowledge of that time is confined to a few broken but vivid memories. I saw Shaw go forth at the head of his black regiment, and Bartlett, shattered in body, but dauntless in soul, ride by to carry what was left of him once more to the battlefields of the Republic. I saw Andrew, standing bareheaded on the steps of the State House, bid the men Godspeed. I cannot remember the words he said, but I can never forget the fervid eloquence which brought tears to the eyes and fire to the hearts of all who listened. I understood but dimly the awful meaning of these events. To my boyish mind one thing alone was clear, that the soldiers as they marched past were all, in that supreme hour, heroes and patriots. Amid many changes that simple belief of boyhood has never altered. The gratitude which I felt then I confess to to-day more strongly than ever. But other feelings have in the progress of time altered much. I have learned, and others of my generation as

they came to man's estate have learned, what the war really meant, and they have also learned to know and to do justice to the men who fought the war upon the other side.

We welcome you, soldiers of Virginia, as others more eloquent than I have said, to New England. We welcome you to old Massachusetts. We welcome you to Boston and to Faneuil Hall. In your presence here, and at the sound of your voices beneath this historic roof, the years roll back and we see the figure and hear again the ringing tones of your great orator, Patrick Henry, declaring to the first Continental Congress, "The distinctions between Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers and New Englanders are no more. I am not a Virginian, but an American." A distinguished Frenchman, as he stood among the graves at Arlington, said, "Only a great people is capable of a great civil war." Let us add with thankful hearts that only a great people is capable of a great reconciliation. Side by side, Virginia and Massachusetts led the colonies into the War for Independence. Side by side they founded the government of the United States. Morgan and Green, Lee and Knox, Moultrie and Prescott, men of the South and men of the North, fought shoulder to shoulder, and wore the same uniform of buff and blue—the uniform of Washington.

Your presence here brings back their noble memories, it breathes the spirit of concord, and unites with so many other voices in the irrevocable message of union and good-will. Mere sentiment all this, some may say. But it is sentiment, true sentiment, that has moved the world. Sentiment fought the war, and sentiment has reunited us. When the war closed, it was proposed in the newspapers and elsewhere to give Governor Andrew, who had sacrificed health and strength and property in his public duties, some immediately lucrative office, like the collectorship of the port of Boston. A friend asked him if he would take such a place. "No," said he; "I have stood as high priest between the horns of the altar, and I have poured out upon it the best blood of Massachusetts, and I cannot take money for that." Mere sentiment, truly, but the sentiment which ennobles and uplifts mankind. It is sentiment which so hallows a bit

of torn, stained bunting, that men go gladly to their deaths to save it. So I say that the sentiment manifested by your presence here, brethren of Virginia, sitting side by side with those who wore the blue, has a far-reaching and gracious influence, of more value than many practical things. It tells us that these two grand old commonwealths, parted in the shock of the Civil War, are once more side by side as in the days of the Revolution, never to part again. It tells us that the sons of Virginia and Massachusetts, if war should break again upon the country, will, as in the olden days, stand once more shoulder to shoulder, with no distinction in the colors that they wear. It is fraught with tidings of peace on earth, and you may read its meaning in the words on yonder picture, "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."



A Dilemma

Speaker Cannon, at a Washington banquet, had been criticizing a political opponent. "His advocacy of those measures is only half-hearted, anyway," the Speaker said. "It is as half-hearted as Old Uncle Eli Baxter's affection for his wife. Uncle Eli kept a crab and oyster emporium in the village of Deerun. He was rich, according to Deerun standards, and the village gossips said that his wife, a young and pretty woman, had married him for his money. A friend dropping in for a cold boiled crab one morning, noticed that Uncle Eli looked woebegone. 'What's the matter, uncle?' he asked. 'Rheumatiz again?' 'Wuss'n rheumatiz,' said Uncle Eli, shortly. 'It's my wife. She's been kissin' young lawyer Shyster, who takes his meals here with me.' The visitor dropped in amazement the crab claw he had been picking. 'Impossible!' he cried. 'Impossible, nothin',' said Uncle Eli, glumly. 'I seen her do it.' The voice of the crab eater quivered with awe and interest. 'Then what are you goin' to do about it, Uncle Eli?' he asked. 'Do?' said the old man sourly. 'What can I do? If I let the cat out of the bag that I've lost confidence in lawyer Shyster, he's liable to change his eatin' house.' "

A Matrimonial Training School

BY RACHEL K. FITZ.

At a luncheon of the Class of '94, Radcliffe College, Cambridge, June 28, 1900. Reprinted from "Forms of Public Address" [Henry Holt & Co.].



I HAVE been asked to discuss "Radcliffe as a Matrimonial Training School." Now, as you doubtless know, matrimony is the one subject of which every college girl is popularly supposed to be shy, because either she wants to get married and is afraid that she won't, or she doesn't want to get married and is afraid that she will! To lessen the fears of the girl who is afraid that she won't, we are urged to compile elaborate statistics to prove the college woman distinctly marriageable, but in the meantime she looks at the meagre list of married names in our college catalogue and her fears are strengthened. The girl who is afraid that she will looks at the same list, and her fears are not diminished. She thinks of all the might-have-beens which weren't because the college girl wouldn't! And they tell her that Radcliffe is a matrimonial training school.

But for us the question is, Is Radcliffe a successful training school? Does she not only make a woman distinctly eligible to this highest of all positions, but does she enable her to fill it, honestly, ideally to fill it?

I wish, I cannot tell you how earnestly, that I could say yes unqualifiedly, because to me this, and not co-education or Ph.D.'s, or woman's exact intellectual relation to man, is the vital issue in college economics. In the five minutes at my disposal I cannot hope to tell you why this is for me, and I believe should be for all, the vital issue: I cannot hope to persuade you (if, indeed, you need persuasion) that married life is woman's ideal life. We who are married are like the philosophers who said that those in the dark might think that they were in the light, whereas those in the light knew that they were.

If, then, you will grant me that married life is woman's truth, we may ask, In how far does Radcliffe prepare

her for the revelation; in how far does it fail to prepare her?

It prepares her in one way, grandly, in that it makes her the intellectual equal of man. She can think with him, work with him, aspire with him; his thoughts are her thoughts, though spiced and enriched by her own individuality. Intellectually their married life is a union with all the rare intuition of sympathy, the consummate helpfulness and strength which the word union rightly stands for. Do you remember how Socrates longed to die because then he could know the thoughts of the men he admired, could talk with them face to face, soul to soul? It is that sort of knowledge of the thoughts of the man whom she supremely admires that Radcliffe fits its daughter for. It enables a wife to enter into the kingdom of her husband's mind, and, by entering in, to possess and to enlarge it.

In Socrates' heaven this would be enough, but for us it is only much. We are alive and life is practical. Does Radcliffe fit us for the practical side of married life? Look over her list of courses and you will have the answer. There are Latin and Greek, Logic and Metaphysics, Anglo-Saxon and Gothic, Trigonometry and Analytic Geometry, and many others of a similar nature. They are all very good—but practical? A married woman has the care of a household, and, as a supreme trust, of children; and what is her preparation? You try to think of a possible relation between what she has learned and what she is now called upon to do, and at last you answer that as a result of her course of study she has a well trained mind and a well formed character. And, therefore, you would assume that she is prepared to manage a household, though she knows nothing of the processes of nutrition, of the chemistry of food, of sanitation? To care for children, though she is as ignorant as her babe of physiology and of hygiene? The assumption is logically preposterous. Its general acceptance passes unchallenged because, forsooth, we are mothers by Divine Right; because the vividness of what our child is in strength, endurance and character obscures the image of what he might have been; because finally our sins of omission and commission have such large results,

that shrinking we place the burden upon a remote heredity.

Some would make excuse for college women upon the ground that they fail no more critically than other women. We know that we demand the ideal of our college, and it is with that demand only that she herself will be satisfied. Until Radcliffe refuses to sanction the heresy that the home work of a woman is so trivial that under the guidance of ignorant tradition it may be learned by the doing, and accepts as a vital part of her mission the task of dignifying through science its daily routine; until acting upon her acknowledgment that strength of character and of mind are products of the method, not of the subject matter of study, she teaches us with the rest that which our life work demands that we know; until, in short, she prepares us for the practical revelation of our married life, she has done but half her duty toward us. She has made us to run swiftly with the one foot, she has left us lame with the other.

But this is not all; she has made us think that we run swiftly with both feet; she has made us even satisfied. And later, when the needs come and we fail to meet them, we are only too apt to be dissatisfied with the needs and not with our failure. And then we make the dissatisfied wives and mothers who bring disrepute upon the college life for women in the eyes of the world, who deny before our younger sisters the truth of a woman's life.

Shall we then turn and lay the blame upon our college? The college is what we make it. Its ideals are our demands. If we demand only that it copy the man's college, teaching us what is good for him, nothing more, then we must not complain if the practical side of our woman's life is a failure, or at best successful only through a dearly bought experience, as hard and as costly for those we love as for ourselves.

Is it not then for us, as graduates of Radcliffe, as wives and mothers, as women, to demand that Radcliffe shall be something more than a man's college, that she shall study the needs and purposes of those entrusted to her, ever remembering that man's work never is and never can be woman's work?

Tribute to General Grant

BY HORACE PORTER.

Speech of Horace Porter at the banquet to the Army of the Tennessee, upon the occasion of the unveiling of the Grant Equestrian Statue in Chicago, October 8, 1891.



R. CHAIRMAN:—When a man from the armies of the East finds himself in the presence of men of the armies of the West, he feels that he cannot strike their gait. He can only look at them wistfully and say, in the words of Charles II, "I always admired virtue, but I never could imitate it."

Almost all the conspicuous characters in history have risen to prominence by gradual steps, but Ulysses S. Grant seemed to come before the people with a sudden bound. Almost the first sight they caught of him was in the flashes of his guns and the blaze of his campfires, those wintry days and nights in front of Donelson. From that hour until the closing triumph at Appomattox he was the leader whose name was the harbinger of victory. From the final sheath of his sword until the tragedy on Mount McGregor he was the chief citizen of the republic and the great central figure of the world. The story of his life savors more of romance than reality. It is more like a fabled tale of ancient days than the history of an American citizen of the nineteenth century. As light and shade produce the most attractive effects in a picture, so the singular contrasts, the strange vicissitudes in his marvellous career, surround him with an interest which attaches to few characters in history. His rise from an obscure lieutenancy to the command of the veteran armies of the republic; his transition from a frontier post of the untrodden West to the Executive Mansion of the nation; his sitting at one time in his little store in Galena, not even known to the Congressman from his own district; at another time striding through the palaces of the Old World, with the descendants of a line of Kings rising and standing uncovered in his presence—those are some of the features of his extraordinary career which appeal to the imagina-

tion, excite men's wonder, and fascinate all who read the story of his life.

General Grant possessed in a striking degree all the characteristics of the successful soldier. His methods were all stamped with tenacity of purpose, with originality and ingenuity. He depended for his success more upon the powers of invention than of adaptation, and the fact that he has been compared, at different times, to nearly every great commander in history is perhaps the best proof that he was like none of them. He was possessed of a moral and physical courage which was equal to every emergency in which he was placed: calm amidst excitement, patient under trials, never unduly elated by victory or depressed by defeat. While he possessed a sensitive nature and a singularly tender heart, yet he never allowed his sentiments to interfere with the stern duties of the soldier. He knew better than to attempt to hew rocks with a razor. He realized that paper bullets cannot be fired in warfare. He felt that the hardest blows bring the quickest results; that more men die from disease in sickly camps than from shot and shell in battle.

His magnanimity to foes, his generosity to friends, will be talked of as long as manly qualities are honored.

You know after Vicksburg had succumbed to him he said in his order: "The garrison will march out to-morrow. Instruct your commands to be quiet and orderly as the prisoners pass by, and make no offensive remarks." After Lee's surrender at Appomattox, when our batteries began to fire triumphal salutes, he at once suppressed them, saying, in his order: "The war is over; the rebels are again our countrymen; the best way to celebrate the victory will be to abstain from all demonstrations in the field."

After the war General Lee and his officers were indicted in the civil courts of Virginia by directions of a President who was endeavoring to make treason odious, and succeeding in making nothing so odious as himself. General Lee appealed to his old antagonist for protection. He did not appeal to that heart in vain. General Grant at once took up the cudgels in his defense, threatened to resign his office if such officers were indicted while they continued to obey their paroles, and

such was the logic of his argument and the force of his character that those indictments were soon after quashed. So that he penned no idle platitude; he fashioned no stilted epigrams; he spoke the earnest convictions of an honest heart when he said, "Let us have peace." He never tired of giving unstinted praise to worthy subordinates for the work they did. Like the chief artists who weave the Gobelin tapestries, he was content to stand behind the cloth and let those in front appear to be the chief contributors to the beauty of the fabric.

If there be one single word in all the wealth of the English language which best describes the predominating trait of General Grant's character, that word is "loyalty." Loyal to every great cause and work he was engaged in; loyal to his friends; loyal to his family; loyal to his country; loyal to his God.

General Grant was essentially created for great emergencies; it was the very magnitude of the task which called forth the powers which mastered it. In ordinary matters he was an ordinary man. In momentous affairs he towered as a giant. When he served in a company there was nothing in his acts to distinguish him from his fellow-officers; but when he wielded corps and armies the great qualities of the commander flashed forth and his master strokes of genius placed him at once in the front rank of the world's great captains. When he hauled wood from his little farm and sold it in the streets of St. Louis there was nothing in his business or financial capacity different from that of the small farmers about him; but when, as President of the Republic, he found it his duty to puncture the fallacy of the inflationists, to throttle by a veto the attempt of unwise legislators to tamper with the American credit, he penned a State paper so logical, so masterly, that it has ever since been the pride, wonder and admiration of every lover of an honest currency. He was made for great things, not for little. He could collect for the nation \$15,000,000 from Great Britain in settlement of the Alabama claims; he could not protect his own personal savings from the miscreants who robbed him in Wall Street.

But General Grant needs no eulogist. His name is indelibly engraved upon the hearts of his countrymen. His services attest his greatness. He did his duty and

trusted to history for his meed of praise. The more history discusses him, the more brilliant becomes the lustre of his deeds. His record is like a torch; the more it is shaken the brighter it burns. His name will stand imperishable when epitaphs have vanished utterly, and monuments and statues have crumbled into dust; but the people of this great city, everywhere renowned for their deeds of generosity, have covered themselves anew with glory in fashioning in enduring bronze, in rearing in monumental rock that magnificent tribute to his worth which was to-day unveiled in the presence of countless thousands. As I gazed upon its graceful lines and colossal proportions I was reminded of that childlike simplicity which was mingled with the majestic grandeur of his nature. The memories clustering about it will recall the heroic age of the Republic; it will point the path of loyalty to children yet unborn; its mute eloquence will plead for equal sacrifice, should war ever again threaten the Nation's life; generations yet to come will pause to read the inscription which it bears, and the voices of a grateful people will ascend from the consecrated spot on which it stands as incense rises from holy places, invoking blessings upon the memory of him who had filled to the very full the largest measure of human greatness and covered the earth with his renown.



From Vegetable to Animal Kingdom

The handwriting of Dr. J. M. Buckley, the eminent Methodist divine, is almost as illegible as was that of Horace Greeley. On one occasion when he was to deliver a sermon on "Oats and Wild Oats" he sent an announcement thereof to one of the religious weeklies. Imagine his mingled chagrin and amusement when it appeared in print that he would preach on "Cats and Wildcats."—*Henrietta Lazarus.*

To the Harvard Alumni*

BY BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

Cambridge, Mass., June 24, 1896, upon receiving an honorary degree from Harvard University.



R. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—It would in some measure relieve my embarrassment if I could, even in a slight degree, feel myself worthy of the great honor which you do me to-day. Why you have called me from the Black Belt of the South, from among my humble people, to share in the honors of this occasion, is not for me to explain; and yet it may not be inappropriate for me to suggest that it seems to me that one of the most vital questions that touches our American life is how to bring the strong, wealthy and learned into helpful touch with the poorest, most ignorant and humble, and at the same time make the one appreciate the vitalizing, strengthening influence of the other. How shall we make the mansions on you Beacon Street feel and see the need of the spirits in the lowliest cabin in Alabama cotton fields or Louisiana sugar bottoms? This problem Harvard University is solving, not by bringing itself down, but by bringing the masses up.

If through me, an humble representative, seven millions of my people in the South might be permitted to send a message to Harvard—Harvard that offered up on death's altar young Shaw, and Russell, and Lowell and scores of others, that we might have a free and united country—that message would be, "Tell them that the sacrifice was not in vain. Tell them that by the way of the shop, the field, the skilled hand, habits of thrift and economy, by the way of industrial school and college, we are coming. We are crawling up, working up, yea, bursting up. Often through oppression, unjust discrimination and prejudice, but through them all we are coming up, and with proper habits, intelligence and property, there is no power on earth that can permanently stay our progress."

* Reprinted from *Up from Slavery*, Booker T. Washington, Copyright 1901, by Doubleday, Page & Co.

If my life in the past has meant anything in the lifting up of my people and the bringing about of better relations between your race and mine, I assure you from this day it will mean doubly more. In the economy of God there is but one standard by which an individual can succeed—there is but one for a race. This country demands that every race measure itself by the American standard. By it a race must rise or fall, succeed or fail, and in the last analysis mere sentiment counts for little. During the next half century and more my race must continue passing through the severe American crucible. We are to be tested in our patience, our forbearance, our perseverance, our power to endure wrong, to withstand temptations, to economize, to acquire and use skill; our ability to compete, to succeed in commerce, to disregard the superficial for the real, the appearance for the substance, to be great and yet small, learned and yet simple, high and yet the servant of all. This, this is the passport to all that is best in the life of our Republic, and the Negro must possess it, or be debarred.

While we are thus being tested, I beg of you to remember that wherever our life touches yours we help or hinder. Wherever your life touches ours you make us stronger or weaker. No member of your race in any part of our country can harm the meanest member of mine without the proudest and bluest blood in Massachusetts being degraded. When Mississippi commits crime, New England commits crime, and in so much lowers the standard of your civilization. There is no escape—man drags man down, or man lifts man up.

In working out our destiny, while the main burden and centre of activity must be with us, we shall need, in a large measure in the years that are to come, as we have in the past, the help, the encouragement, the guidance that the strong can give the weak. Thus helped, we of both races in the South soon shall throw off the shackles of racial and sectional prejudice and rise as Harvard University has risen, and as we all should rise, above the clouds of ignorance, narrowness and selfishness, into that atmosphere, that pure sunshine, where it will be our highest ambition to serve MAN, our brother, regardless of race or previous condition.

Woman

BY THEODORE TILTON.

Speech of Theodore Tilton at the sixtieth annual dinner of the New England Society, in the city of New York, December 22, 1865, in answer to the following toast given by the Chairman, Joseph H. Choate: "Woman—the strong staff and beautiful rod which sustained and comforted our forefathers during every step of the pilgrims' progress."



YOU must not forget, Mr. President, in eulogizing the early men of New England, who are your clients to-night, that it was only through the help of the early women of New England, who are mine, that your boasted heroes could ever have earned their title of Pilgrim Fathers. A health, therefore, to the women in the cabin of the Mayflower! A cluster of May-flowers themselves, transplanted from summer in the old world to winter in the new! Counting over those matrons and maidens, they numbered, all told, just eighteen. Their names are now written among the heroines of history! For as over the ashes of Cornelia stood the epitaph, "The Mother of the Gracchi," so over these women of the Pilgrimage we write as proudly, "The Mothers of the Republic." There was good Mistress Bradford, whose feet were not allowed of God to kiss Plymouth Rock, and who, like Moses, came only near enough to see, but not to enter, the Promised Land. She was washed overboard from the deck—and to this day the sea is her grave and Cape Cod her monument! There was Mistress Carver, wife of the first governor, and who, when her husband fell under the stroke of sudden death, followed him first with heroic grief to the grave, and then, a fortnight after, followed him with heroic joy up into Heaven! There was Mistress White—the mother of the first child born to the New England Pilgrims on this continent. And it was a good omen that this historic babe was brought into the world on board the Mayflower between the time of the casting of her anchor and the landing of her passengers—a kind of amphibious prophecy that the new-born nation was to

have a birthright inheritance over the sea and over the land. There, also, was Rose Standish, whose name is a perpetual June fragrance, to mellow and sweeten those December winds. And there, too, was Mrs. Winslow, whose name is even more than a fragrance; it is a taste; for as the advertisements say, "children cry for it;" it is a soothing syrup.

Then, after the first vessel with these women, there came other women—loving hearts drawn from the olden land by those silken threads which afterwards harden into golden chains. For instance, Governor Bradford, a lonesome widower, went down to the sea-beach, and, facing the waves, tossed a love-letter over the wide ocean into the lap of Alice Southworth in old England, who caught it up, and read it, and said, "Yes, I will go." And she went. And it is said that the governor, at his second wedding, married his first love! Which, according to the New Theology, furnishes the providential reason why the first Mrs. Bradford fell overboard!

Now, gentlemen, as you sit to-night in this elegant hall, think of the houses in which the Mayflower men and women lived in that first winter! Think of a cabin in the wilderness—where winds whistled—where wolves howled—where Indians yelled! And yet, within that log-house, burning like a lamp, was the pure flame of Christian faith, love, patience, fortitude, heroism! As the Star of the East rested over the rude manger where Christ lay, so—speaking not irreverently—there rested over the roofs of the Pilgrims a Star of the West—the Star of Empire; and to-day that empire is the proudest in the world! And if we could summon up from their graves, and bring hither to-night, that olden company of long-mouldered men, and they could sit with us at this feast—in their mortal flesh—and with their stately presence—the whole world would make a pilgrimage to see those pilgrims! How quaint their attire! How grotesque their names! How we treasure every relic of their day and generation! And of all the heirlooms of the earlier times in Yankeeland, what household memorial is clustered round about with more sacred and touching associations than the spinning-wheel! The industrious mother sat by it doing her work while she instructed her children! The blushing daughter plied

it diligently, while her sweetheart had a chair very close by. And you remember, too, another person who used it more than all the rest—that peculiar kind of maiden, well along in life, who, while she spun her yarn into one “blue stocking,” spun herself into another. But perhaps my toast forbids me to touch upon this well-known class of Yankee women—restricting me, rather, to such women as “comforted” the Pilgrims.

But, my friends, such of the Pilgrim Fathers as found good women to “comfort” them had, I am sure, their full share of matrimonial thorns in the flesh. For instance, I know of an early New England epitaph on a tombstone, in these words, “Obadiah and Sarah Wilken-son—their warfare is accomplished.” And among the early statutes of Connecticut—a State that began with blue laws, and ends with black—there was one which said: “No Gospel minister shall unite people in marriage; the civil magistrates shall unite people in marriage; as they may do it with less scandal to the church.” Now, gentlemen, since Yankee clergymen fared so hard for wedding-fees in those days, is it to be wondered at that so many Yankee clergymen have escaped out of New England, and are here to-night? Dropping their frailties in the graves which cover their ashes, I hold up anew to your love and respect the Forefathers of New England! And as the sons of the Pilgrims are worthy of their sires, so the daughters of the Pilgrims are worthy of their mothers. I hold that in true womanly worth, in housewifely thrift, in domestic skill, in every lovable and endearing quality, the present race of Yankee women are the women of the earth! And I trust that we shall yet have a Republic which, instead of disfranchising one-half of its citizens, and that too by common consent its “better half,” shall ordain the political equality, not only of both colors, but of both sexes! I believe in a reconstructed Union wherein every good woman shall have a wedding-ring on her finger and a ballot in her hand!

The Puritan Principle*

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

(A speech made at the dinner of the New England Society of the City of New York, December 22, 1876. Reprinting this speech in "Forms of Public Address" [Henry Holt & Co.], Professor George P. Baker gives the following preface):

"The following account, by the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, of the circumstances attending the delivery of the speech, and of the effect produced by it, appeared in the Boston *Commonwealth*, September 10, 1892.

'I have said a hundred times, and am glad here to put on record my opinion, that at a great moment in our history George William Curtis spoke the word which was most needed to save the nation from terrible calamity. It was at the annual dinner of the Forefathers' Society of the city of New York, at Delmonico's Hotel, in 1876. That society embodies some of the very best of the leaders of business and of social life in New York, and it is the pride of its managers to assemble on Forefathers' Day the very best of the leaders, who are not of New England blood, who represent the highest and most important interests in that city. On the anniversary of 1876 I had the honor and pleasure of representing at their dinner party Boston and New Englanders who had not emigrated. It was at the moment when the Hayes-Tilden difficulty was at its very worst. Intelligent men and even decent newspapers spoke freely of the possibility of civil war. The deadlock seemed absolute, and even men perfectly loyal to the principles of American government turned pale as they looked forward to the issue. In the distinguished company of perhaps three hundred representative men, at Delmonico's, about half believed to the bottom of their hearts that Mr. Tilden was chosen President. The other half believed with equal certainty that Mr. Hayes was chosen. I myself had no more doubt then than I have now that Mr. Hayes was fairly chosen. I sat by a mayor of New York, a man of high character and level head, who told me that he had postponed his journey to Cuba that he might be present at Mr. Tilden's inauguration. He was as sure of that inauguration as he was that he lived.

'Before such an audience Mr. Curtis rose to speak. Instantly—as always—he held them in rapt attention. It would have been perfectly easy for a timid man or even a person of historic taste, to avoid the great subject of the hour. Mr. Curtis might have talked well about Brewster and Carver, Leyden and Delfthaven, and have left Washington and the White House alone. But he was not a timid man. He was much more than a man of delicate taste, well-trained and elegant. And therefore he plunged right into the terrible subject. Terrible is the only word. He

* Reprinted from *Essays and Addresses*, G. W. Curtis. Copyright, 1894, Harper & Brothers.

passed from point to point of its intricacies, of which he did not underrate the difficulty. He then used the privilege of the occasion, citing the common-sense of the conscientious statesmen of our race; and he came out with his expression of his certain confidence that the good sense of the sons of such an ancestry would devise a tribunal impartial enough and august enough to determine the question to the unanimous assent of the nation.

'He said this so clearly and certainly that he carried with him every man in the assembly. Almost on the moment every man was on his feet, cheering the sentiment. I know that the Mayor of New York and I who had but just before been absolutely at cross-purposes in our talk, were standing side by side, each with one foot in his chair and the other foot on the table, cheering and waving our handkerchiefs. So was every other man of the twenty guests at the table.

'Those three hundred men of mark in New York went home that night, and went to their business the next day, to say that a court of arbitration must be established to settle that controversy. In that moment of Mr. Curtis' triumph, as I believe, it was settled. This is certain: that from that moment, as every careful reader may find to-day, the whole tone of the press of all parties in the city of New York expressed the belief which he expressed then, and which that assembly of leaders approved by their cheers. And from that moment to this moment there has been no more talk of civil war.'

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY: It was Isaac Walton, in his *Angler*, who said that Dr. Botelier was accustomed to remark "that doubtless God might have made a better berry than the strawberry, but doubtless he never did." And I suppose I speak the secret feeling of this festive company when I say that doubtless there might have been a better place to be born in than New England, but doubtless no such place exists. (*Applause and laughter.*) And if any skeptic should reply that our very presence here would seem to indicate that doubtless, also, New England is as good a place to leave as to stay in (*laughter*), I should reply to him that, on the contrary, our presence is but an added glory of our mother. It is an illustration of the devout missionary spirit, of the willingness in which she has trained us to share with others the blessings that we have received, and to circle the continent, to girdle the globe, with the strength of New England character and the purity of New England principles. (*Applause.*) Even the Knickerbockers, Mr. President—in whose stately and splendid city we are at this moment assembled, and assembled of right because it is our home—

even they would doubtless concede that much of the state and splendor of this city is due to the enterprise, the industry, and the genius of those whom their first historian describes as "losel Yankees." (*Laughter.*) Sir, they grace our feast with their presence; they will enliven it, I am sure, with their eloquence and wit. Our tables are rich with the flowers grown in their soil; but there is one flower that we do not see, one flower whose perfume fills a continent, which has blossomed for more than two centuries and a half with ever-increasing and deepening beauty—a flower which blooms at this moment, on this wintry night, in never-fading freshness in a million of true hearts, from the snow-clad Katahdin to the warm Golden Gate of the South Sea, and over its waters to the isles of the East and the land of Prester John—the flower of flowers, the Pilgrim's Mayflower. (*Applause.*)

Well, sir, holding that flower in my hand at this moment, I say that the day we celebrate commemorates the introduction upon this continent of the master principle of its civilization. I do not forget that we are a nation of many nationalities. I do not forget that there are gentlemen at this board who wear the flower of other nations close upon their hearts. I remember the forget-me-nots of Germany, and I know that the race which keeps "watch upon the Rhine" keeps watch also upon the Mississippi and the Lakes. I recall—how could I forget?—the delicate shamrock; for

"There came to this beach a poor exile of Erin,"

and on this beach, with his native modesty

"He still sings his bold anthem of Erin-go-Bragh."

(*Applause.*) I remember surely, sir, the lily—too often the tiger-lily—of France (*laughter and applause*) and the thistle of Scotland; I recall the daisy and the rose of England; and, sir, in Switzerland, high upon the Alps, on the very edge of the glacier, the highest flower that grows in Europe, is the rare *edelweiss*. It is in Europe; we are in America. And here in America, higher than shamrock or thistle, higher than rose, lily or daisy, higher than the highest, blooms the perennial Mayflower. (*Applause.*) For, sir and gentlemen, it is

the English-speaking race that has moulded the destiny of this continent; and the Puritan influence is the strongest influence that has acted upon it. (*Applause.*)

I am surely not here to assert that the men who have represented that influence have always been men whose spirit was blended of sweetness and light. I confess truly their hardness, their prejudice, their narrowness. All this I know: Charles Stuart could bow more blandly, could dance more gracefully than John Milton; and the Cavalier king looks out from the canvas of Vandyck with a more romantic beauty of flowing love-locks than hung upon the brows of Edward Winslow, the only Pilgrim Father whose portrait comes down to us. (*Applause.*) But, sir, we estimate the cause beyond the man. Not even is the gracious spirit of Christianity itself measured by its confessors. If we would see the actual force, the creative power of the Pilgrim principle, we are not to look at the company who came over in the cabin of the *Mayflower*; we are to look upon the forty millions who fill this continent from sea to sea. (*Applause.*) The *Mayflower*, sir, brought seed and not a harvest. In a century and a half the religious restrictions of the Puritans had grown into absolute religious liberty, and in two centuries it had burst beyond the limits of New England, and John Carver of the *Mayflower* had ripened into Abraham Lincoln of the Illinois prairie. (*Great and prolonged applause.*) Why, gentlemen, if you would see the most conclusive proof of the power of this principle, you have but to observe that the local distinctive title of New Englanders has now become that of every man in the country. Every man who hears me, from whatever State in the Union, is, to Europe, a Yankee, and to-day the United States are but the "universal Yankee nation." (*Applause.*)

Do you ask me, then, what is this Puritan principle? Do you ask me whether it is as good for to-day as for yesterday; whether it is good for every national emergency; whether it is good for the situation of this hour? I think we need neither doubt nor fear. The Puritan principle in its essence is simply individual freedom. From that spring religious liberty and political equality. The free State, the free Church, the free School—these are the triple armor of American nationality, of Ameri-

can security. (*Applause.*) But the Pilgrims, while they have stood above all men for their idea of liberty, have always asserted liberty *under law* and never separated it from law. John Robinson, in the letter that he wrote the Pilgrims when they sailed, said these words, that well, sir, might be written in gold around the cornice of that future banqueting-hall to which you have alluded, "You know that the image of the Lord's dignity and authority which the magistracy beareth is honorable in how mean person soever." (*Applause.*) This is the Puritan principle. Those men stood for liberty *under the law*. They had tossed long upon a wintry sea; their minds were full of images derived from their voyage; they knew that the will of the people alone is but a gale smiting a rudderless and sailless ship, and hurling it, a mass of wreck, upon the rocks. But the will of the people, subject to law, is the same gale filling the trim canvas of a ship that minds the helm, bearing it over yawning and awful abysses of ocean safely to port. (*Loud applause.*)

Now, gentlemen, in this country the Puritan principle in its development has advanced to this point, that it provides us a lawful remedy for every emergency that may arise. (*Cheers.*) I stand here as a son of New England. In every fibre of my being am I a child of the Pilgrims. (*Applause.*) The most knightly of all the gentlemen at Elizabeth's court said to the young poet, when he would write an immortal song "Look into thy heart and write." And I, sir and brothers, if, looking into my own heart at this moment, I might dare to think that what I find written there is written also upon the heart of my mother, clad in her snows at home, her voice in this hour would be a message spoken from the land of the Pilgrims to the capital of this nation—a message like that which Patrick Henry sent from Virginia to Massachusetts when he heard of Concord and Lexington: "I am not a Virginian, I am an American." (*Great applause.*) And so, gentlemen, at this hour we are not Republicans, we are not Democrats, we are Americans. (*Tremendous applause.*)

The voice of New England, I believe, going to the capital, would be this, that neither is the Republican Senate to insist upon its exclusive partisan way, nor is the Democratic House to insist upon its exclusive par-

tisan way, but Senate and House, representing the American people and the American people only, in the light of the Constitution and by the authority of the law, are to provide a way over which a President, be he Republican or be he Democrat, shall pass unchallenged to his chair. (*Vociferous applause, the company rising to their feet.*) Ah, gentlemen (*renewed applause*)—think not, Mr. President, that I am forgetting the occasion or its amenities. (*Cries of "No, no," and "Go on."*) I am remembering the Puritans; I am remembering Plymouth Rock and the virtues that made it illustrious. (*A voice—"Justice."*) But we, gentlemen, are to imitate those virtues, as our toast says, only by being greater than the men who stood upon that rock. (*Applause.*) As this gay and luxurious banquet to their scant and severe fare, so must our virtues, to be worthy of them, be greater and richer than theirs. And as we are three centuries older, so should we be three centuries wiser than they. (*Applause.*) Sons of the Pilgrims, you are not to level forests, you are not to war with savage men and savage beasts, you are not to tame a continent nor even found a State. Our task is nobler, diviner. Our task, sir, is to reconcile a nation. It is to curb the fury of party spirit. It is to introduce a loftier and manlier tone everywhere into our political life. It is to educate every boy and every girl, and then leave them perfectly free to go from any school-house to any church. (*Cries of "Good," and cheers.*) Above all, sir, it is to protect absolutely the equal rights of the poorest and the richest, of the most ignorant and the most intelligent citizens, and it is to stand forth, brethren, as a triple wall of brass around our native land, against the mad blows of violence or the fatal dry-rot of fraud. (*Loud applause.*) And at this moment, sir, the grave and august shades of the forefathers whom we invoke bend over us in benediction as they call us to this sublime task. This, brothers and friends, this is to imitate the virtues of our forefathers; this is to make our day as glorious as theirs. (*Great applause, followed by three cheers for the distinguished speaker.*)

New England Weather

BY SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS.

(Mark Twain.)

Speech of Samuel L. Clemens, at the seventy-first dinner of the New England Society, in the city of New York, December 22, 1876, in answer to the following toast, as announced by the President, William Borden: "The Oldest Inhabitant—The Weather of New England."

"Who can lose it and forget it?
Who can have it and regret it?"
"Be interposer twixt us Twain."

—*Merchant of Venice.*



ENTLEMEN:—I reverently believe that the Maker who made us all makes everything in New England—but the weather. I don't know who makes that, but I think it must be raw apprentices in the Weather Clerk's factory, who experiment and learn how in New England for board and clothes, and then are promoted to make weather for countries that require a good article and will take their custom elsewhere if they don't get it. There is a sumptuous variety about the New England weather that compels the stranger's admiration—and regret. The weather is always doing something there; always attending strictly to business; always getting up new designs and trying them on the people to see how they will go. But it gets through more business in spring than in any other season. In the spring I have counted one hundred and thirty-six different kinds of weather inside of four and twenty hours. It was I that made the fame and fortune of that man that had that marvelous collection of weather on exhibition at the Centennial that so astounded the foreigners. He was going to travel all over the world and get specimens from all the climes. I said: "Don't you do it; you come to New England on a favorable spring

day." I told him what we could do in the way of style, variety and quantity. Well, he came, and he made his collection in four days. As to variety—why, he confessed that he got hundreds of kinds of weather that he had never heard of before. And as to quantity—well, after he had picked out and discarded all that was blemished in any way, he not only had weather enough, but weather to spare; weather to hire out; weather to sell; to deposit; weather to invest; weather to give to the poor.

The people of New England are by nature patient and forbearing; but there are some things which they will not stand. Every year they kill a lot of poets for writing about "Beautiful Spring." These are generally casual visitors, who bring their notions of spring from somewhere else, and cannot, of course, know how the natives feel about spring. And so, the first thing they know, the opportunity to inquire how they feel has permanently gone by.

Old Probabilities has a mighty reputation for accurate prophecy, and thoroughly well deserves it. But he doesn't know what the weather is going to be in New England. He can't any more tell than he can tell how many Presidents of the United States there's going to be next year. Well, he mulls over it, and by and by he gets out something about like this: "Probable nor'east to sou'west winds, varying to the southward and westward and eastward and points between; high and low barometer, sweeping around from place to place; probable areas of rain, snow, hail and drought, succeeded or preceded by earthquakes, with thunder and lightning." Then he jots down this postscript from his wandering mind to cover accidents: "But it is possible that the programme may be wholly changed in the meantime."

Yes, one of the brightest gems in the New England weather is the dazzling uncertainty of it. There is only one thing certain about it, you are certain there is going to be plenty of weather—a perfect grand review; but you never can tell which end of the procession is going to move first.

I could speak volumes about the inhuman perversity of the New England weather, but I will give but a single specimen. I like to hear rain on a tin roof, so I covered part of my roof with tin, with an eye to that lux-

ury. Well, sir, do you think it ever rains on the tin? No, sir; skips it every time.

But, after all, there are at least one or two things about that weather (or, if you please, effects produced by it) which we residents would not like to part with. If we had not our bewitching autumn foliage, we should still have to credit the weather with one feature which compensates for all its bullying vagaries, the ice-storm—when a leafless tree is clothed with ice from the bottom to the top—ice that is as bright and clear as crystal; every bough and twig is strung with ice-beads, frozen dewdrops, and the whole tree sparkles, cold and white, like the Shah of Persia's diamond plume. Then the wind waves the branches, and the sun comes out and turns all those myriads of beads and drops to prisms, that glow and hum and flash with all manner of colored fires, which change and change again, with inconceivable rapidity, from blue to red, from red to green, and green to gold; the tree becomes a sparkling fountain, a very explosion of dazzling jewels; and it stands there the acme, the climax, the supremest possibility in art or nature of bewildering, intoxicating, intolerable magnificence! One cannot make the words too strong.

Month after month I lay up hate and grudge against the New England weather; but when the ice-storm comes at last, I say: "There, I forgive you now; the books are square between us; you don't owe me a cent; go and sin some more; your little faults and foibles count for nothing; you are the most enchanting weather in the world!"



Actress: "Ah, I know you never flatter. Come, tell me, did you think my 'Juliet' good?" Dramatic Critic: "Good—my dear lady, good's not the word!"—*M. A. P.*

The Speaker

Toasts¹

TO THE AFTER-DINNER SPEECH

Come, touch your glasses overhead
 To what we love, to what we dread;
 The after-dinner speech.
 Oh, may it come when we are strong,
 Its length be short, its laugh be long,
 Its flights within our reach.

Oh, may the speaker's stories smack
 Of something more than almanack
 And less than vaudeville;
 And may the wight who comes this way
 With nothing—or too much—to say,
 In heaven's name, keep still!

—*W'allace Irwin.*

Our Revolutionary Fathers: May their sons never disgrace their parentage.

Our Town: The best in the land; let him that don't like it leave it.

The Tree of Liberty: May every American citizen help cultivate it and eat freely of its fruit.

Three Great Commanders: May we always be under the orders of General Peace, General Plenty and General Prosperity.

Woman: Here's to Woman; the salt of the earth since Lot's time.

Boys: Here's to Boys; may they live to look back on themselves with envy.—*Henry S. Hoskins.*

I'll make the law of Nature mine,
 And pledge the Universe in wine.

—*Tom Moore.*

Quick, quick, now, I'll give you, since Time's glass will
run

Even faster than ours doth, three bumpers in one;
Here's to the poet who sings—here's to the warrior who
fights—

Here's to the statesman who speaks in the cause of
men's rights.

—*Thomas Moore.*

Let us drink to the time when one shall work for all
and all for one.—*W. E. P. French.*

Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign na-
tions may she always be in the right; but our country,
right or wrong.—*Commodore Stephen Decatur.*

Our National Paradox—the American Eagle: A bird
of freedom that permits no liberties.

Old Glory! May her stars shine forever in the eternal
blue, and her stripes reach around the world!

Here's to the girl behind the man behind the gun.—
Admiral Schley.

To the Great American Birds: May we have them
where we love them best, the Turkeys on our tables and
the Eagles in our pockets.

May bad luck follow you all the days of your life and
never catch you.

Woman—the conundrum of the age. We can't guess
her, but we'll never give her up!—*Anonymous.*

Come, love and health to all;
I drink to the general joy of the whole table.

—*Macbeth.*

Here's to us that are here, to you that are there, and
the rest of us everywhere.—*Kipling.*

The Speaker

Here's to woman—once our superior, now our equal.

When we go home late, may we find our wives where
Cain found his—in the Land of Nod.

The one fair woman beneath the sun.—*John Hay.*

Well, here's your good health and your families', and
may they live long and prosper.—*Joseph Jefferson.*

You are welcome, my fair guests; that noble lady
Or gentleman that is not freely merry
Is not my friend: This to confirm my welcome,
And to you all good health.

—*King Henry VIII.*

May you live all the days of your life.—*Swift.*

When you go up the hill of Prosperity,
May you never meet any friend coming down.

The Press—where it is free, the people are free.
Where it is fettered, they are slaves.

The Pen—may it ever be a sword to pierce wrong
and falsehood to the heart.

The Press—the “tongue” of the country; may it never
be cut out.

“The Play's the thing:” Here's to it and all good
players.

Here's to the nine Muses—they must have been a base-
ball team.

I know that Death is a guest divine,
Who shall drink my blood as I drink this wine,
And he cares for nothing! a King is he!
Come on, old fellow, and drink with me.
With you I will drink to the solemn past,
Though the cup that I drain should be my last.

—*William Winter.*

A health to you,
And wealth to you,
And the best that life can give to you;
May Fortune still be kind to you,

And Happiness be true to you,
And Life be long and good to you,
Is the toast of all your friends to you.

Here's to mine and here's to thine!
Now's the time to clink it!
Here's a flagon of old wine,
And here we are to drink it.

—*Richard Hovey.*

To the Inventor of Pumpkin Pie—God bless her.

Then here's to thee, old friend; and long
May thou and I thus meet,
To brighten still with wine and song
This short life ere it fleet.

Here's to the day of good will, cold weather and warm
hearts.

Happy are we met, happy have we been,
Happy may we part, and happy meet again.

May your soul be in glory three weeks before the devil
knows you're dead.

Here's to you as good as you are,
And here's to me as bad as I am;
And as bad as I am, and as good as you are,
I'm as good as you are, as bad as I am.

We'll drink a health to good old friends
And good friends yet to come.

Clink, clink, clink!
To fellowship we drink!
And from the bowl
No genial soul
In such an hour will shrink.
Clink, clink, clink!
Merrily let us drink!

The Speaker

To the old, long life and treasure;
To the young, all health and pleasure.
—*Ben Jonson.*

Here's to us all—God bless us every one—*Dickens.*

To Love, for heaven and earth adore him,
And gods and mortals bow before him.
—*Tom Moore.*

To woman's love—to man's it's not akin,
For her heart is a home while his heart is an inn.

Here's a health to all them that we love,
And a health to all those that love us,
And a health to all those that love them that we love,
And to them that love those that love us.

The Latch Key—may it never open the door to reproach.

Here's to the land of the shamrock so green,
Here's to each lad and his darling colleen,
Here's to the ones we love dearest and most—
And may God save old Ireland! That's an Irishman's
toast.

The Irish-American—may his tribe increase!

Holland—a lesson to oppressors, an example to the
oppressed, the sanctuary for the rights of mankind.

Italy—the land of the olive and vine—the theatre of
the world—the altar which has kept burning the fires of
Grecian Art and Philosophy—the cradle of Cæsar and
Aurelius—of Virgil and Horace—of Raphael and Mi-
chael Angelo—of Scarlatti and Verdi—the fountain-head
of Equity, which taught the world that the letter of the
law is cruel, and all laws must give way to secure Jus-
tice.

The wine-cup, the wine-cup bring hither—
A Toast! Glasses full to the brim!
May the wreath they have won never wither,
Nor the star of their glory grow dim;
May our soldiers and sailors ne'er sever,
United 'neath colors so true:
Here's to the Army and Navy forever!
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue.

—*Anonymous.*

"Our dearest Foe."

Our Army—firm in disaster, courageous in danger,
merciful in victory.

The first ship the world ever knew—courtship.

The Navy Toast: "Glad to see you aboard."

To Davy Jones' Locker. Drink deep.

The American Navy—may it ever sail on a sea of
glory, be wafted by the winds of prosperity, guided by
the compass of justice, and anchor in the harbor of
victory.

Our friends—the enemy.

Here's to War—east, west, north, south!

"Wal'r, my boy," said the captain, "in the Proverbs
of Solomon you will find the following words, 'May we
never want a friend nor a bottle to give him!' Where
found make a note of."—*Charles Dickens.*

Friendship's the wine of life.
Let's drink of it and to it.

May the wing of friendship never moult a feather.—
Dickens.

The Speaker

The good die young; here's hoping you may live to a ripe old age.—*Anonymous.*

Then fill them high with generous juice,
As generous as your mind,
And pledge me in the generous toast—
The whole of human kind.
—*Robert Burns.*

A white man's chance to each and all.

To her we drink, for her we pray,
Our voices silent never;
For her we'll fight, let come what may,
The Stars and Stripes forever.

America! half-brother of the world.

Our Country, our whole country,
And nothing but our country.
—*Daniel Webster.*

The President—may he always be the Chief Executive of the Nation, and never the mere representative of a political party.

To the Golden-Rod—the flower of the Republic, which blooms in every State and whose color is in the fringe about our flag.

The union of lakes, the union of lands,
The union of States none can sever;
The union of hearts, the union of hands,
And the flag of our union forever.

To the land of Chaucer and Shakespeare!—*Olive Schreiner.*

For England, home and beauty!—*Lord Nelson.*

And here's to a' in barley bree,
Oursel's and a' the warld thegither,
To a' wha luv the kilted knee,
Or bonnie lassies in the heather.

—*Geo. Robertson, Jr.*

Now since wi' Scotia's thistle green,
The Rose and Shamrock twine,
Lang may they bloom, as aye they've been
The pride o' lang syne.
Then fill the bicker reaming fu'
Wi' Scotland's Highland wine,
An' drink to a' whar're leal an' true,
An' days o' lang syne.

—*John Graham.*

I give you England and America. May there never be any dividing line but the Atlantic between them.—*Charles Dickens.*

"Morality is stronger than a majority."—*George William Curtis.*

Of church attendance: "There is a little plant called reverence in the corner of my soul's garden which I like to have watered about once a week."—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

"The secret of eloquence is truth."—*Beccher.*

"I have never deemed it sin to gladden this vale of sorrows with a wholesome laugh."—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Men and pins are useless when they lose their heads.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Water, soft, pure graceful water! there is no shape into which you can throw her that she does not seem lovelier than before. Earth has no jewels so brilliant as her own spray; fire has no rubies like what she steals from the sunset; air has no robes like the grace of her ever-changing drapery of silver.—*N. P. Willis.*

COOKS

We may live without poetry, music and art;
 We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
 We may live without friends; we may live without
 books;

But civilized man cannot live without cooks.

We may live without books—what is knowledge but
 grieving?

We may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving?

We may live without love—what is passion but pining?

But where is the man that can live without dining?

—*Owen Meredith.*

The moment I heard of America, I loved her; the
 moment I heard she was fighting for freedom, I burnt
 with a desire of bleeding for her; and the moment I
 shall be able to serve her at any time, or in any part of
 the world, will be the happiest of my life.—*Lafayette.*

I once heard an Irishman say, "Every man loves his
 native land, whether he was born there or not."—*Thomas
 Fitch.*

Here's to the Actor: who, no matter what char-
 acter he plays, can never hide his own.—*John E. Mc-
 Cann.*

Economy is of itself a great revenue.—*Cicero.*

Economy is simply the art of getting the worth of
 your money.—*Anonymous.*

Without economy none can be rich, and with it few
 can be poor.—*Dr. Johnson.*

A FAT MAN'S TOAST

A toast to us, my good round friends,
 To bless the things we eat;
 For it has been full many a year
 Since we have seen our feet.
 Yet who would lose a precious pound
 By trading sweets for sour?
 It takes a mighty girth indeed
 To hold such hearts as ours!

—*Wallace Irwin.*

TO THE BOSTON PAPA

"I wish," he said, "you could make pies
Like mother used to bake."

"And I," said she, "wish that you made
The dough pa used to make!"

—*Anonymous.*

Here's to our enemies, most of whom are in our
heads.—*Creswell MacLaughlin.*

Here's to Courtesy. It is the oil of controversy. It
keeps gentlemen who disagree from punching each
other.—*Creswell MacLaughlin.*

Here's to Life: entered with a protest—endured on
compulsion—and left with a sigh.—*John E. McCann.*

Here's to Miss Fortune—may we always Miss her.
Here's to Dame Fortune—may we meet and kiss her.
—*John E. McCann.*

Here's to Sweethearts: the morning-glories of life,
the first real flowers that we gather in the garden of
existence.—*John E. McCann.*

" 'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than to marry and be bossed.

—*John E. McCann.*

"Here's to our foes.
May the Devil clip their toes,
That we may know them by their limping."
—*Lever.*

Stories

THE PROPER VIEW.

There was a deep religious feeling in Lee's army! Prayer-meetings were held wherever possible. In one, a long, lanky fellow, without education, but a brave soldier, knelt at my side and prayed:

"Oh, Lord," he said, "we are having a mighty big fight down here and a sight of trouble; and we do hope, Lord, that you will take a proper view of this subject, and give us the victory."

At another prayer-meeting Brother Jones was praying for more manhood, more strength, more courage. This was too much for one of his auditors; he could not stand a prayer for more courage at that stage of the game any longer; so, right in the middle of the prayer, he called out:

"Hold on there, Brother Jones—hold on there, sir; don't you know you are just praying all wrong? Why don't you pray for more provisions? We have got more courage now than we have any use for."—*From lecture, "The Last Days of the Confederacy," Gen. John B. Gordon.*

LITERARY, BUT INTELLIGENT.

George William Curtis, while a delegate to the New York Constitutional Convention, was one day sitting in an alcove of the hotel parlor when some of his fellow-members entered, and began to discuss themselves and their associates. He listened to them, an unconscious, or rather an unintentional, auditor in that somewhat awkward confidential intercourse which we sometimes derive as to the family affairs of those who occupy the next room. The members of the convention were discussed, and at last, with painful interest, he found that the conversation was coming around to him.

"There is Curtis," said one of them, "he is an intelligent man."

"Yes," said the other somewhat reluctantly, "an intelligent man."

Said the first one, "Curtis is a very intelligent man."

"Yes, yes," said the other man, "you may call him a very intelligent man for a literary man."—*From lecture, "Literature in a Republic," Thomas Wentworth Higginson.*

ON BEING A WOMAN.

"The one thing that reconciles me to the fact of being a woman is the reflection that it delivers me from the necessity of marrying one."—*Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.*

THE TABLES TURNED.

A not over courteous man, speaking to a woman who claimed that women should have equal rights, sneeringly asked,

"What would you do, madam, if you were a gentleman?"

"I am not sure," she replied; "what would you do if you were one?"—*Minot Judson Savage, from lecture "American Wit and Humor."*

ARTEMUS AND THE MAN FROM SCHENECTADY.

In the smoking-room of the St. Nicholas Hotel Artemus Ward once played one of his favorite practical jokes. A number of strangers were reading the papers, when suddenly Artemus called out:

"George! George!"

Two or three of the men whose names were George looked up.

"Why did you leave Schenectady?" inquired Ward, without looking at any one in particular.

"If you mean me, sir," said a peppery person, "I never was at Schenectady in my life, and I don't know you, sir."

"You were doing well there, George," continued Ward, imperturbably. "why did you leave the place?"

"Confound you, sir," shouted the stranger, "I tell you I never saw Schenectady!" and he threw down his paper and stalked out of the room.

"His conscience troubles him," said Ward, "but I wish he had told me why he left Schenectady."

Then all the strangers shook their heads and muttered that they had always thought there was something strange about that Schenectady man, and Artemus was happy.

AN UNFORTUNATE RAT.

A famous Irishman, Sir Boyle Roche, suspecting the opposition of some sort of underhand intentions, revealed his acuteness and his purpose to head off the enemy in the following terms:

"I smell a rat; I feel it in the air; and I will nip it in the bud."

THE GREATEST OF THESE.

Perhaps the completest example of the anti-climax in existence is that made by the local orator in Vermont. He was called on to make the opening address at the Agricultural Fair, and closed his peroration thus:

"Fellow-citizens, there have been three great days in the history of our country. The first was when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. The second was when Columbus sailed on his great voyage for the discovery of a new world. But the third and the greatest of all, fellow-citizens, is to-day, to-day, fellow-citizens, the day of the opening of the Windsor County Fair!"—*Minot Judson Savage, from lecture, "American Wit and Humor."*

THE REASON WHY.

One day Henry Ward Beecher was riding up Broadway in a stage when Park Benjamin got in.

"How are you, Park?"

"How are you, Ward?" and they settled into friendly chat. At last Beecher said:

"Park, why don't you ever come over to hear me preach?"

"Well, Ward," replied Benjamin, "I'll tell you if you'll not get mad about it."

"Go on," said Beecher.

"Well, the fact of it is," replied Benjamin, "my mother always brought me up from a child to feel that it was wrong for me to go to places of amusement on Sunday."

NO TROUBLE AT ALL.

Senator Beck, of Kentucky, was an everlasting talker. One day a friend remarked to Senator Hoar:

"I should think Beck would wear his brain all out talking so much."

Whereupon Mr. Hoar replied, "Oh, that doesn't affect his brain any; he rests his mind when he is talking."—*Minot Judson Savage, from lecture, "American Wit and Humor."*

THE TEST OF WIT.

Two men were riding through Paris together one day. One was exceedingly bright and clever, while the other was correspondingly dull. As is usually the case, the latter monopolized the conversation. The talk of the dullard had become almost unendurable, when his companion saw a man on the street far ahead yawning. "Look," he exclaimed, "we are overheard!"

That story separates the sheep from the goats. I was telling it once to a Scotch lady who remarked: "How could they have been overheard at that distance?" "Madam," I replied, "that never occurred to me before."—*Dr. John Watson, from lecture, "Scottish Traits."*

PROPER RESPECT TO THE DECEASED.

The grimmest example of Scotch humor that I ever heard is this story of a criminal who was condemned to death. Just before the execution his counsel went to see him for the purpose of cheering him up. He told the Scot that sentence had been pronounced, that it was perfectly just, and he must hope for no mercy, but he asked if there was anything he could do for him. The condemned man thanked him, said he was most kind, and there was one request he would make.

"What is that?" asked his visitor.

"I would ask you to go to my chest and fetch my Sabbath blacks."

"And what do you want with your Sabbath blacks?"

"I wish to wear them as a mark of respect for the deceased," said the condemned man.—*Dr. John Watson, from lecture, "Scottish Traits."*

AN UNFORTUNATE DIFFERENCE.

Referring to the common saying regarding the truthfulness of figures, the Hon. Carroll D. Wright once remarked: "I know it is said that figures won't lie, but, unfortunately, liars will figure."—*Minot Judson Savage, from lecture, "American Wit and Humor."*

TO SHRINK A STOMACH.

General Joe Johnston was one day riding leisurely behind his army on the march. Food had been scarce and rations limited. He spied a straggler in the brush beside the road, and called out sharply:

"What are you doing there?"

Being caught out of the ranks was a serious offense, but the soldier was equal to the emergency. So to the General's question he replied:

"Pickin' 'simmons."

The persimmon, as you know, has the quality of puckering the mouth as no other fruit can.

"What are you picking 'simmons for?" sharply rejoined the General.

Then came the humorous reply that disarmed all of the officer's anger and appealed to his sympathy, while it hinted at all "the boys" were suffering for the cause.

"Well, the fact of it is, General. I'm trying to shrink my stomach to the size of my rations, so I won't starve to death."

LOWELL AS A SPEECH-MAKER.

During his residence in England as American minister, James Russell Lowell by his humorous and good-humored speeches did much to do away with the bitterness between the United States and England, which was then still strongly in evidence. For instance, when the Incorporated Society of Authors gave a dinner to him, he spoke freely of the impressment of American seaman, of whom about fifteen hundred had been forced into service on British ships. "These things should be remembered," said Lowell, "not with resentment, but for enlightenment. There may still be serious difficulties between the two countries, but none I think that good sense and good feeling cannot settle. I have heard often that my countrymen are apt to think they are al-

ways in the right—that they look at their own side of the question only. This characteristic certainly conduces to peace of mind and imperturbability of judgment, whatever other merits it may have.”

He paused, and then added: “I am sure I don’t know where we got that characteristic, do you?”

The laughing applause which greeted him proved that the shaft had gone home.

THE AGONY OF WAITING.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson tells a rather apocryphal story of Carlyle, who, says he, was once driven to despair by the noise of some neighboring peacocks.

“But,” said the owner of the peacocks, “they do not scream more than twice in twenty-four hours.”

“Perhaps not,” said Carlyle, “but consider the agonies that I undergo in waiting for that scream!”

NOT A DICTIONARY WORD.

When Grant was a small boy he had a very hard lesson to learn. “You can’t do it,” said a schoolmate. “Can’t; what does that mean?” “It just means that you can’t.” Grant had really never heard the word before, and looked it up in the dictionary, unsuccessfully. Then he asked his teacher, “What is the meaning of ‘can’t?’ The word is not in the dictionary?” The teacher explained and moralized. In after life, Grant’s frequent answer to discouragers was “can’t is in no dictionary.”

TRUE ECONOMY.

An old lady of Massachusetts was famed in her native township for health and thrift. To an acquaintance who was once congratulating her upon the former she said:

“We be pretty well for old folks, Josiah and me. Josiah hasn’t had an ailin’ time for fifty years, ’cept last winter. And I ain’t never suffered but one day in my life, and that was when I took some of the medicine Josiah had left over, so’s how it shouldn’t be wasted.”

A friend said to a Scotchman who was celebrated for possessing many amiable qualities, “I believe you would actually find something to admire in Satan himself.” The canny Scot replied, “Ah! weel, weel, we must a’ admit that auld Nick has great energy and perseverance.”

AN ANECDOTE BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

How well he could tell a story let this passage from one of his earliest addresses show :

"That most eloquent of Southerners, I think, Mr. Sargent S. Prentiss, of Mississippi, was addressing a crowd of 4,000 people in his State, defending the tariff, and in the course of an eloquent period which rose to a beautiful climax he painted the thrift, the energy, the comfort, the wealth, the civilization of the North in glowing colors, when there arose on the vision of the assembly in the open air a horseman of magnificent proportions ; and just at that moment of hushed attention, when the voice of Prentiss had ceased and the applause was about to break forth, the horseman exclaimed, 'D——n the North !' The curse was so much in unison with the habitual feeling of a Mississippi audience that it quenched their enthusiasm, and nothing but respect for the speaker kept them from cheering the horseman. Prentiss turned upon his lame foot and said : 'Major Moody, will you rein in that horse a moment ?' He assented. The orator went on : 'Major, the horse on which you ride came from Upper Missouri ; the saddle that surmounts him came from Trenton, N. J. ; the hat on your head came from Danbury, Conn. ; the boots you wear came from Lynn, Mass. ; the linen in your shirt is Irish, and Boston made it up ; your broadcloth coat is of Lowell manufacture, and was cut in New York ; and if to-day you should surrender what you owe the "d——d North" you would sit stark naked."

SHERIDAN AND NECESSITY.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan disliked to discuss metaphysical subjects. One day while walking in the garden his son, Tom, said to him :

"Pray, my good father, did you ever do anything in a state of mind of perfect indifference, without a motive. I mean, of some kind or other ?"

Sheridan, who saw what was coming, and by no means relished such subjects, said : "Yes, certainly."

"Indeed?" said Tom.

"Yes, indeed."

"What, total indifference ; total, entire, thorough indifference?"

"Yes; total, entire, thorough indifference."

"Well, now then, my dear father, tell me what is it that you can do with (mind) total, entire, thorough indifference?"

"Why, listening to you, Tom."

—*Told by William Smyth.*

A small boy returned from the home of his grandparents, and was told that while he was away the stork had brought him a baby brother.

"Go right in and see him," said his aunt.

"I'd rather see the stork," replied the boy.

"I hear, doctor, that my friend Brown, who you have been treating so long for liver trouble, has died of stomach trouble," said one of the physician's patients.

"Don't you believe all you hear," replied the doctor. "When I treat a man for liver trouble, he dies of liver trouble."

HOBSON'S CHOICE.

"If my employer does not retract what he said to me this morning, I shall leave his store."

"Why, what did he say?"

"He told me to look for another place."

WARNING TO POETS.

"The late Richard Watson Gilder," said a New York poet, "always opposed the reading of light literature. A poet, he said, could not read such literature without corrupting his literary style."

"He once told me that the poet, in this respect, was like Brown's parrot."

"Brown bought a parrot for \$20 from a pet stock dealer, and a week or two later returned to the shop and insisted that the bird be taken back."

"What's the matter with it?" the dealer asked.

"W-w-why," said Brown, "the durned c-c-critter stutters."

"I never did incline to politics," said the old man, "but jest as soon as my o' woman goes to votin', I'll be houn' ef I don't stay home an' be Speaker of the House!"

—*Frank L. Stanton.*

"Miss Chatter is a sort of talking machine, isn't she?"
 "No, not a perfect machine; she lacks the 'exhaust.'" . . .
Baltimore American.

"ME" WAS LOST.

Prince Yun, of Korea, introduced himself wittily to a Missionary Congress in Chicago by telling of an absent-minded chap in his country who was continually trying to assure himself of his identity. He carried about with him a stick and a pan, and frequently went over the list—"stick, pan, me; stick, pan, me"—touching the top of his head at the last word. But one day a rogue of a Buddhist priest found the man asleep and shaved the hair from his head. When he awoke he began—"stick, pan—" and then in consternation—"but where's me?" So Prince Yun said he had been repeating to himself "Chicago, Congress, me; Chicago, Congress, me"—but as he looked out over an audience of forty-four hundred men he hardly knew where "me" was.

SUBTLE, YET CLEAR.

Governor Vardaman, of Mississippi, tells of a colored citizen of that State who gave a justice of the peace a big fat 'possum as wedding fee.

A year after, the justice, on meeting the dorky, asked:

"Joe, how do you like married life?"

"Well, sah," answered Joe ruefully, "all I kin say is—I wish I'd eat dat 'possum."—*Taylor Edwards.*

HOW PAT GOT IN.

Dr. George A. Gordon, pastor of the Old South Church, Boston, tells how a witty Irishman stood before the gate of the other world, asking for admission. St. Peter refused him, however, telling him he was too great a sinner to enter there, and bade him go away. The man went a little distance from the gate and then crowed three times like a rooster. St. Peter at once threw open the gate and cried out, "Come in, Pat! We'll let bygones be bygones!"—*Florence Hunt.*

KNOWN BY HIS FRIENDS.

A forlorn-looking man was brought before a magistrate for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. When asked what he had to say for himself, he gazed pensively at the judge, smoothed down a remnant of gray hair, and said:

"Your honor, 'Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn.' I'm not as debased as Swift, as profligate as Byron, as dissipated as Poe, or as debauched as——"

"That will do," thundered the magistrate. "Thirty days! And, officer, take a list of those names and run 'em in. They're as bad a lot as he is."—*Emily Busby*.

A SURPRISE.

General Wheeler's body was brought to Washington draped in the Confederate flag as well as the Stars and Stripes, under both of which he had served so efficiently. While the body lay in state, an old Confederate soldier who had fought under General Wheeler in General Early's division, having heard of the Confederate flag and wishing to see his dear old leader in the light of long ago, made strenuous effort and at last stood beside the coffin. But on reaching Washington the Stars and Bars had been removed by order of the President, and the veteran looked in vain for his old flag. Then he looked at the body clad in the blue uniform, and, solemnly shaking his head, muttered:

"Wall, by gee, gen'ul! when you git on t'other side and Jubal Early catches you in them togs, I'm bettin' you'll git the puttiest cussin' that ever cum your way!"—*Willard French*.

SENATOR HAWLEY'S DARWINISM.

Senator Hawley was a guest at the Savage Club during his last visit to London. In the course of the dinner an argument arose between two Englishmen, across the table, on the popular idea of the Darwin theory. The one supporting it was of the caricatured stamp—not one to appeal to Senator Hawley's robust Americanism. He was pointedly asked by the other if he really

believed that his great-grandfather was an ape, and earnestly replied: "I weally do, now, don't you know."

Senator Hawley turned to the writer, who was sitting next to him, and under his great gray mustache muttered:

"That's all right for him, now, don't you know; but it's beastly hard on his great-grandfather."—*Willard French.*

TWO WAYS OF SELLING JOCK.

For once the American had discovered something British that was better than anything that could be produced "across the pond." His discovery was a fine collie dog, and he at once tried to induce its owner, an old shepherd, to sell it.

"Wad ye be takin' him to America?" inquired the old Scot.

"Yes, I guess so," said the Yankee.

"I thought as muckle," said the shepherd. "I couldna pairt wi' Jock."

But while they sat and chatted an English tourist came up, and to him the shepherd sold the collie for much less than the American had offered.

"You told me you wouldn't sell him," said the Yankee, when the purchaser had departed.

"Na," replied the Scot; "I said I couldna' pairt wi' him. Jock'll be back in a day or so, but he couldna swim the Atlantic."—*Detroit Free Press.*

COMPROMISING.

Mr. Dollars, who had "broken into society," was often put to it to hide his ignorance. One evening he attended a soiree where the subject of authors came up.

"You remember that quotation from Shakespeare?" said a young man, to include Mr. Dollars in the conversation—"one of William Shakespeare's plays," he added kindly, to help the old man along.

"Oh—Bill Shakespeare!" exclaimed Mr. Dollars bumptiously. "So he's taken to writing plays, has he? Why, I went to school with Bill."

"And 'George Sand?' " put in the wag of the party. "You know the celebrated 'George Sand?'"

Mr. Dollars dismissed the query with a wave of the hand and a careless "My room-mate at school."—*Helen Sherman Griffith.*

"We are sorry to announce that we shall have to withdraw our offer of a piano as a premium to new subscribers," said the Billville Banner, "but the fact is, our wife fell in love with the piano, and got a music man to teach her to play it, and now she says that she wants it herself. But the washboard and clothes-wringer premiums still go, as our good lady says she doesn't want either of them."—*Frank L. Stanton.*

"James," said the teacher, "I wish you would not come to school with such very dirty hands. What would you say if I came to school with hands like that?"

"I wouldn't say anything," was the prompt reply. "I'd be too polite."—*New York World.*

A teacher in a New England grammar school found the subjoined facts in a composition on Longfellow, the poet, written by a fifteen-year-old girl:

"Henry W. Longfellow was born in Portland, Maine, while his parents were traveling in Europe. He had many fast friends, among whom the fastest were Phoebe and Alice Carey."

EXCLUSIVE PRIVILEGE.

The late General Shafter used to enjoy telling how, during the Civil War, several wounded officers and a few privates were going up the valley of Virginia, when a rain came on, forcing all hands to take refuge all night in a schoolhouse.

It chanced that during the night a skunk had found its way under the floor, and by and by had announced its presence after its well-known effective manner.

The officers all waked up, but, being gentlemen and each supposing that the others were still asleep, they kept silent. At last one of the privates, a German, could restrain himself no longer.

"Mein Gott!" he exclaimed. "Dis is awful! Dey shleeps und I vakes, und I haf got to shmell it all!"—*Edwin Tarrisse.*

'T WAS THERE HE DREW THE LINE.

Said the farmer to the Congressman: "We got the seed
you sent,
And it saved us lots o' money up and down the settle-
ment,
But we've fences needing fixing, and we want a help-
ing hand,
Will you kindly hitch that mule there and help us plow
the land?"

But he made no sign;
It was there he drew the line,
And for once looked like a fellow
Who was ready to resign.

Said the farmer: "Crops'll suffer, for the weather's
mighty dry,
And the thunder is a-sleeping in a hollow of the sky;
It's vainly we are hoping that they'll send the light'ning
train;
Will you get down on your knees there and ask the sky
for rain?"

But he stared a vacant stare;
No use to make that prayer;
It wouldn't stir the sky up,
For they didn't know him there!

—*Frank L. Stanton.*

THE DISTINCTION.

After one of Booker T. Washington's lectures in the South, a Southern gentleman, carried away by his captivating oratory, rushed up to him, seized his hand, and exclaimed: "Washington, you're a great man! I believe you're the greatest man living!"

"O no," modestly replied Booker, "there's Mr. Roosevelt!"

"Aw," responded the Southerner, in disgust, "I never had any use for him after he invited you to dine with him!"

ONE ON ADE.

A young man was sitting in a barber-shop looking at a magazine when an old farmer, with little knowledge or

appreciation of literary people, stepped up behind his chair and looked over his shoulder.

"Who's them," he inquired, pointing to a group of portraits.

"Well-known authors and playwrights," was the reply.

"Humph!" ejaculated the farmer contemptuously. "Jist writin' fellers, eh?" Then he caught sight of George Ade's long, solemn face, and his eye lighted up. "That's the one I like," he said with decision, putting his fingers on Mr. Ade's mournful countenance.

"Oh, yes; nearly every one likes George Ade," agreed the young man. "His humorous writings are——"

"Don't know nothin' 'bout his writin', but I like his face."

"Why so?"—curiously.

"'Cause he's the only feller that looks like he was sorry for what he'd done."—*W. B. Kerr.*

MONEY TALKS.

Representative John Sharp Williams tells of a political campaign in Mississippi when a certain Colonel Robinson was running for Congress on the Republican ticket.

On the morning of election day one of the friends of the Republican candidate chanced to meet an old negro, known locally as Mose Thompson, whom he asked:

"You are going to vote for Colonel Robinson, are you not?"

"No, sah; I ain't goin' to vote fer the Colonel."

"What? Not vote for the man who is for giving your race its due opportunity; the man who led them in a splendid charge? Isn't it only honorable and chivalrous to vote for him?"

"No, sah," replied Mose. "I ain't goin' to vote fer the Colonel. I's goin' to be hono'ble an' chiv'lrous an' vote for the genulmen that give me five dollars."—*T.*

THE ANSWER

Bliss Carman, editor and author, told a story about James Russell Lowell and a bad boy.

"A Boston woman," said Mr. Carman, "asked Lowell to write in her autograph album, and the poet, complying, wrote the line—

"What is so rare as a day in June?"

"Calling at this woman's house a few days later, Lowell idly turned the pages of the album till he came to his own autograph. Beneath it was written in a childish scrawl—

" 'A Chinaman with whiskers.' "

MARS' ROBERT DIDN'T SURRENDER.

General Fitzhugh Lee used to tell with much enjoyment the following anecdote:

"After the surrender at Appomattox, I was riding down the highway, and passed one of the Confederate soldiers walking along with his head bowed under the weight of hard days of battle. Thinking to make him aware of the fact that the cause for which he had fought was lost, I hailed him with 'My friend, Lee has surrendered.'

"He stopped, and, looking me over from head to foot, exclaimed: 'Mars' Robert hasn't surrendered, *never!* No, sir; Mars' Robert hasn't surrendered. It must be that ——— Fitz.' And he started on his way again, chuckling to himself at having had a joke at my expense."—*R. T. W. Duke.*

A FAVORITE RETREAT.

When Secretary Cortelyou left the Department of Commerce and Labor to assume direction of the Post Office Department he took with him a very dignified and gentlemanly old darky messenger.

A day or so after Mr. Cortelyou's assumption of his new dignities, the old messenger was dozing in his chair just outside the anteroom of the Postmaster General when another messenger approached him, saying:

"There's a gentleman in the room across the hall who wants to see Mr. Cortelyou."

"He can't see him," was the firm reply.

"But he says he *must* see him," persisted the second messenger.

"I don't know nothin' about dat," returned the old chap, "but I do know dat nobody kin see Mr. Cortelyou. He's jest gone to his sanctum sanitarium."

THE REPORTER'S VERSION.

How reporters sometimes make absurd mistakes in gathering news was humorously illustrated not long ago, when Helicon Hall, Upton Sinclair's Utopian Colony, burned down. Among those injured was Mrs. Grace MacGowan Cooke, the well-known author. A youthful reporter on one of the big New York dailies, eager to get his story in the first edition, wrote hurriedly that "Grace MacGowan, the cook, suffered from serious burns."

And this reminds us of a typographical error in one of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's poems. The author had written for a newspaper a sonnet containing this line:

My soul is a lighthouse keeper.

To her amazement, the verse read in print:

My soul is a light housekeeper.

—*Randolph Forbes.*

GOOD ADVICE FOR OTHERS, TOO.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward is against votes for women. At a luncheon of suffragettes in New York, by means of a parable she pointed out her belief that the immediate home circle, not the distant polling booths or senate chamber, was the true feminine sphere of usefulness. She said an aged Scot told his minister that he was going to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

"And whiles I'm theer," said the pilgrim, complacently, "I'll read the Ten Commandments aloud frae the top o' Mount Sinai."

"Saunders," said the minister, "tak' my advice. Bide at hame and keep them."

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY'S ANSWER.

Booth Tarkington tells of an inquisitive Indianapolis woman who was talking with James Whitcomb Riley about the inadequate compensation to poets.

"But you, Mr. Riley," observed the lady—"surely you have no cause for complaint! On the contrary, you

must be a rich man by now. Why, I understand you're paid a dollar a word for all you write."

"Yes, ma'am," said Riley gravely; "but sometimes I sit all day without being able to think of a single word."
—*Howard Morse.*

A stranger in Milwaukee, seeing an Irishman at work in the street, asked him what was the population of the town. "Oh, about forty thousand," was the reply. "Forty thousand! It certainly must have more than that," said the visitor. "Well," said the Irishman, "it wud be about two hundred and seventy-five thousand if ye were to count the Dutch."

THACKERAY'S DISLIKE OF FLATTERY.

Sir E. Chandos Leigh, the former counsel to the Speaker of the House of Commons, in a speech full of interesting literary reminiscences at the opening of a free library at Irchester, the other day, told a Thackeray story. "I knew Thackeray pretty well," he said. "Thackeray perfectly abominated anything in the nature of flattery. I was with Thackeray one night when a man came up and for five minutes administered to the great novelist the most fulsome flattery. When the man had gone I said to Thackeray, 'Who is that?' Thackeray replied, 'He calls himself an artist, but I think he paints as much in "butter" as he does in oils.' "

REPORT OF MARK TWAIN'S DEATH.

While Mark Twain was ill in London a report that he had died was circulated. It spread to America and reached Charles Dudley Warner, in Hartford, Conn. Mr. Warner immediately cabled to London to find out if it was really so. The cablegram in some way came directly into the humorist's hands, and he forthwith cabled the following reply: "Reports of my death greatly exaggerated."

THOUGHTFUL.

There is an elderly business man of Cleveland, of whom friends tell a story amusingly illustrating his excessively methodical manner of conducting both his business and his domestic affairs.

The Clevelander recently married a young woman living in a town not far away. On the evening of the ceremony the prospective bridegroom, being detained by an unexpected and important matter of business, missed the train he had intended to take in order that he might reach the abode of his bride at seven o'clock, the hour set for the wedding.

True to his instincts, the careful Clevelander immediately repaired to the telegraph office, from which to dispatch a message to the lady. It read:

"Don't marry till I come.

HOWARD."

—*Harper's Weekly*.

HEN vs. BISHOP.

Two little English girls, the one the daughter of a bishop, the other of a curate, were quarreling over the comparative success of their fathers in the ministry.

"My father can preach better than your father, because he's a bishop," said one.

That was too weighty a reason for the curate's little girl. But she quickly recovered and said:

"Well, anyhow, we's got a hen in our yard which lays an egg every day."

"That's nothing," retorted the bishop's daughter; "my father lays a cornerstone every week."—*From lecture, "The Keys to Success," Edward W. Bok.*

TRUE GENEROSITY.

Two fellows were in a lockup one night, a policeman having picked them up for being drunk and disorderly. One of them was in that peculiar stage of drunkenness in which the victim feels he is abused.

"This is infamous," said he. "My reputation's lost."

"Lost!—your reputation's lost!" exclaimed the other with a thick voice, as he clung swaying to the bars. "Your reputation's lost! There ain't nothing mean about

me, Harry; take mine!"—*From lecture, "In Search of the Man of Sin," David Ross Locke.*

APPROVAL.

Dr. George E. Hale, of the Carnegie Observatory on Mount Wilson, described a quarrel between two eastern astronomers. "It was a bitter and lifelong quarrel," he said, "founded on my own specialty, the sun spot. Many harsh things were said in this quarrel, and at its height the older of the two astronomers died. A day or two later a friend said to the survivor:

"So your old enemy is dead, eh? Do you intend to go to the funeral?"

"No, I don't," was the reply; "but I approve of it."

THE RULING PASSION.

When the hermit Thoreau lay on his deathbed, a Calvinistic friend called to make inquiry regarding his soul.

"Henry," he said anxiously, "have you made your peace with God?"

"John," replied the dying naturalist in a whisper, "I didn't know that God and myself had quarrelled."

A BRIEF INTRODUCTION.

Senator John C. Spooner used to declare that long introductions were a bore.

"I have had all kinds," he said, "but the most satisfactory one in my career was that of a German mayor of a small town in my State, Wisconsin. I was to make a political speech, and the opera-house was crowded. When it came time to begin, the mayor got up.

"'Mine friends,' he said, 'I haf been asked to introduce Senator Spooner, who is to make a speech, yes. Vell, I haf did it, and he vill do it.'"

HOLDING YOUR TEMPER WINS YOUR CAUSE.

It was a wise old Southern deacon who advised with a chuckle:

"Keep yo' tempah, son. Doan' yo' quarrel with no angry pusson. A soft answah's alus best. Hit's commanded an', furderno', hit makes 'em maddah'n anything else yo' could say."

THE ENGLISHMAN'S JOKE.

A hearty laugh had gone almost around over the story of the fisherman who, to locate the place on the lake where he had had good luck, cut a nick in the side of his boat. "Almost around," for the Englishman sat solemn and silent. About five minutes later, however, he awoke with a roar of laughter, and, when asked the trouble, replied:

"Well, wouldn't it be a corking good joke if that fisherman got a different boat the next time he went out?"

PULPIT BULLS.

A clergyman was announcing a communion service for the following Sunday, with confirmation in the evening, and put it, rather unfortunately:

"The Lord will be with us in the forenoon and the bishop in the evening."

At another time, when his congregation had tried hard, but without success, to raise by contribution a sum of money to meet the interest charges on the usual mortgage, he announced:

"I need not say here how much this church stands in need of immediate funds. We have tried to obtain this in the customary way, and have tried honestly. Now we will see what a bazaar will do."

Still another *fauv pas* came in a sermon directed against the very human fault of vanity.

"Many a good woman comes to God's house to show off (perhaps she doesn't realize it, but the fact is unchanged); to show off her best clothes."

Then he glanced across the pews, and added:

"I am thankful, dear friends, to see that none of you come here for so unworthy a reason."

Rufus Choate was noted for his use of ingenious and telling comparisons. Of a person who, it was claimed, hesitated to commit a small offense, when contemplating a greater crime, he asked:

"Is it possible to think rationally that, if a person were going to plunge into a cataract below the precipice, he would be over-careful not to moisten his feet with dew?"

WORKING OVERTIME.

Hennessey was being taken home in a wheelbarrow by a faithful friend one night. This friend was giving Hennessey some good advice, saying:

"There's no use your trying, Jerry, you can't drink all the whiskey in the world."

They were passing a brilliantly lighted distillery at the time, and as Jerry opened his heavy eyes and beheld it, he replied:

"Well, begorra, I have them working nights."

MENTAL HEALING.

Mrs. Newthought, who is of the sect that finds no evil and no ills in life, has a maid who sleeps at her own home. One morning she failed to appear, and, upon being questioned as to the cause of her absence, gave as an excuse that her father was very sick with rheumatism of the heart.

"But, Mary," exclaimed her mistress, "there is no such thing as rheumatism. Your father only thinks he is ill."

"Yes, mum," agreed Mary.

Several days later Mary again failed to put in an appearance. The following morning she took up her duties as usual, but gave no excuse. As an opening to a reprimand, her mistress said:

"I suppose it was your father again, Mary. Does he still think he is ill?"

"Oh, no, mum," said Mary, wearily; "he thinks now he's dead; we're going to bury him to-morrer."

ROLLING UP MAJORITIES.

As a sample of the far-fetched political speech, we may well take that of a German farmer up in Berks County, Pennsylvania.

There was a meeting in a country schoolhouse, and, after the speeches, this German was called on for a few remarks. He said:

"Fellow-citizens: We haf hert d' chin music, yes! Und d' time has now come ven ve must all git togedder und undo that vich ve haf not dit. All git togedder und roll up such a Democratic majority in Berks Countdy that it vill roll und roll und roll undil it rolls all ofer Berks

Countdy, all ofer d' State of Pennsylvania, all ofer d' United States, vill roll across d' ocean und vill roll up to Emperor Vilhelm vere he is sitting on his throne, und he vill say:

" 'Good gracious! vot a Democratic majority Berks Countdy dit roll up! ' "

PRAYING AND DOING.

A parson had had a call from a little country parish to a large and wealthy one in a large city. He asked time for prayer and consideration. He did not feel sure of his light. A month passed. Someone met the youngest son.

"How is it, Josiah; is your father going to B——?"

"Well," answered the youngster judicially, "paw is still praying for light, but maw has got most of the things packed."

IMPROVING THE TIME.

During the closing part of a Methodist prayer-meeting in a Pennsylvania town, the leader, noting that the prayers were growing feeble and the exercises were lagging, remarked:

"My brethren, as the regular exercises to-night seem to halt a little, I will improve the time by making a few observations on the tariff."

LIGHTWEIGHTS.

Alexander H. Stephens is said to have weighed but seventy-four pounds, yet he was always considered in the South as a man of weight.

Mr. Stephens once severely worsted a gigantic Western opponent in debate. The big fellow, looking down on Stephens, burst out:

"You! Why, I could swallow you—whole."

"If you did," answered the latter, "you would have more brains in your stomach than ever you had in your head."

CONGRESSIONAL REPORTEE.

Thomas B. Reed was noted for his quick retorts, satirical as well as humorous. When he was "Czar" of the

House of Representatives, he and Congressman Springer, of Illinois, had many parliamentary tilts. Reed one day said of Springer:

"He never opens his mouth without subtracting from the sum total of human knowledge."

In protesting against one of Reed's decisions, Springer closed a speech in the House with Clay's well-known words:

"Mr. Speaker, I would rather be right than be President."

"The gentleman from Illinois will never be either," said Reed.

NOISE vs. LIGHT.

Among his many qualifications for successful public speaking, Bourke Cockran, of New York, has a voice which would have aroused the envy of the Bull of Bashan. He and Governor Charles O'Ferrall, of Virginia, once locked horns on a contested election case, and Cockran's voice was in prime condition. He bombarded his opponent with his heaviest artillery until everybody within half a mile was deaf from the noise.

O'Ferrall began his reply as follows:

"The remarks of the gentleman from New York remind me of the story of an old colored man down in Virginia who was riding a mule and was caught in a violent thunderstorm while passing through a dense forest. Becoming greatly alarmed at the loud and terrible peals of thunder which shook the earth and reverberated over his head, he at last appealed to the Throne of Grace in this fashion:

" 'O Lawd, if it's jest the same to you, I'd rather hev a little less noise an' a little mo' light.' "

THE PREACHER MUST LIVE.

A colored preacher who had only a small share of this world's goods, and whose salary did not appear with due regularity, became exasperated, and finally remonstrated:

"Bredern and sistern, things is not as they should be. You must not 'spects I can preach on u'th an' boa'd in Heben."

SAM JONES AND A. A. WILLITS

They frequently met at the summer Chautauquas and seldom failed to "poke fun" at each other when they did.

Not long since they met at a Chautauqua assembly in Nebraska.

In his morning lecture Sam Jones, turning towards Dr. Willits, said, with a twinkle in his eye, "I've got nothing to say against the Presbyterians; they are a good, pious people, only they are so slow. I saw a man on crutches the other day who wanted to join a church, and I told him he'd better go join the Presbyterians."

This created a great laugh. In the afternoon, when Dr. Willits was introduced, he said: "Before I begin my lecture I want to pay my respects to this young man from Georgia who complained of the Presbyterians as being 'so slow,' and said that he had recommended a man on crutches to go join the Presbyterians. Now I leave it to you, ladies and gentlemen, if it is quite the fair thing to recommend all the cripples to the Presbyterian Church, and then make fun of them because they don't make fast time! No; the Presbyterians are not a 'fast' people, and their consolation is that it is not the 'fast people' who get to heaven first! If this young man had read *Æsop's Fables* he would not 'bank' so much on speed, especially if he had read of the race between the rabbit and the tortoise. The rabbit thought he had a very 'soft thing,' and he soon bounded away, but he stopped and went to sleep under a bush; but the tortoise scratched gravel with every paw he had, and never stopped until he reached the goal, and he got there first! I can hardly claim that tortoise as a Presbyterian. I think he was a 'hard-shell Baptist,' but he believed with the Presbyterians in the 'perseverance of the saints.'

"But that rabbit (turning to Jones)—that rabbit was a perfect type of a Georgia Methodist right after a revival. You would think he was going to heaven in three leaps the way he jumps and shouts, but the next thing, you find him 'asleep under a bush,' waiting for Sam Jones to come round and get up a 'protracted meeting' to wake him up!"

The audience fairly shouted, and none laughed louder nor heartier than "Sam Jones."

Brief of Debate

THE DIRECT PRIMARY.

Resolved, That State, county and city officers should be nominated by conventions rather than by direct primaries. The University of Southern California supporting the affirmative won from George Washington University supporting the negative.

FIRST AFFIRMATIVE.

BY A. L. BARTLETT.

The convention should be retained because:

1. It is the logical result of the working of American principles, and the practical means of carrying out representative government.
2. The convention is necessary to the existence of party responsibility.
3. The convention affords a superior opportunity of weighing the merits of candidates.
4. The direct primary is wrong in principle and has proved and will prove a failure in practice.

There are two forms of government by the consent of the governed—the republican or representative form and the democratic or direct form. Our government is not democratic in form or substance or theory. Our system is the representative system under which the people select delegates to act for them, who meet, exchange views, and deliberate before action is taken. Under the democratic system the people themselves vote directly, allowing no opportunity for mutual discussion or deliberation. Such an opportunity is necessary in the passage of laws. Is it not equally necessary in the selection of men properly qualified to make, execute and interpret those laws? The convention is essential to the theory of American government, and in striking at the convention you are striking a direct blow at representative government itself.

The patriotic and learned men who adopted the constitution recognized the fact that this representative system was as necessary in the election of officers as in the passage of laws. They even carried this representative theory farther than does the convention system, for they

provided that important officers should not merely be nominated indirectly, but that they should be elected in the same manner. So we have the election of the president by the electoral college, the election of senators by the legislature, and the appointment of judges and cabinet officers by the president. In our State, county, and city governments, we have no such indirect method of election, but this difficulty is obviated by the indirect method of nomination.

Our system of filling State, city and county offices makes for irresponsibility. In our national government the president appoints his cabinet—the executive power is definitely located in him and he is responsible. This is not so in our State and city governments. Frank J. Goodnow, Professor of Administrative Law at Columbia University, says that in cities in which the direct primary is in force that, owing to the long series of independent officers, the voters do not know and cannot know enough to act intelligently in the selection of candidates, and that thus individual responsibility is lost. He further says that, owing to the difficulty of keeping up party organization where the direct primary is in force, party responsibility is lost as well.

Representative government would soon become a laughing stock if it were not for the system of party responsibility evolved through the convention. The party convention watched by an aggressive opposition constantly on the alert to pick flaws is responsible for the conduct of the administration.

One of the great advantages of the convention is that the delegates are politicians, and, being such, have the time to study the candidates and know them personally. Under the direct primary efficiency has nothing to do with the man's choice, for the voters do not and cannot know from the multitude of candidates which is best fitted.

The only way by which the corrupt element when once in power is ever ousted is by a fusion of the decent elements of all parties. But fusion is impossible under the direct primary where the candidate must state under oath that he is a candidate of the party whose nomination he seeks. Thus is the most effective means of fighting graft destroyed.

In a primary the best men run for the highest office.

The defeated men, no matter how great their name and fame, are lost to the party and the community, whereas, under the convention, they can be given other places on the ticket, thus increasing the chances of party success by the prestige of their names, and saving to the people the services of an able man which would be lost under the primary.

Conventions had their origin, and their maintenance is for the purpose of selecting men to carry their purpose into effect. Under the primary the question is, who shall fill the office? Not what shall a party stand for; not what are its ideals, but who shall draw the salary? The convention, being a deliberative body, can look to measures, and not elevate the popular man regardless of his beliefs. The greater the number of voters, the greater the ascendancy passion has over reason. We need the convention to protect the people from themselves. Nor can it be answered that the superior intelligence of our electorate will save us. San Francisco, Oklahoma and numerous other places have proved the contrary. As Hamilton put it, "Had every Athenian citizen been a Socrates, every Athenian assembly would have been a mob." For example, Oregon, a protective-tariff State, sent a Democrat, an avowed free-trader, to represent it in the Senate; sacrificed its political views for a popular man.

The advantages of the convention are: 1. It is the bulwark of representative government. 2. Our city system of filling offices makes for irresponsibility, which needed responsibility can only be supplied through the parties under a convention system, and because

3. The convention affords vastly superior opportunities for calm deliberation and the securing of good candidates.

SECOND AFFIRMATIVE.

BY W. C. SNYDER.

The convention received its first practical test as a method of nominating party candidates near the middle of the 19th century. It was introduced in this capacity for the purpose of uplifting the public service, to insure

the people against inefficient party candidates for public office. The method has undergone many needed changes, and it has developed side by side with our other institutions. We cannot advocate changing an established form which was born in this country with liberty itself and, having developed with our institutions, has become a part of our great political system. There might be reason for changing its form if the substitute could provide remedies for the evils complained of; but not only has it failed in this respect, it has given birth to additional evils.

The direct primary election system has not operated in most States where it is now in effect longer than four or five years. Many of them applied it for the first time at the primaries of 1908. In this case the new law did place some good men in office, but the convention named its mayors, Seth Lowe and Pingree; its governors, Roosevelt, Hughes, Johnson and Douglass, and its senators like Beveridge and Gore. The direct primary cannot boast until it has succeeded in barring corrupt and unfit office-seekers from the primary elections.

Champions of the direct primary have promised:

(A) That it will arouse voters to a keener interest in political issues;

(B) That it will give them greater freedom of choice at the polls;

(C) That it will place better candidates upon the party tickets;

(D) That it will overcome the power of corporations and trusts at elections;

(E) That it will strengthen representative government.

The direct primary has in many instances brought out a large number of voters. But there is no limit to the number of candidates who go about canvassing their friends and fellow-workmen for support and dividing them up into factions. The most active element in the campaign is the agent of corruption. The corporations are supporting their candidates, and their agents go about offering money, calling forth great numbers from saloons and gambling houses.

When the voter takes his ballot in hand he sees there such a motley array of names, the majority of which he

has never heard, he becomes confused and marks his ballot at random.

After the polls are closed and the final count is made, perhaps we find that a larger number of ballots have been cast than was common under the old system. But the factions which had the most money to spend upon newspapers and the men who had the strongest and most extensive forces to work with, regardless of their efficiency, have received the votes of these numbers. And the direct primary does not always command the numbers. In a recent Chicago primary election less than a third of the registered voters cast their ballots, while in St. Louis a half, in Baltimore only 12 per cent., and in Los Angeles less than a third voted at the direct primaries of 1908.

The direct primary opens the doors of public office to all alike; any man, fit or unfit, may run for nomination to any office. With no convention to weigh the merits or fitness of the candidates, a stonemason knowing nothing of the science of bookkeeping may easily attain the office of auditor through the direct primary.

There is little to be said in favor of Jacob Kern, of Chicago, or Pinhead McCarthy, of San Francisco. Both of these men were nominated by the direct primary.

Where a candidate's financial situation is of more importance than his morals, his education or his fitness for office, there is something wrong. This is another reason why the direct primary cannot uplift the public service. The new law is a rich man's law. Under the convention, campaign expenses were borne by the parties. A few States have placed limitations upon the candidates' expenses. There is nothing, however, to prevent corruption from spending all the money it chooses upon its candidates; and to maintain and control the campaign of a single individual is no task, but to manipulate an entire convention under the old form is a vastly different enterprise. When the people awake to live issues, such as Governor Hughes aroused in New York a couple of years ago, their power cannot be overridden by machine bosses in the convention. But the direct primary strengthens instead of weakens the power of money over elections. The direct primary does not strengthen representative government under its present form. It is partial

to cities to the disadvantage of rural districts. The solid vote of the moral rural districts is necessary to overcome the vicious foreign elements which crowd our large cities. Where there are more than two candidates for an office it divides the number into more factions and cuts up the vote so that there is likely to be minority nominations as a result. In Chicago, out of 55,000 votes cast, the notorious Jacob Kern was elected by only 14,000 against the express wishes of 41,000 voters. In Minnesota, recently, four out of seven congressional candidates were chosen by minorities.

It is asserted that if an office-holder has kept faith with the people and served them well, he may look to them for an expression of their approval at the direct primary election. Governor Folk had served the people well; in 1908 they would have rewarded him for his services, but the direct primary stood in their way.

The direct primary will renominate an official who has served the machine. As long as an office-holder's influence or money lasts, his renomination will be assured by the direct primary. The time has come for us to expect results from the direct primary; and it has not made good.

FIRST NEGATIVE

BY N. L. BOWEN.

The growth of democracy in America has, during the course of the last century, expressed itself in a great widening of the suffrage; in an enormous increase in the number of elective offices; in overriding the letter of the Constitution, which provided for indirect election of the president and senators; and in the progress of the referendum. It was inevitable that this great movement should affect our methods of nominating candidates for office so as to bring this important political function closer to the people.

During the nineteenth century, the people, through their organized parties, have gone groping for some satisfactory machinery through which to secure party nominations. The convention was finally hit upon, but, even in its ideal form, has proved, and always will prove, faulty.

It is undemocratic. A representative government is one in which the will of the people is carried out only by representatives designated by the people themselves. Under the convention system the people do not designate their representatives. The people only select delegates, who, in turn, select representatives. Furthermore, this process of delegating powers is several times repeated, for delegates are elected to one convention, which body in turn elects delegates to a higher convention, and so on until the body which finally makes the nominations is three or four times removed from the people, and the people's voice is too distant to be heard or heeded. Is there any essential difference between the right to vote directly at elections and the right to vote directly at nominations?

Even the ideal convention is essentially undeliberative. It offers every opportunity for the unreasonable play of powerful minds. Given, a body of men assembled for a few hours or a few days in the earnest consideration of weighty matters, and psychology teaches us that the mass will seek its natural leaders. These leaders do not necessarily exercise their power for purposes of corruption, but the very fact that they can so play upon the emotions and sentiments of the delegates, that they can carry the body with them into actions which, in their calmer moments, delegates would not contemplate, makes this influence a factor in defeating the will of the people and the will of the delegates themselves.

Even in the ideal convention the much-boasted majorities are secured by "log-rolling." When the first vote is taken in the convention, it usually results in a plurality for some candidate. But the delegates are well aware that a majority is indispensable, and, since there are not enough offices to go around, even the most incorruptible delegates of our ideal convention realize that it is necessary to get together and compromise. Finally, after many deals and much balloting it is triumphantly proclaimed that a majority has been obtained. Is such a majority of any value? Does it represent the will of the people? When the delegates change their votes from their original candidate to the majority candidate, does their changed vote represent a change in the will

of their constituents? No; such majorities represent only the will of the delegates. The people are not considered.

In actual practice the convention claims to be a representative institution. We maintain that it is usually far from such. Delegates to conventions are ordinarily designated at party caucuses. These caucuses are only attended by a small fraction of the enrolled voters. "What's the use?" the people say, "our ballots don't count." Statistics, collected by the Honorable Edward Merriam and by the Citizens' Union of New York, indicate that ordinarily about 10 per cent. of the enrolled voters attend convention primaries or caucuses, and frequently only 3 or 4 per cent. But our opponents may say, "The voters are at liberty to come out and vote." Yes, but the very fact that 90 per cent. of them do not come out to the polls indicates that there is something radically wrong with the convention. Furthermore, as already stated, even this minority electorate does not select the delegates to the more important conventions.

The actual modern convention is an institution which is not of a character to attract the services of the best men in the community. Successful business and professional men have not the time to spare. Capable men of leisure often refuse to serve in conventions where they are likely to encounter machine domination. Hence a large class of fickle politicians, who spend their time in politics solely for what they can get out of it, are likely to find their way into conventions, where they constitute plastic material in the hands of any boss who might arise. This fact poisons the system at its source. No legitimate business can survive under a system where authority to transact its vital matters is delegated and redelegated to agents and sub-agents, who control their own selections, construe their own obligations, and are responsible to nobody.

Under a direct primary the names of candidates are placed on the party slate either by petition, or by some scheme of bonding, or by party committees elected by the people, and the people then vote *directly* for the candidates they desire nominated.

The direct primary originated in Crawford County, Pennsylvania, where it proved so satisfactory that it was

later extended throughout the State to nearly all offices. Kentucky followed in 1892, and Delaware and New Jersey in 1898. Now twenty-two States have State-wide direct primaries and fourteen have a compromise of direct and convention system.

The convention is undemocratic. The direct primary is democratic. "Governments are democratic only in proportion as they embody the will of the people and execute it," said Thomas Jefferson. The direct primary gives direct expression to the will of the people.

The convention rarely admits of sober deliberation. The direct primary offers an opportunity for mature deliberation on the part of the voters. Each earnest citizen, desiring to cast his ballot intelligently, may inform himself fully regarding candidates and political issues, through the newspapers and through campaign speeches.

The convention is unrepresentative. The direct primary offers a remedy for this defect. Whereas the delegates to a convention are usually elected by caucuses attended by only a small proportion of the enrolled voters, and the number of stay-at-home voters steadily increases, under the direct primary the stay-at-home voters come out to the polls because their ballots count. This fact is clearly demonstrated by statistics prepared by Mr. E. C. Meyer, author of various works on nominating systems. These statistics show that, in Pennsylvania, in 1888, 70,000 voters neglected to cast their ballots at the convention primaries, and this number increased to 600,000 in 1895. During the same period in Crawford County, Pennsylvania, where the direct system was used, the vote was increasing and averaged 73 per cent. of the enrolled voters. In Cleveland, in 1892, under the convention system, there were only 5,000 votes cast in the Republican primaries. The next year, under the direct system, there were 14,000 votes, or three times as many, three years later there were four times as many, three years later five times as many, two years later six times as many, and their vote was then 95 per cent. of the total enrolled party vote.

It is no small advantage of the direct system that it emancipates candidates from dependence upon political bosses or party machines. Candidates seeking to serve the people in public office make their appeal directly to

the people. They stand or fall upon their own merits. They must carry their platform with them, and if elected it is because of what they stand for. The policy becomes identified with the man. This is one of the strong reasons for the direct primary: It secures the choice of men, not because they are wanted by this "special interest" or that political boss, but because they stand for *policies* which the *people* want. The result is bound to be better candidates. And the quality of the candidates secured is the final test of the value of a nominating system.

SECOND NEGATIVE.

BY R. H. BLAKESLEY.

Mr. Dooley once remarked, "It don't make no difference about the votin' s'long as I do the countin'." Boss Tweed was more progressive; he said, "Let me put up the candidates, and I don't care who is elected." At present, under the proper enforcement of election laws, Mr. Dooley's method is not very generally practical, but despite the most rigid regulations and frequent reform movements, and all the drastic measures of the Corrupt Practices Acts, the American people have found to their sorrow that the followers of Boss Tweed serenely and successfully continue their operations wherever the convention system is used.

Now we would not imply that the direct primary will immediately remedy all the ills of political life. We are aware that the enactment of a direct primary law does not ordinarily transform ringleaders and corrupt politicians into angels, or even into honest law-abiding citizens. We could tell you, however, where it has caused them to change their location in order to find more profitable fields of exploration in convention territory. But they don't move out so often, for the good reason that, with the exception of New York, Colorado and a few desert regions, there is no convention territory left. They have no alternative but to stay and fight.

It would be practically impossible to secure a majority vote in any convention without trading and bargaining among the delegations. You know the oppor-

tunity there for politicians to do business with the delegates. You know the power of eloquence to sway conventions and to override the sober judgment of delegates. You know the methods which leaders employ to dominate conventions both in the framing of the platform and in putting forth the candidate. You know of many sections of the country where, under the convention system, the people had no voice at all in the nominating proceedings. Despite repeated reform movements, the bosses continued to rule. There was no opportunity for real reform, the people never had a show.

Is it any wonder that people are demanding a change? Like every other great institution, the direct primary is a growth, an evolution; nobody claims that it is absolutely perfect, or ever will be as long as it is operated by human agency. There are many different forms of the direct primary now in use. Some are not altogether satisfactory, other forms are good and work so well that people never think of returning to the convention; but all are susceptible of improvement, because the primary principle is sound and is adaptable to different conditions. The convention has been improved and reformed for seventy-five years, and yet is rapidly being discarded because it is unsound in principle. The affirmative refers to the grafting in Pittsburgh under the direct primary regime, and to the report of the Boston Charter Commission. The direct primary is not State-wide in Pennsylvania or Massachusetts, and unless it is State-wide, subject to State control, and properly safeguarded with suitable regulations, all the power of the State machine can be concentrated upon any city of sufficient importance to claim its attention. Pittsburgh is a case in point. In Pittsburgh, officials nominated and elected under the direct primary, in the face of bitter opposition, have, within the past sixty days, brought to the bar of justice the leading grafters of Pittsburgh.

The statement regarding the situation in Boston was based upon a report of the Boston Charter Commission. The principal objection advanced by the Boston Charter Commission was that the primary emphasized party politics, and this difficulty is entirely overcome by a measure such as the Iowa direct primary law, which, for some cities, provides a non-partisan ticket in the primary elec-

tion. This commission declared that the convention was absolutely hopeless, and strongly recommended a third measure more advanced than the primary, the petition method for the nomination of city officers. How was it under the convention? The most notoriously corrupt and absolutely debauched administration of any municipalities in this country, or any other, are Chicago, New York, Denver and one or two others which have been electing their officials under the convention system for half a century.

The plurality feature is called a defect in the direct primary system. In some way the enemies of the direct primary have succeeded in convincing a lot of people that it wouldn't do to use the plurality method in the primary elections. In Michigan they went so far as to provide for an alternative convention for some of the important officers in case they failed to receive a forty per cent. plurality. Twenty States, one after another, have adopted the plurality method and have found it satisfactory. And last year Michigan, while extending the scope of the direct primary, repealed the forty per cent. alternative provision and now uses the straight plurality method.

Regarding the character of the candidates, there are two ways of determining the effect of the direct primary. The first is to observe the conduct and character of the men who have been elected in direct primary States; the second is to look at the product of the convention. In looking over the United States Senate, House of Representatives, State Legislature, Governors, city officials, it is very apparent that the direct primary men are invariably the most faithful representatives of the people and have done most in the cause of good government.

Another so-called irrefutable argument advanced by the opposition is the matter of expense; and here again we are willing to base our conclusion on actual results. Does the direct primary system actually give the rich man any greater advantage over the poor man than he has under the convention system? A California Senator is quoted as opposing the direct primary on that ground. This question does not include United States Senators, but, as a matter of fact, a primary law can be

so framed as to offer no obstruction to the poor man who aspires to that high office.

It may be true that candidates have spent money under the direct primaries, but how many men have actually bought their way to office under the convention. Under the Oregon law the expense is reduced to a minimum, and poor men actually have an advantage over rich office-seekers. Senator Bourne from Oregon stated that the entire expense of his next campaign under the direct primary law would not exceed four hundred dollars, a thing impossible and unknown under the old convention plan.

In a dozen States of the South and in some of the North the nomination is equivalent to an election. In these States, where one party is dominant, the election, in effect, occurs at the direct primary, and five times as many votes are cast then as at the general election. What are our opponents going to do about that? They must either agree to dispense with elections altogether, except as a matter of form, and turn the government over to the politicians in the conventions, or else they must concede that in these States some form of the direct primary is indispensable. (The Southern States have realized that this is an unanswerable proposition, and almost without exception are using the direct primary.) What they lack is adequate State control of the system. They do not always get the best results, but even under these conditions they have never considered for a moment going back to the convention.

The affirmative tell you that only a few voters attend the primaries. But how was it before the direct primary was used? This objection to the direct primary, like every other, applies with fourfold force to the convention. Under the convention system the inevitable answer to any appeal for citizens to rise up against abuses was "What's the use?" Packed conventions grew more powerful because respectable citizens stayed away, and more respectable citizens stayed away because packed conventions grew more powerful. Under the direct primary there is some use.

The direct primary has come to stay. It has been necessary, at times, to compromise, to accept half-way measures, optional laws and unsatisfactory regulations

applicable perhaps to only a few officers at first, so that it was impossible to obtain the best results. Besides, the system has frequently been in the hands of its bitter enemies, who have used every means within their power to render it ineffective. But, in spite of all this, remember that in all the thirty-two States where the direct primary has been used, not one State, and not one officer, State, county, or city, has ever been transferred back to the convention system. Was there ever a testimony like that for any progressive movement or for any institution?

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In Cincinnati a young minister lamented to Lyman Beecher the dreadful and increasing wickedness of the world. "I don't know anything about that, young man," he said. "I've not had anything to do with running the world for the last twenty-five years. God Almighty has it in charge now."

The Speaker

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POETRY AND ELOCUTION.*



QUESTIONS about the decadence or the revival of poetry, its present state, and its prospects, are nearly always discussed in terms of the supply rather than of the demand. One is apt to ignore the essentially social character of the art, and to forget the function of the consumer—a brutal word—not only in his desire for poetry, but in his appreciation of it at its noblest and best. Years ago, a young instructor at Harvard was asked to join in the public readings then coming into vogue, and was advised to give Spenser or one of the modern English classics. Full of ardor, he hied to the chief of his department, and, sweeping aside the moderns, begged leave to read and interpret “Beowulf.” “‘Beowulf!’ Why?” “I should like to do some missionary work.” “Good! But where,” and the words clicked out in harmless malice, “where are you going to find your heathen?”

Where can the poet now find his heathen, his gentle readers? What is the poet’s public to-day? Who reads him, who quotes him? Along with Greek and Latin literature, English poems are assuming the part of a protected industry; they are studied more and more in the classroom, and are read less and less by the fire-side. What would the publishers’ books reveal about this case? Certainly they would show that except for school and college editions of the standard poets, and except for a pair of clever versemen whose popularity rests mainly on feats in prose, the publication of poetry

NOTE.—In the compilation of this number of THE SPEAKER, I have been assisted by Miriam Lee Earley, instructor in public speaking, Swarthmore College.—*Editor.*

* Reprinted from “The Nation.”

is unprofitable and undesired. Not very long ago, to be sure, "new" poetry was marketable. When an untried and inferior poet once sent a specimen of his verses to Swift and asked for advice about getting them into print, the dean, without satiric intention of any kind, simply assumed a regular market for the stuff, quoted the usual rates, and advised his correspondent to try no publisher out of the metropolis. A decade or so later, Johnson's "London," the work of an absolutely new man, took the town by storm. Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel" had been the champion "seller" of its day. Next came the turn of the popular narrative poem, compressed, rapid, memorable, such as could make fortunes for Byron and Scott. We seem to have passed, scarce a generation ago, the end of this era. Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," in 1864, sold at once to the extent of sixty thousand copies, while, not far from the same date, Whittier and Longfellow made more modest successes with the poetical tale. Then fell the modern blight upon all verse save lyric; and even lyric has to live mainly on the compassionate magazines. It is no longer true, as it was in George Herbert's day, that "a verse may find him who a sermon flies." Even sermons, of a kind, have a better market than poetry.

POETRY A PRIMARY INSTINCT.

Poetry, then, is asking not simply for its poets but for its gentle readers. It looks for help not from those who read it for revenue or under the ferule, but from those who demand great verse because they love it, and who make the mute but vital response to genius. The supply of this genius rests upon the knees of the gods; but the demand for it is controlled by the actual conditions of society, and these conditions to a large extent are susceptible of reform. Poetry in some shape is a primary instinct of social man; but an instinct can be repressed and its activity can be confined by agencies so wholly within our power and so close to us that we fail to appreciate what they are doing. If poetry is losing its vogue, one reason for the loss is because we fail to treat it as poetry. We stop our ears deliberately to

the charm of verse as verse; we ignore the appeal of rhythmical utterance. Whenever poetry is quoted or recited in these latter days, its fundamental quality is suppressed; and in the silent reading of it no attempt is made to realize, to make audible to the inward ear, that purposed march and cadence of its lines. Elocution, as one styles the art of reading passages so as to bring out all that was put into them, is thus at disastrous odds with poetry; and teachers from kindergarten to college are striving to make us forget what noble numbers mean.

METRICAL VALUES IN READING.

This journal has already insisted on the need of reviving the forgotten habit of reading books aloud. Mr. W. B. Yeats, on the wider theme of restoring "democratic" poetry to its rights, would revert altogether to oral delivery of verse. But how is this verse to be read aloud, whether by the poet or by the lover of poetry? As verse, to be sure, said our forefathers. As prose, say our modern teachers of elocution, along with the noble army of platform-men. "Be natural; be colloquial," they bid; "avoid in reading poetry all suggestion of a metrical scheme." Here is fine revolution from older practice! Originally sung, poetry came to be chanted, then read aloud with full emphasis upon the rhythm; but centuries of silent reading have at last reacted on oral delivery, obscuring this rhythmic throb and stifling the pulse of verse, while an over-strained fear of the pathetic and sentimental helps nowadays to condemn all recognition of metrical values as bad taste. If then we desire to win back some of the lost delights of poetry by reading it aloud, we must not simply retrace the steps from sound to silence, but we must restore to poetry its primary intention as cadenced and melodious verse.

WHERE SHALL REFORM BEGIN?

Where shall the reform begin? With that chief of sinners, the platform-man, the reader by profession? With the teachers of elocution? Or shall we plead with

the lords of the stage? Booth and even Irving still let one know that they dealt with verse; but they are lapt in lead and their elocution with them—save for such sporadic and not quite relevant cases as Mr. Bispham's reading of the "Antigone," and Dr. Furness's wholly adequate reading of Shakespeare, now so seldom heard. French and German actors got rid of poetry in their drama decades ago.

Well, the lords of the stage are many; and they are arrogant; and it is vain to appeal to them in the name of injured Poesy while the shadow of Ibsen and the substance of Mr. Shaw still prevail. Poetic drama, too, is dead, though our hopes are with Mr. Brander Matthews for its resurrection; and so we turn to the one vital part of poetry, the lyric, and submit a modest plea that when it is read aloud, in school, on the platform, by the fire-side, it shall be read as verse. Read in these places now, it is nearly always a case of calculated and effective slaughter, so far as rhythmical values are concerned. And what is a lyric without its rhythmical values? What is the wild water of a brook when it is dammed into a duckpond? The very tropes and figures depend upon this charm of movement, like flashes of light thrown back by the hurrying waves. Yet we are so afraid of singsong, and even more afraid of the pathetic and sentimental, that we suppress all cadences, and come out triumphant with a hybrid sort of performance that reminds one of a bird which should flap its wings without flying. We sin against the nature of poetry, in order to be natural as we conceive nature in these latter days.

WE MAY BRAND THE PHILISTINES.

Cannot, then, the restitution of rights to poetry be started, in however humble fashion, by a stout insistence upon its rhythmical values and by a branding of the Philistine, whether teacher or professional reader, who refuses to acknowledge them? If we think that Tennyson knew how to make a lyric, let us concede the soundness of his ideas on the way in which a lyric should be read aloud. Let us root out utterly that abominable cheerfulness with which school children, par-

ticularly girls, are taught to "render" threnodies like Cowper's "Toll for the Brave." And let us ostracize, or, more simply, lynch the adult who reads "Lycidas" as if it were the trial scene in "Pickwick."

FRANCIS B. GUMMERE.

Haverford, Pa.



I go to prove my soul!
I see my way as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive! what time, what circuit first,
I ask not; but unless God sent his hail
Or blinding fireballs, sleet or stifling snow,
In some time, His good time, I shall arrive;
He guides me and the bird!

—Robert Browning: "Paracelsus."



He's true to God who's true to man; wherever wrong
is done,
To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath the all-behold-
ing sun,
That wrong is also done to us; and they are slaves most
base,
Whose love of right is for themselves, and not for all
their race.

—James Russell Lowell: "Capture of Fugitive Slaves."



I have often wondered how it comes to pass that every-
body should love themselves best, and yet value their
neighbor's opinion about themselves more than their own.

—Marcus Aurelius Antoninus: "Meditations."

The Last Love-feast*

BY BASIL KING.



HE had spoken of it for a few days previously as "the last love-feast," for it was to be the end of our long series of daily reunions around the table of Désiré Beaurain, in the rue Notre Dame des Victoires. Our work was done. Louis Philippe had fallen. We, who only ten days before had been but a band of conspirators, were now not merely ruling France, but treating on equal terms with the Queen of England and the Czar.

And now that France had fallen into our hands, and we were all in high positions, or on the way to them, the daily love-feast had no further reason for existing. With a certain sadness we resolved to eat our last, just ten days after Louis Philippe had fled. We were not gay. It was as if we were weighted by a sense of responsibility and success. Moreover, Mark Cassaudière, the new Prefect of Police, had made an announcement, at the very beginning of dinner, which had awed us into silent expectation.

"My friends," he said, rising in his place—a big, jovial figure, imposing in size and manliness—"my friends, I have just a word to say. For the first time since we have held our gatherings around this table, we have no fear of leaving it for prison. For the first time in the life of any of us France is free. And to-night there will join us one who has suffered for the cause more than any man in France. Five years ago he was a worker among us. Since then we have only known that he was bearing all the hardship tyranny could mete out to him. When there was mercy for others there was none for him. When others were chastised with whips, he was scourged with scorpions. And the tyrants were right. He was their ablest enemy. If he had not been delivered up to them by some unknown treachery he would long

*An extract from a story by the same title in "McClure's Magazine."

ago have dragged them down. I have no need to name him. You have already recognized our old friend, our brave and brilliant comrade—Jules Cartier."

He ceased and sat down. We could not have been more deeply moved if he had been coming back from the dead, instead of from his dungeon in La Roquette.

We were sipping the coffee and puffing at our cigars when the door was pushed open and a man, apparently old and feeble, shuffled in. We had seen too often the effects of prison on the young and strong to be quite surprised to know that this was the Cartier of old, and yet none of us could be free from a sense of horror at the change. The distorted frame, the brutalized features, the knotted hands with the finger-nails worn down to the quick, the shambling gait made more marked by the brand-new, ill-fitting clothes, were signs that something was stamped out of the man that would never come back. He carried under his arm a black portfolio bulging with papers, and stood for a second gazing at us as if stupefied. It was only a second, for as soon as we had recovered from our surprise we were on our feet with cries of welcome. But Cartier shrank back towards the door, looking from one to another with a blank stare that reduced us to a wondering silence. It was Raymond who mastered the situation first.

"Come, Cartier, come," he said, gently. "Come and drink with us to France and Liberty."

"Not with traitors!" he cried. "Not with spies!"

There was a startled movement among the men standing around the table.

"He's mad!" shouted one.

"There are no spies here," came angrily from another.

"Come, come," Cassaudière said, coaxingly. "You're among friends here—your old friends and comrades. Come and drink with us. Here, take this seat beside me."

In response to this gesture Cartier came slowly forward, his portfolio under his arm.

"Fill all glasses, friends," Cassaudière cried jovially, "and drink to the Republic and Jules Cartier!"

"The Republic and Jules Cartier! The Republic and Jules Cartier!"

Raymond himself filled a glass for Cartier, holding it out towards him.

"Drink, old comrade, drink," he exclaimed. "Drink to the new reign of liberty which your own sufferings have helped to usher in."

Cartier took the glass into his stubbed, work-worn fingers, and with a quick movement dashed the contents into Raymond's face. The next second the glass itself fell with a silvery crash to the floor. Raymond staggered back into his seat. Around the aggressor there was a general rush of alarm. "He's mad! He's mad!" was the cry from all sides.

"I'm not mad!" he shouted, above the din. "Stand away from me. Sit down. Let me explain."

"I'm not mad. But what I have to tell you might well make senses reel, if we had not all fathomed the depths of human turpitude.

"Come back with me," he continued, "to six years ago—when we met in the little Café de Sainte Agnes. We were fewer and younger and poorer than you whom I see before me now. I miss some of the old faces. Some are dead, some are in exile, some are renegades, and some, like myself, have been broken in the galleys.

"We were young and enthusiastic, but we were not without the prophetic instinct. We saw the moment coming when France could be free. We saw the stupid Orleans trembling, and we knew that with an effort on our part he would fall. It was necessary that someone should brave everything—prison, death, or whatever else might be the issue—in order to make the attempt. I was the one chosen to do it. I was free. I had made myself free on purpose. I had had ties, sacred ties; but I broke them. I had cut myself off from everything, in order to consecrate myself to France and the Cause. You remember the care with which we laid our plans and the secrecy with which we met. For once we believed ourselves safe from betrayal; and yet night by night the reports of all we did or said or intended went in to the Prefect of Police."

There was a quick start among the hearers, with a succession of half-muttered oaths.

"When I was arrested," Cartier continued, "that much was plain to me. I knew we had been sold by someone among ourselves. But by whom? Who among those who seemed so trusty could have been an Iscariot? It

was easy to suspect one as another. I thought of you, Cassaudière, and I acquitted you. I thought of you, Duthiel, and I acquitted you. I thought of you, Mala, and I acquitted you. I thought of you, Raymond, and I acquitted you. I thought of you the last and I acquitted you the first. 'Whoever it was,' I said, 'it is not he.' But I took an oath with myself that if I ever came up alive from the hell into which they had sent me down I should know who the traitor was. And I do know. Cassaudière sent me yesterday to work in the Archives of the Prefecture of Police, and I have found this."

He held up the black portfolio, bulging with papers.

"All our names are in it. The powers against which you fought could have sent you all to the galleys when they pleased. Your name, too, is there, Raymond; only you were safe. You were safe because you had bought your immunity—for thirty pieces of silver."

"It's a lie!" Raymond shouted.

"A lie, is it?" Cartier echoed, with a laugh. "Then look at these."

With one gesture of his hand, like that of a sower casting grain, he scattered the contents of the portfolio up and down the long table.

For a few minutes we were too heavily stunned for speech, or exclamation, or active thought.

"Raymond, is this your handwriting?"

There was a tremor in the limp frame, and the head was lifted just enough to show the terrified eyes.

"Yes."

"You betrayed us?"

"Yes."

"For six years and more. Ever since the days of the Café de Sainte Agnes."

"Yes."

"And afterwards you brought us together in the daily love-feast, to watch over us more closely."

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because I was poor."

"But we were all poor."

"I was starving."

"But we would have fed you."

"And I loved a woman who was starving, too—a

woman who had been betrayed and abandoned by some enthusiast in this same cause. He was the father of her children. I've never known his name. She would never tell me. For aught I know, he may have been one of you."

Cries and oaths broke out around the table, but Cassaudière stilled the tumult with a calm word or two and turned again towards Raymond.

"We're not here to judge you. I suppose we have no right to judge you—certainly none such as the law allows. But there's a justice above that of law. There's a sentence more binding than any that was ever delivered by a tribunal of men. And I think it has been passed already. Hasn't it?"

"Yes," he answered, simply.

"Then, here!" said Cassaudière, drawing a pistol from his pocket. "Here! Go into the next room. You know what you have to do."

"Quick! Do it. Someone is coming."

But on the instant the door was flung open and, in spite of the waiter's efforts to keep them out, a woman and two children threw themselves into the room. The woman was tall and dark, with traces of great beauty.

"Oh, Léonce! my husband," she cried, springing to his side, "what are you doing? What does it mean? Are you going to kill yourself? Have you condemned him to that?"

"We have not condemned him, madame," Cassaudière began to explain. "He has condemned himself."

"But he has no right to condemn me," she exclaimed, wrenching the pistol from Raymond's grasp and handing it back to Cassaudière. "He has no right to condemn his children. The shot that strikes his heart strikes mine and theirs."

"But, madame," Cassaudière tried to say calmly, "there are circumstances of which you know nothing——"

"I do know them. All Paris is ringing with the story. That is what has brought me here. I knew he had come among you and that you wouldn't spare him. There's no sympathy now but for Jules Cartier's wrongs and the treachery that betrayed him. There's no one to say a word of my wrongs and Jules Cartier's treachery that betrayed *me*."

"Jules Cartier, who, seven years ago, deceived me, and then turned me out with my two children—his two children—to starve in the street? Jules Cartier betrayed me and cast me out. Well; I say no more about him. But Léonce Raymond found me and took me in. He took me in honor and made me his wife. He took my disowned and nameless children and made them his. He had nothing but a crust, but he denied himself of it that I and my babies might eat it. The day came when, instead of high dreams for the future of the human race, we had no dreams of any kind. There was nothing left to us but the bitter reality of starvation. Is it any wonder that we sold you? What were you to us? Nothing—nothing; and we were heaven and earth to each other."

"You say we," Cassaudière broke in coldly. "Had you, too, a part in this betrayal?"

"Not at first. It was only little by little; as the years passed, that the truth came to me."

"You knew, Madelon?" Raymond cried, in a tone of blank astonishment.

"Certainly, I knew, Léonce," she returned proudly. "Do you think any woman could live with a man as I've lived with you and not fathom his secrets? When you became a spy, I, too, became a spy. You had done so much for my children and me that I was glad to share even your dishonor. And I'm still glad. Whatever they do to you, whatever they make you do, no one shall ever take away from me the joy and the pride I have in declaring myself Léonce Raymond's wife."

When she ceased there was a confusion of voices. Again Cassaudière hushed the din by rising, keeping the pistol in his own hand.

"Comrades," he said, "I hoped to have saved you from the necessity of passing anything like a sentence. The man who has betrayed us stands before us self-condemned. Under the old Hebrew law there was for ignominious crimes an ignominious punishment—it was death by stoning; and I can think of nothing more just than that for the man who sold the love and confidence we gave him. If he dies to-night it will be under the pelting of our contempt and fury."

"Each man among us shall have his chance for a fling at him. Each man among us shall speak in turn and say

his say, and he that is without sin among us shall cast the first stone."

"What do you mean?" two or three voices asked at once.

"I mean only that he shall speak first who has no sin to conceal, no meanness, no cowardice, no treachery, nothing of which he would be ashamed were the rest of us to know it. Let him be the first to disown all fellowship with Raymond and say: Give the pistol back."

When he sat down we looked at each other wonderingly. There were whispered counsels. Presently all eyes turned towards Lamartine as the natural exponent of purity of life; but the poet shook his head.

"Does no man condemn him?"

There was no answer.

"Then, I suppose, I may put this back?"

"Raymond," Cassaudière continued quietly, "your life is given back to you. It is given back not because you deserve it, nor because a woman has worked upon our sympathies; it is given back because the Republic has set in, and the Republic means more than a form of government. It means a state of brotherhood, a state of sympathy, a state of mind in which men try to understand each other, in both the good and the evil that is in them, not for mutual indulgence, but for mutual help. We realize that more fully than we did before this lady came and told us what is in you. A half-hour ago you would have blown your brains out and we should have let you do it. She has saved not only you, but all of us from that. We thank you, madame.

"And now, my friends," he said, "it has been a principle among us from the first to enter into no man's private life. For that, he stands or falls to his own conscience. We know nothing here of wives or children, of faithfulness or desertion. We know only what a man has done or suffered for the Cause. Therefore, I give you again the toast: The Republic and Jules Cartier."

The Minister Sets the Tom-turkey*

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

(After the minister's wife died he engaged for a house-keeper a capable young woman named Hulda. One of her experiences with the impractical minister is thus related.)



“HULDY is a good girl; but I oughtn't to be a-leavin' everything to her—it's too hard on her. I ought to be instructin' and guidin' and helpin' of her; 'cause 'tain't everybody could be expected to know and do what Mis' Carryl did;” and so at it he went; and Lordy massy! didn't Huldy hev a time on't when the minister began to come out of his study and wanted to ten' 'round an' see to things? Huldy, you see, thought all the world of the minister, and she was 'most afraid to laugh; but she told me she couldn't, for the life of her, help it when his back was turned, for he wuzzled things up in the most singular way. But Huldy, she'd jest say, 'Yes, sir,' and get him off into his study and go on her own way.

“'Huldy,' says the minister one day, 'you ain't experienced outdoors; and when you want to know anything you must come to me.'

“'Yes, sir,' said Huldy.

“'Now, Huldy,' says the Parson, 'you must be sure to save the turkey eggs, so that we can have a lot of turkeys for Thanksgiving.'

“'Yes, sir,' said Huldy; and she opened the pantry door and showed him a nice dishful she'd been a-savin' up. Wal, the very next day the Parson's hen-turkey was found killed up to old Jim Scroggs' barn. Folks say Scroggs killed it, though Scroggs he stood to it he didn't; at any rate, the Scroggses they made a meal on't, and Huldy, she felt bad about it 'cause she'd set her heart on raisin' the turkeys; and says she, 'Oh, dear!

*Arranged from “Sam Lawson's Fireside Stories.”

I don't know what I shall do. I was just ready to set her.'

"'Do, Huldy!' says the Parson: 'why, there's the other turkey, out there by the door; and a fine bird, too, he is.'

"Sure enough, there was the old tom-turkey a-struttin' and a-sidlin' and a-quitterin', and a-floutin' his tail feathers in the sun, like a lively young widower all ready to begin life over again.

"'But,' says Huldy, 'you know *he* can't set on eggs.'

"'He can't? I'd like to know why?' says the Parson. 'He *shall* set on eggs, and hatch 'em, too.'

"'Oh, Doctor!' says Huldy, all in a tremble; 'cause, you know, she didn't want to contradict the minister, and she was afraid she should laugh—I never heard that a tom-turkey would set on eggs.'

"'Why, they ought to,' said the Parson, getting quite 'arnest. 'What else be they good for? You just bring out the eggs, now, and put 'em in the nest, and I'll make him set on 'em.'

"So Huldy, she thought there weren't no way to convince him but to let him try: so she took the eggs out and fixed 'em all nice in the nest; and then she come back and found old Tom a-skirmishin' with the Parson pretty lively, I tell ye. Ye see, old Tom, he didn't take to the idea at all; and he flopped and gobbled, and fit the Parson: and the Parson's wig got 'round so that his cue stuck straight out over his ear, but he'd got his blood up. Ye see, the old Doctor was used to carryin' his p'int's o' doctrine; and he hadn't fit the Arminians and Socinians to be beat by a tom-turkey; and finally he made a dive and ketched him by the neck in spite o' his floppin', and stroked him down, and put Huldy's apron 'round him.

"'There, Huldy,' he says, quite red in the face, 'we've got him now;' and he traveled off to the barn with him, as lively as a cricket.

"Huldy came behind, just chokin' with laugh, and afraid the minister would look 'round and see her.

"'Now, Huldy, we'll crook his legs and set him down,' says the Parson, when they got him to the nest; 'you see, he is getting quiet, and he'll set there all right.'

"And the Parson, he sot him down; and old Tom, he sot there solemn enough and held his head down all

droopin', lookin' like a rail pious old cock as long as the Parson sot by him.

"'There; you see how still he sets,' says the Parson to Huldy.

"Huldy was 'most dyin' for fear she should laugh. 'I'm afraid he'll get up,' says she, 'when you do.'

"'Oh, no, he won't!' says the Parson, quite confident. 'There, there,' says he, layin' his hands on him as if pronouncin' a blessin'.

"But when the Parson riz up, old Tom, he riz up, too, and began to march over the eggs.

"'Stop, now!' says the Parson. 'I'll make him get down agin; hand me that corn-basket; we'll put that over him.'

"So he crooked old Tom's legs and got him down agin; and they put the corn-basket over him, and then they both stood and waited.

"'That'll do the thing, Huldy,' said the Parson.

"'I don't know about it,' says Huldy.

"'Oh, yes, it will, child; I understand,' says he.

"Just as he spoke, the basket riz up and stood, and they could see old Tom's long legs.

"'I'll make him stay down, confound him,' says the Parson, for, you see, parsons is men like the rest on us, and the Doctor had got his spunk up.

"'You jist hold him a minute, and I'll get something that'll make him stay, I guess,' and out he went to the fence and brought in a long, thin, flat stone, and laid it on old Tom's back.

"'Oh, my eggs!' says Huldy. 'I'm afraid he's smashed 'em!'

"And sure enough, there they was, smashed flat enough under the stone.

"'I'll have him killed,' said the Parson. 'We won't have such a critter 'round.'"



Blessed is the man who, having nothing to say, abstains from giving us wordy evidence of the fact.

From "Theophrastus Such."—George Eliot.

Only a Man

Verses spoken by Miss Edna Wallace Hopper, to a musical accompaniment, in the last act of "Jumping Jupiter."

He comes along the road of life,
With careless smile and a merry song,
And plucks a rose that grows by the way,
Loves it a while—perhaps for a day.
He soon forgets that beautiful rose
And goes in search of another,
Only to cast it aside and forget,
With never a thought or sigh of regret.

He comes along the road of life
Till at last he comes to the dreary way,
And there he finds that no roses bloom—
Misses their sweetness—craves their perfume;
But summer has fled, the roses are dead,
And only memory lingers,
One tiny petal is all that remains,
But that tiny petal, how it well explains.

L'ENVOI.

Only a man—just a man—that's all,
And the rose is a woman's heart;
What does he care for the sweetness wasted;
His thoughts are all for the sweetness untasted;
Her every thought was a thought of him;
His love was only a boyish whim.
The rose droops and dies,
But he hears not her sighs,
For he's only a man—that's all.



The Stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires, is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes.

From "Thoughts on Various Subjects."—Jonathan Swift.

Mollie and the Opera Game*

BY ELEANOR GATES.



IT WAS Mollie Brown singin'. Ole ingine Number 9'd ju' pulled outen Briggs City, haided southwes' with her freight of tenderfeet, an' with Dave Reynolds stickin' in his spurs to make up for los' time. Dave'd had a minnit with Mollie at a side winda of the eatin'-house whilst the passengers was grubbin' up. An' now, as the little gal helped the balance of the Harvey bunch t' clear off the lunch-counter, she was chirpin' away like she'd plumb bust her throat.

Jus' 'bout then folks begun t' talk of how crazy-wild Mollie was gittin' to be on the singin' question. It leaked out that she'd been tole she'd got a' A-1 voice (an' it wasn't no lie, neither), an' that her warblin' come pretty clost to bein' as good as Melby's. Nex', it got 'roun' that, when Mollie wasn't totin' fancy Mulligan to the pilgrims that come through, she was tackin' up photygrafts of big singers an' actresses in her room, an' practicin' bows in front of a glass.

The gals at the eatin'-house seemed t' think that was all O. K., but the res' of the town didn't—not a *little* bit. Dave Reynolds was turrible well liked—not another ingineer on the Santa Fe so blamed pop'lar, or so *sandy*, by jingo!

An' we figgers, Mollie Brown, gone loco on the stage proposition, ain't *no* kin' of a wife for any man out here. Would *she* camp down in a' Oklahomy shack an' cook three meals a day an' wash out blue shirts when she's set on gittin' up 'fore a passel of highflyers an' yelpin' "Marguerite?" Nixey. Nex' thing, Dave was in, he'd heerd the talk—an' was sore on Up-State!

Somehow, he'd got it into his haid that Up-State was responsible for Mollie goin' cracked on the subjec'.

* * * * *

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Up-State lef' two letters behin' him when he died—one for me an' one for Billy. The Doc didn't show his'n; said it wouldn't be jus' *profesh'nal*—yet. But mine he ast to read to the boys an' Mollie after Up-State was gone.

"Dear Alec," it run, "you'll fin' a' even thousan' in greenbacks over in Silverstein's safe. It's for Mollie Brown. Tell her I want she should go to Noo York an' buck the opery game." (Somethin' *like* that, anyhow.) "Ast Dave Reynolds not to come down too hard on me for it. The little gal says she wants the chanst more'n anythin' else."

Dave was on his run south when it all happened, an' so Mollie was ready to light out by the time he come in. Mad? Wal, say! I never *seen* a man take on the way he done. But Mollie was off with her photygrafts of actresses an' her duds, an'—could y' hole it agin him? *None* of us could.

"The gal won't forgit y', Dave," we says, or "Never min', Dave, it'll all come out in the wash." Nothin' done no good.

The postmaster said he was gittin' letters fr'm Mollie all right. But they didn't chirp him up much, an' *we* didn't have no look at 'em. But fr'm them that come to the gals at the eatin'-house we drawed, at the first, that Mollie was havin' a *way-up* time. She was seein' all the shows, she said, an' meetin' no en' of folks. She was learnin' a pile—an' 'd heerd Susy's Band!

Wal, then—no letters (leastways to the gals). An' ev'ry run Dave showed up lookin' more an' more down in the mouth. "How's she, Dave?" I ast oncet. "Oh, tol'able," he answers, face glum as all git out.

It was jus' a week after that Dave got his dose. The water was high all through Kansas, an' rain still fallin' in bucketsfull. Trains all stalled t' the north 'twixt here an' Kansas City. Dave come through, goin' East. Lef' his passengers south of a trestle that runs acrosst a low stretch, an' went on, solo, t' try the track. Road-bed was bad—weather'd washed it out, y' savvy—an' the ingine keeled over on to a mud flat. Dave went down with her.

Wal, he was pinned. They got help quick as they

could, a-course, dug him out, an' brung him here. He wasn't dead—but hurt turrible, an' scalded some. Say! y' never seen a town look so blained sorrowful!

Nex' day he ast for me, an' I went t' see him. He was layin' on his back, haid tied up like a sore finger.

"Two minnits," says the nuss. "An' don't you excite him. *Inclined t' be a little lunny.*"

"Dave," I says, "w'at can I do for you? Speak up."

"Alec," he whispers, "I'm goin' to be O. K. pronto. So don't let none of that Harvey layout tell Mollie 'bout this. Y' see, she ain't forgot me, an' now that's she's doin' so good——"

"I won't let 'em tell her," I says. ('Cause I could do it myself.) Less'n a' hour I was haidin' my bronc towards Medford to take train on a clear line.

I savvy Noo York—was in it afore oncet, an' when I hit it this whack it didn't skeer me for a cent. But, jus' the samee, as I got offen the cars at the Gran' Central, I didn't waste no time huntin' which way t' go.

Mollie's street was turrible narra. An' her house! It was nigh as dark as the inside of a cow, an' I *judged* they'd been a las' year's cabbage wanderin' 'roun' somewhere. Never min'. In two wiggles of a lamb's tail I'd clumb 'bout forty-'leven steps an'—howdy do, Mollie!

"W'y, Alec Lloyd!" she says.

"That's my name," I answers, shakin' them little paws of hern.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you. But w'at you doin' in Noo York?" she goes on.

"Wal, I got turned this way," I says, "an' then I jus' follered my nose."

An', "How's the gals an'—an' *Dave?*" (His little ole ring was on her finger, all right.)

"Oh, alive an' kickin'," I answers, cautious.

She ast me in. They was a lady in one corner, cookin', and two gents—the one young, with a complexion like the bottom side of a watermelon, the other 'bout fifty, with a long coat, a vest, all over coffee, an' no more chin'n a gopher.

"Mrs. Whipple," says Mollie, "Mister Lloyd."

"Ma'am, I'm tickled t' death."

"Hair Von" (somethin'-or-other), "Mister Lloyd."

(Don't wonder she called him "*hair*." By thunder, he had a mane two foot long!) "An' Mister Jones." (I ketched *that* name O. K.)

"Mister Lloyd," says the ole lady, "you have some breakfas'?"

I felt like sayin' they'd likely be blame little for me, 'cause them two gezabos was jus' *hoppin'* it into 'em. But I only answers: "Thank y', I et on a bong-tong din-in'-car this mornin', ma'am, an' my bread-basket's plumb full."

I sit down on a trunk (it had a tidy over it, but I knowed it was a trunk, all right), an' Mollie, she sit byside me.

"Alec," she begun (say, she looked mighty happy), "you're jus' in time. T'night is the turnin'-point of my life. I've been a-studyin' with Hair Von" (*you* know), "an' now I'm goin' to have a *recital*. And w'at do you think? Seenyer" (I forgit who, this minute), "the grea-a-at impressyroa, is comin' to hear me. An' he's goin' to put me into gran' opery!"

"You don't say!"

"Oh, yes!" says Long-hair, swellin' up. "The Seenyer is my frien', an' any little favor——"

That kaflummuxed me! How was I to come out 'bout Dave jus' when she was goin' to make her big stab? Wal, I couldn't.

"Mollie," I says, "I wish you luck."

Then I took another look at that Perfessor. An' of a suddent I begun to wonder if all the cards was on the table. 'Cause he was too oily to be genuwine. An' I'd seen his stripe afore.

But Mollie was watchin' me. "You don't seem glad, Alec," she says.

"Oh, I'm glad, all right," I answers, "only I been a-hopin' you'd come Wes' for a visit."

"Wes'!" she repeats. "When I'm goin' to be a gran' opery star!"

"A second Patty," says Long-hair, puttin' out a bread-hooker for more feed.

"I'll take another slice of toas'," says Melon-face, "an' a' aig an' a third cup (it's *so* good, Miss Brown, I'm really *ashamed*, yes, I *am*)."

After that I didn't say much—jus' plumb petryfied watchin' them two gents shovel. Talk 'bout you' grizzly in the springtime! An' you bet they was no gettin' shet of 'em till they couldn't hole no more.

But at las' they tracked, an' me an' Mollie an' the ole lady had a chin. It come out that Long-hair (an' his friend) showed up ev'ry mornin'.

"An' allus gits his breakfas'?" I says.

"Wal, in Noo York, folks drop 'roun' that-a-way," she answers. "It's Bohemia."

"Bohemia. I see—a kinda free han'-out."

"Alec! No! Bohemians share with each other."

"Seems t' me Mollie Brown does *mos'* of the sharin'."

"You don't understand," she says. "People with artistic tempruments don't think 'bout such—such common things."

"No? Jus' the same, that artistic team of yourn was shore stuck on boiled aigs."

That ruffled her up some. "Alec," she says, "you musn't run down the Hair Perfessor. He's a great musician."

"Wal," I observed, "if hair makes a great musician, 'Pache Sam oughta lead the band."

"And he's been awful good to me. W'y, he lets go dozens an' dozens of rich pupils to come here ev'ry day an' give me my lesson!"

"For how much?"

"W'at?" She got red.

"For how much?" I ast again.

"Five dollars," she answers.

I laughed.

"But he charges all the others ten," she puts in quick. "He come down in the price 'cause he was so int'rested in my *career*."

"Money lastin'?" I ast, an' looked at the ole lady.

She gave me the high sign.

But Mollie answered cheerful. "It's carried me so far," she says, "an' after t'night I can stan' on my own feet."

"Reckon you won't min' my comin' to hear you," I says. 'Cause I'd got a' idear w'at I was goin' to do. She said certainly. Then I skun out.

That afternoon I didn't let no grass sprout under my moccasins, an' when I turned up 'twixt eight an' nine o'clock at that *recital* I was a-smilin'—an' loaded for bear.

It was Long-hair's shebang. He took me into a big room where they was 'bout a dozen ladies an' gents. But I could hardly see 'em. They was plenty of gas fixin's, only he had 'em turned 'way down an' little red parasol-jiggers over 'em. An' they was some punk-sticks burnin' in a corner.

If y' want t' ast *me*, I think I hit the funny spot of that bunch right good an' hard. But I wasn't nigh as big a freak to them as they was t' me!

"Say!," I says to Mollie, 'way low, "where'd you roun' up this passel of w'at-is-its?"

"Ssh!" she whispers back to me. "They'll hear you. Mos' of 'em are big artists."

"No!" I got turrible solemn. "Have they brought they tempruments with 'em?"

An' the ladies—say! if they was t' wear them funny dresses out our way (not mor'n a pocket-hankchief of cloth in the wais', tha's straight), w'y, the sheriff'd run 'em in to the cooler, shore he would. An', by thunder, some of 'em was smokin'! *Smokin'!* An' they wasn't a greaser gal amongst 'em, neither.

"W'at kin' of a place I got into?" I ast her. Gee! I felt turrible.

"Ssh! Long-hair is goin' to play a piece he made up a-a-all by hisself."

"An' he did. First, he goes sof', fingerin' up an' down, an' movin' fr'm side t' side like his chair was too warm. Then he took a runnin' jump at hisself an' worked harder. But they wasn't the sign of a tune—jus' jiggles.

Jumpin' buffalo! I got t' laughin' so that I kinda tipped over agin a' iron thing that was set clost to the wall, an' come blamed nigh burnin' the han's offen me.

When I come to he was done an' down, an' a bleached lady, so whitewashed an' painted she was plumb disguised, was sittin' afore the pyannie. Then up gits a tall gal, skinny, long neck, forrid like a fish, hair that hadn't been curried since week 'fore las'.

She begun t' sing like a dyin' calf—eyes shut, an' makin' faces. But pretty soon she took a new holt, an' got to goin' up hill an' down hill faster'n Sam Hill, then 'roun' an' 'roun', like a dawg after its tail, then hiccuping, then she kinda shuk herself an' let out a las' whoppin' beller.

"Mollie," I says, "do you have to herd with this out-fit *reg'lar*?"

She didn't say nothin'. Pore little gal, she was watchin' the door. An' Mister Long-hair? He was wanderin' 'roun', lookin' powerful oneasy. He'd 'a' better the scalehaid!) Pretty soon he goes outside.

Up gits a short, stumpy feller with a fiddle. All the res' begun t' holler an' clap. Stumpy, he bowed an' flopped his ears, an' then he went at that little, ole fiddle of hisn like he'd snatch it bald-headed. Wal, *that* was bully.

An' now it was Mollie they wanted.

"But *he* ain't here yet," she says

Long-hair comes back jus' then. "I regret to say, Miss Brown," he begun, "that Seenyer" (the impres-sy-roa) "can't run over t'night. But he'll be to my nex' little *recital* a month fr'm now."

"A month!" exclaims Mollie. Her face fell a mile, an' she got as white as chalk-rock.

"Oh, it's all right!" says the Perfessor, rubbin' his han's. "Go ahaid an' sing, anyhow."

It was a shame! But Mollie done her bes'. When she ended up they yelled for more, an' Long-hair like to break hisself in two bowin'.

She jus' stood there like she'd been run to groun'.

The Perfessor waved his han'. "The Jew's song fr'm Fowst," he announces.

"Excuse me," I says, "for puttin' a kibosh on you' party. But I jus' want to say that this Bohemia-artistic-temprument fandango stans adjourned. Ev'rybody please varnose—'ceptin' the Perfessor."

Such a pow-wow! But they skedaddled jus' the same. I turned to Long-hair.

"You' little game is over," I begun. "You don't flim-flam this gal another minnit. You don't bum offen her for another meal."

The Speaker

"Come home, little gal," I says.

She straightens up, brave. "No," she answers; "no, I'll work here. I won't give up my singin'."

"Little gal," I repeats. "I think you'd better come home—you're needed."

Then she knowed somethin' was wrong. She come an' stood in front of me, an' put her two han's on my arms.

"Dave!" she whispers. "Dave!"

"Not dead," I says, "not dead, Mollie. But—w'at happens to a ingineer when his ingine keels over an' he don't git clear of her."

I had to hol' her up then, she got so kinda wobbly.

"He'll be in bed a good spell, they say," I goes on.

"An' when he gits up—wal, don't know's he can ever go back to his ingine. He needs you, Mollie."

That braced her. She turned quick, run out by the stairs, an' pulled at one of them roun' thing-um-jigs that brings a telegraph kid. Nex' she spread out a piece of paper an' writ somethin' on it.

"Here, Alec," she says, "here. Sen' that."

'An' I read:

"Mollie Brown, Noo York, to Manager Harvey, Eatin'-House, Briggs City, Oklahomy.

"Can I have back my job?"

We was home quick as the trains could make it—home, an' sittin' on each side of Dave, me a-smilin' like a blamed fool (I was so tickled), an' Mollie lookin' anxious but happy. 'Fore long, in come Doc Trowbridge, letter in his fist. He shuk hands all 'roun', and then he sit down byside Mollie.

"Oh, Billy," she says, "you don't *know* how glad I am to git back. An' now I'm goin' to stay."

"Glad you feel that-a-way," says Billy. "An' it's right in line with this here letter that Up-State lef' with me. It's about you, Mollie, an' Dave. Shall I read it?"

"Yes," answers Mollie—an' Dave answers yes, too.

Billy got up. His face looked solemn, but they was a nice shine in his eyes. "This belonged on Alec's letter," he says. "It's w'at you might call a coddycil."

"Dear Dave an' Mollie," it run, "you'll git this after

Mollie's been to Noo York an' back. Dave, you know now the trip was needful. Do you think you could 'a' helt her if she didn't have her try? Maybe. But you wouldn't 'a' been happy. All her life she'd 'a' felt sore about that *career* she give up, an' been longin' an' longin'—

"Billy'll give you a check that'll call for somethin' in Kansas City. Eas' of the Mississippi, ten thousan' ain't much, but it'll do one or two things in Oklahomy."

None of us said a blame word for as much as fifteen minutes. An' Mollie, she walked the floor.

Say! pretty soon I jus' had to smoke up or I'd 'a' bawled. She come over close to Dave an' leant down. "Dave," she says; "Dave, ain't I goin' to tack on a Reynolds?"

"Wal," says Dave, peekin' out fr'm his bandages, "wal, Mollie, I don't keer if you do!"



The Utility of Booing

BY CHARLES MACKLIN.

From "The Man of the World." Written to satirize an old Scotchman who amassed a large fortune by questionable means, and who was elevated to the Peerage under the title of the Earl of Eldon.

Sir Pertinax MacSycophant and Egerton.

Sir P. Zounds! sir, I will not hear a word about it; I insist upon it you are wrong; you should have paid your court till my lord, and not have scrupled swallowing a bumper or twa, or twenty, till oblige him.

Eger. Sir, I did drink his toast in a bumper.

Sir P. Yes, you did; but how, how?—just as a bairn takes physic—with aversions and wry faces, which my lord observed; then, to mend the matter, the moment that he and the colonel got intill a drunken dispute about religion, you sliely slunked away.

* * * * *

Sir P. Charles, I have often told you, and now again I tell, once for aw, that the manœuvres of pliability are as necessary to rise in the world as wrangling and logical subtlety are to rise at the bar; why, you see, sir, I have acquired a noble fortune, a princely fortune—and how do you think I raised it?

Eger. Doubtless, sir, by your abilities.

Sir P. Doubtless, sir, you are a blockhead; nae, sir, I'll tell you how I raised it—sir, I raised it—by booing—(*bows very low*)—by booing; sir, I could never stand straight in the presence of a great mon, but always booed, and booed, and booed—as it were by instinct.

Eger. How do you mean by instinct, sir?

Sir P. How do I mean by instinct!—why, sir, I mean by—by—by the instinct of interest, sir, which is the universal instinct of mankind. Sir, it is wonderful to think what a cordial, what an amicable—nay, what an infallible influence booing has upon the pride and vanity of human nature. Charles, answer me sincerely, have you a mind to be convinced of the force of my doctrine by example and demonstration?

Eger. Certainly, sir.

Sir P. Then, sir, as the greatest favor I can confer upon you, I'll give you a short sketch of the stages of my booing, as an excitement, and a landmark to boo by, and as an infallible nostrum for a man of the world to rise in the world.

Eger. Sir, I shall be proud to profit by your experience.

Sir P. Vary weel, sir; sit ye down, then, sit ye down here. (*They sit.*) And now, sir, you must recall to your thoughts that your grandfather was a man whose penurious income of captain's half-pay was the sum total of his fortune; and, sir, aw my provision from him was a modicum of Latin, an expertness in arithmetic, and a short system of worldly counsel; the principal ingredients of which were a persevering industry, a rigid economy, a smooth tongue, a pliability of temper, and a constant attention to make every mon well pleased with himself.

Eger. Very prudent advice, sir.

Sir P. Therefore, sir, I lay it before you. Now, sir, with these materials I set out, a raw-boned stripling, fra

the North, to try my fortune with them here, in the Sooth; and my first step into the world was a beggarly clerkship in Sawney Gordon's counting-house, here, in the city of London, which you'll say afforded but a barren sort of a prospect.

Eger. It was not a very fertile one, indeed, sir.

Sir P. The reverse, the reverse. Weel, sir, seeing myself in this unprofitable situation, I reflected deeply; I cast about my thoughts morning, noon, and night, and marked every man and every mode of prosperity; at last I concluded that a matrimonial adventure, prudently conducted, would be the readiest gait I could gang for the bettering of my condition, and accordingly I set about it. Now, sir, in this pursuit, beauty!—ah! beauty often struck my een, and played about my heart, and fluttered, and beat, and knocked, and knocked; but the devil an entrance I ever let it get; for I observed, sir, that beauty is, generally, a—proud, vain, saucy, expensive, impertinent sort of a commodity.

Eger. Very justly observed.

Sir P. And, therefore, sir, I left it for prodigals and coxcombs, that could afford to pay for it; and, in its stead, sir, mark! I looked out for an ancient, weel-jointured, superannuated dowager; a consumptive, toothless, phthisicky, wealthy widow, or a shriveled, cadaverous piece of deformity, in the shape of an izzard, or an appersi-and—or, in short, ainy thing, ainy thing that had the siller—the siller—for that, sir, was the north-star of my affections. Do you take me, sir? was nae that right?

Eger. O, doubtless, doubtless, sir.

Sir P. Now, sir, where do you think I ganged to look for this woman with the siller?—nae till court, nae till playhouses or assemblies—nae, sir, I ganged till the kirk, till the Anabaptist, Independent, Bradlonian, and Muggletonian meetings; till the morning and evening service of churches and chapels-of-ease, and till the midnight, melting, conciliating love-feasts of the Dissenters; and there, sir, at last I fell upon an old, slighted, antiquated, musty maiden, that looked—ha, ha, ha! she looked just like a skeleton in a surgeon's glass case. Now, sir, this miserable object was religiously angry with herself and all the world; had nae comfort but in metaphysical vis-

ions and supernatural deliriums—ha, ha, ha! Sir, she was as mad—as mad as a Bedlamite.

Eger. Not improbable, sir; there are numbers of poor creatures in the same condition.

Sir P. Oh, numbers, numbers. Now, sir, this cracked creature used to pray and sing, and sigh and groan, and weep and wail, and gnash her teeth constantly, morning and evening, at the Tabernacle at Moorfields; and as soon as I found she had the siller, aha! guid traith, I plumped me down upon my knees, close by her—cheek by jowl—and prayed, and sighed, and sung, and groaned, and gnashed my teeth as vehemently as she could do for the life of her; ay, and turned up the whites of mine een, till the strings awmost cracked again. I watched her motions, handed her till her chair, and waited on her home, got most religiously intimate with her in a week—married her in a fortnight, buried her in a month—touched the siller, and with a deep suit of mourning, a melancholy port, a sorrowful visage, and a joyful heart, I began the world again; and this, sir, was the first boo—that is, the first effectual boo—I ever made till the vanity of human nature.—(*Rises*)—Now, sir, do you understand this doctrine?

Eger. Perfectly well, sir.

Sir P. Ay, but was it not right? was it not ingenious, and weel hit off?

Eger. Certainly, sir; extremely well.

Sir P. My next boo, sir, was till your ain mother, whom I ran away with fra the boarding-school; by the interest of whose family I got a guid smart place in the Treasury; and, sir, my very next step was intill P'arliament; the which I entered with as ardent and determined an ambition as ever agitated the heart of Cæsar himself. Sir, I booted, and watched, and hearkened, and ran about, backwards and forwards, and attended and dangled upon the then great mon, till I got intill the very bowels of his confidence, and then, sir, I wriggled and wrought, and wriggled, till I wriggled myself among the vary thick of them; ha! I got my snack of the clothing, the foraging, the contracts, the lottery tickets, and aw the political bonuses; till at length, sir, I became a much wealthier mon than one-half of the golden calves I had

been so long a-booming to; and was nae that booming to some purpose?

Eger. It was, indeed, sir.

Sir P. But, are you convinced of the guid effects and utility of booming?

Eger. Thoroughly.

Sir P. Sir, it is infallible.



The Englishman's Frank Toast

A minister, who had just returned from an extended Western trip, told the following:

"Recently in Los Angeles five prominent gentlemen of foreign birth chanced to meet. One was a Russian, one a Turk, one a Frenchman, one an American, and one an Englishman. These gentlemen became bosom friends, and finally a supper was proposed, at which each gentleman, to be in keeping with the times, was to give a toast to his native country, the one giving the best to be at no expense for the feast. Here are the toasts given:

The Russian: "Here's to the stars and bars of Russia, that were never pulled down."

The Turk: "Here's to the moons of Turkey, whose wings were never clipped."

The Frenchman: "Here's to the cock of France, whose feathers were never picked."

The American: "Here's to the Stars and Stripes of America, never trailed in defeat."

The Englishman: "Here's to the rampin' roarin' lion of Great Britain, that tore down the stars and bars of Russia, clipped the wings of Turkey, picked the feathers off the cock of France, and ran like Jehu from the Stars and Stripes of the United States of America."

Dead Man's Run*

BY MADISON CAWEIN.

He rode down the autumn wood,
A man, dark-eyed and brown;
A mountain girl before him stood
Clad in a homespun gown.

"To ride this road is death for you!
My father waits you there;
My father and my brother, too—
You know the oath they swear."

He holds her by one berry-brown wrist,
And by one berry-brown hand;
And he hath laughed at her and kissed
Her cheek the sun hath tanned.

"The feud is to the death, sweetheart;
But forward will I ride."—
"And if you ride to death, sweetheart,
My place is at your side."

Low hath he laughed again and kissed
And helped her with his hand;
And they have ridd'n into the mist
That belts the autumn land.

And they had passed by Devil's Den,
And come to Dead Man's Run,
When in the brush rose up two men,
Each with a leveled gun.

"Down, down! my sister!" cries the one;—
She gives the reins a twirl.—
The other shouts, "He shot my son!
And now he steals my girl!"

*From "Kentucky Poems." E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. By special permission of the author.

The rifles crack: she will not wail;
He will not cease to ride;
But, oh! her face is pale, is pale,
And the red blood stains her side.

"Sit fast, sit fast by me, sweetheart!
The bank is steep to ride!"——
The road is rough by gulch and bluff,
And her hair blows wild and wide.

"Sit fast, sit fast by me, sweetheart!
The bank is steep to ride!"——
The bank is steep for a strong man's leap,
And her eyes are staring wide.

"Sit fast, sit fast by me, sweetheart!
The Run is swift to ride!"——
The Run is swift with mountain drift,
And she sways from side to side.

Is it a wash of the yellow moss,
Or drift of the autumn's gold,
The mountain torrent foams across
For the dead pine's roots to hold?

Is it the bark of the sycamore,
Or peel of the white birch tree,
The mountaineer on the other shore
Hath followed and still can see?

No mountain moss or leaves, dear heart!
No bark of birchen gray!——
Young hair of gold and a face death-cold
The wild stream sweeps away.

The Prodigies*

BY GRACE SARTWELL MASON.



HE Tenor sat talking to the mother of the boy prodigy. He told himself she had distinction; the thought also occurred to him that if the boy prodigy should ever be in need of will power the mother could supply him bounteously. Her intensity of greed for the boy's genius was like an inward flame that burned in spite of her through the chill correctness of her manner. Her belief, her absorption in the child's career showed in everything she did—in her way of looking after the boy as he trudged off to his dressing room with his fiddle case under his arm; in the way she spoke of him to the Tenor. At the same time the Tenor, with his searching, kindly eyes, missed something.

"By Jove!" he said to himself, "she hasn't shown an atom of maternal tenderness for the little chap!"

He wondered at this. He had offered up prayers that his own small son might be kept from the cruel road of the prodigy, and he felt repelled by this attitude of the other boy's mother.

Across the hall from the Tenor's dressing room another door stood open and the sound of another fiddle being tuned came out to him. The Tenor looked at the programme pinned beside his mirror.

"That must be the other prodigy," he sighed. "Sweet charity, the programmes we arrange in your name!"

"How do you like my fiddle?" she called to him at once—and in the same breath—"How do you like this dress?"

"This is my best concert dress," declared the small fiddler, her eyes laughing at the Tenor over her mother's shoulder. "I have another, but it isn't all crispy like this; I wear that one when we play in little places."

"Have you any little girls?" asked Titania.

"Two," said the Tenor. "One of them just large enough to make a nice doll for you, Titania."

The little girl fetched a rapturous sigh. "I'd love to

see her. In Detroit, where we used to live, there were ten babies in our block. I don't believe that ever a little girl lived in our boarding house here."

The Tenor looked at Titania's mother. "Little girls are out of place in lodgings," he said, with meaning.

"It isn't so bad," she said. "We only practice four hours a day now, and there is the Zoo and sometimes even a trip up the river—and always Detroit as an ultimate reward."

The Tenor shut himself in his dressing room until the sound of a fiddle lured him forth again. The little boy prodigy was on the stage, playing a Sarabande of old Correlli's. His dark eyes looked dreamily over the heads of his audience. A very young, slightly Italian cherub might have played Correlli like that—with the look of one to whom God whispers in the ear.

Titania, in her turn, came upon the stage. He had meant to disapprove, and he found himself clapping with the others when she made her bow. Ah, really, it would be better if she did not play a note—if she merely let them look at her! But there she was, nestling her pretty chin upon the fiddle and curving her absurd little left hand into position. Her fearless eyes commanded attention.

Down in the first rows of St. James Hall the old war horses of the afternoon recital raised their lorgnettes. A lonely man who had gone to sleep with his cane in his mouth awoke and forgot that he had meant to go home; the students in the gallery left off their critical manner and smiled at each other. A little breeze of pleasure seemed to stir the heavy air; a grim old lady in velvet and jet exclaimed aloud, "Bonny little lass!" and a new tenderness came into the *blasé* faces about her.

The Tenor liked it—so well that he leaned farther out toward the stage, and then he saw that in the entrance opposite him the other prodigy stood watching Titania. His look devoured her. There was in his face some such expression of wondering adoration as Botticelli put into the wistful eyes of his candle-bearing boys. The Tenor understood boys, and as he looked at this one he realized that there was such a thing as a boy's being hungry—and not for food.

"What can I do?" he thought. "One must do something."

What he finally did he found very amusing. He dragged the two mothers together, introduced them, made them talk, and, what was better, talked himself in his most fascinating vein. There was no resisting him; the minutes ran into half an hour and the programme had come to an end when Titania's mother exclaimed with a start that she had forgotten her daughter.

"Poor little thing!" she cried, "waiting for me in our dismal dressing room!"

Five minutes later, when they had looked into all the rooms behind the stage, had searched the platform itself and the empty hall, the three met each other's paling faces. The children had gone. The doorkeeper was frantically questioned. Yes, he had seen a little boy and girl go out; he had supposed they were with some of the other artists. The Tenor's guilty heart went down, but he faced the mothers bravely.

"Come, come," he said, "we'll find them in the nearest pastry shop."

* * * * *

"Now," said Titania, skipping joyously, "let's hurry up and find them. I know there are lots of children if we only look in the right place."

When they came out once more upon a crowded street she took his hand.

"There's an awful lot of people here, but no children," she said when they had walked a long way. It was Titania's sharp eyes that saw it—a green 'bus ambling down the street with "Elephant and Castle" painted on it.

"Oh, boy!" cried Titania, "if there's an Elephant and Castle anywhere around here, I want to see 'em!"

"So do I!" he agreed loyally.

"Let's run!" she shrieked, and they were off. A kind policeman stopped the 'bus and helped them on. It went on its way with the boy and Titania sitting on top in the warm spring sun.

It was altogether an exciting ride. The only unpleasant thing was the way the 'bus conductor grinned when they told him they wanted to see the Elephant and Castle.

Now, as every one knows, if there isn't an elephant

within miles of the Old Kent Road there are other things. There are, for instance, costers' barrows and hot potato men and old clothes markets and children. They mingle in fascinating profusion, but mostly the children predominate. There is a child to every square yard in the dingy streets of the Road. They swarm like shabby bees; they quarrel and play after a fashion quite their own. At the moment when Titania and the boy reached the end of one of these swarming streets a score of children were circling with hungry eyes about the tray of a toffee man. One affluent urchin out of the twenty possessed a farthing. They were watching him greedily as he chose a pink bit of toffee when a miracle happened. A boy angel and a girl angel, nothing less, descended into their midst. Round-eyed, open-mouthed awe fell upon the children; they shrank away a little, unsmiling. One or two snatched at a baby brother or sister. In the middle of the street Titania and the boy stood alone.

For a long moment they looked into twenty pairs of sullenly wondering eyes, and then Titania said, "Hello!" in her friendly voice. There was a little stir like a sigh; a girl crept behind Titania and took a fold of her frock between a sly thumb and forefinger.

"I s'y," she said, huskily, "it's *silk*!"

Instantly the circle closed about them. Eager fingers caressed the boy's velvet jacket and touched with awe Titania's silk bows. There was something about the crowding, ragged children that rather took away the boy's breath, but his resources did not fail him. He backed toward the toffee man, still holding Titania's hand. The children watched him intensely. He was buying toffee—sixpence worth—a stupendous lot; he was—oh! wonderful!—he was passing it about among them!

As the toffee melted away in twenty mouths they began to smile. They showed that they could look as friendly as Titania. She, for her part, responded with splendid spirit by hopping upon the curb and taking things in hand.

"Now," she cried, energetically, "what shall we play?"

The children were silent until the child who had first touched Titania's dress spoke up.

"If we 'ad a 'urdy-gurdy, miss," she said in a husky whisper, "we c'd dance fer you."

"Oh, I should love that!" cried Titania, and looked at her knight appealingly.

"Oh, well, I suppose I can," he said, as if he had read her thought. "Say—if any of you have got a fiddle, I can play."

If any of them had a fiddle! There was an instant of gasping astonishment, and then with one consent a dozen of them whirled and ran off down the street. They returned immediately with a shoemaker, who was incredulous but curious. He held in his hand a fiddle. The children swarmed upon him and forced him to hand over the precious instrument to the magician in velvet. The boy looked distastefully at the black old fiddle, sticky with rosin and the grime of years, but Titania stood at his elbow, and he tuned it with his artistic nose in the air.

"Now, now," shrieked Titania, "something lively, boy, dear!"

Then something lively began to trip off his bow. For an instant the children listened as if they couldn't believe their ears and then the dance began. Such an hour had never been known in Taggs Street. The shoemaker stared at his bewitched fiddle; the windows swarmed with mothers who let their supper burn while they stood agape; fathers coming home from work slapped their thighs and called to their women folk to come out and join in. In the middle of the street, on the curb, and in the gutter the children danced—in pairs, in squads, or solemnly alone. Titania bestowed her hand impartially; she danced with everyone. Her hat had long since been cast down upon the curb and her curls had escaped all bounds, but her face glowed with delight. For the first time in weary weeks she had her fill of children.

The sun setting on Taggs Street that night lighted up more happy faces than the grimy place had ever seen at one time before. In Piccadilly also it fell slantwise on many faces, among them the unhappy countenances of the Tenor and the two mothers. They were listening eagerly to a flower girl who had walked through the park with them to point out the corner where she had last seen the boy and girl.

At the center of a maze of streets which is the Elephant and Castle they found a policeman who remem-

bered seeing the children. At the top of Taggs Street the boy's mother heard the fiddle. She cast her dignity behind her and ran. The others followed, and together they came upon the scene of the dance.

The children had procured a barrel from a near-by alley for the fiddler. He had taken off his velvet jacket and abandoned himself to the infection of the moment. A choice bit of Spohr, played furioso, served as a jig. To this the shoemaker was teaching Titania the sailors' hornpipe. Her curls were damp with her exertions, and her slippers were gray with the dust of Taggs Street, but her blue eyes shone as she followed her instructor. He had just entreated her to "shake yer left leg like a rag, missy, while yer makes a 'eel-an'-toe shuffle with yer right un!" when Titania saw a change come over the ring of children who had formed about her. They began to cower and slink away.

The boy said nothing. He handed over the fiddle to the frightened shoemaker and stood up for his reprimand. But Titania wailed aloud.

"I had it 'most learned!" she cried, "and now you've frightened away the nice shoemaker and all the jolly children." It surprised her to be caught up in her mother's arms, and to feel the tears on her cheek. "But we were coming back to the concert place pretty soon," she protested, "though to-morrow," she added honestly, "when we have done our practicing we're going to get on the green 'bus and come down here again."

The Tenor reached down and took her hand.

"At our house," he remarked casually, "we've a garden and a bull pup and four children. The bull pup is white with pink eyes, and to-morrow we're going to have a party. It begins at two; will you and the boy come?"

"Oh, boy!" she cried, "he's going to have a party! There are four children and a bull pup—white with pink eyes!—and we're invited at two to-morrow!"

A heavenly flash of light came into the boy's eyes, but it was gone almost before his mother had seen it. He scraped a sullen toe along the pavement.

"Can't," he said "I've got a fiddle lesson at two."

His mother stooped hastily. "Not to-morrow, Davy, dear. We'll put off the lesson for the party."

The boy glanced up at her with dumb astonishment. Then he looked at Titania.

"All right," Titania," he said. "I'd just as soon go to the party with you—anyway, I'd rather like to see that bull pup."



9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100

I Used to Know Your Ma*

WILBUR D. NESBIT.

Stand up there, Henry Thompson. You have heard the verdick read.

You're guilty. An' I guess it's best your ma is with the dead.

This would 'a' hurt her feelin's. She was tender-hearted like,

An' anybody's sorrow found her heart the place to strike. She died when you was little. You was brought up by your pa.

I got to do my duty— But—I used to know your ma.

You favor her a good deal, got her look about the eyes. When she was young, I mind them; they was like the summer skies.

I've watched you, Henry Thompson, while the jury was out there:

You've got your mother's dimple, but you've got your father's hair.

Well, marriage is a lott'ry, an' there's lots o' blanks, they say—

An' she run off to marry. Seems as if 'twas yesterday!

Your pa come here a stranger. He was always flashy dressed,

An' had some ways about him that I wouldn't call the best.

*Reprinted from Harper's Weekly.

But he was from the city, with the city's dashin' ways,
An' half the girls was after him when he'd been here
two days.

The rest of us would look at him with envy an' with awe.
You favor him a little—but you look more like your ma.

What come 'o him? You don't know, 'ceptin' that he
went away?

Just left you to your kinfolks? Worked for board an'
keep, you say.

Well, now, that wasn't pleasant; didn't give you half
a chance.

I'll put that down as a extenuatin' circumstance.
That is a jedge's duty. It's required o' him to draw
A sensible conclusion—an', I used to know your ma.

She was a purty woman; had a sort o' dimplin' smile
That peeped out like th' sunshine almost every little while.
Smile, Henry. . . . There, that's like it! Why, I'd
almost think that she

Had willed her smile to you, lad, for a sort o' legacy.
We used to go bob-sleddin'—had th' big sled filled with
straw,

An' druv to spellin'-matches—that was 'fore she met
your pa.

The sentence of this court is— I suppose it's thirty
years

Sence I was at the huskin'-bee—an' I found two red ears.
Had two more in a minute! An' they tingled for a week.
But, Lord! There was a dimple in the middle of her
cheek

More coaxin' than all other dimples that I ever saw.
That was before she married—when I used to know your
ma.

How old are you? Nineteen? Well, that was her age
to a day

When word went 'round the settlement that she had run
away.

I' got a rose here somewheres; keep it in my pocket-book,
An', bein' you're her boy, I guess it's right for you to look.
It's just a old fool's fancy—but she give it to me then.

The Speaker

My eyes ain't what they once was— There! They trouble me again.

We never heard much of her, after her an' him had gone—

Just kept this rose to wither, while the years went rollin' on.

An' then, a long time after, come a telegram that read
How life and death is with us—you was born, and she—
was dead.

So, boy, I'm sorry for you, bein' brought up by your pa,
An' mostly absent treatment—when it should have been
your ma.

I'd go to church a Sunday— If you could 'a' heard her sing!

My, how her voice could make you feel as glad as anything!

Someway it got right to you; there was something in the tone

That made you think of angels singin' round about the Throne.

Too bad she couldn't raise you. Never thought much of your pa.

She would 'a' kept you from this—for, you see, I knew your ma.

Well—so, I never married. Just been sort o' keepin' bach. I reckon I was never what the girls would call a "catch."

An' when a man lives single, why, it's funny how it seems

He sees somebody smilin' an' can hear her voice in dreams.

I went when she was buried. If you'd go out there you might

See roses—always fresh ones—for they was her favor-ite.

Stand up there, Henry Thompson. You have heard the verdict here.

The jury says you're guilty, an' the jedge's course is clear.

The sentence of this court is—that from prison you are free,

Providin' that hereafter you will live along with me!
I know it ain't the statute, an' it's clear agin' the law,
But hearts are more than Blackstone—an'—I used to
love your ma.



At the Sign of the Cleft Heart*

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON.

Time—afternoon. *The season*—May.

The scenc—*Love's Shop, Arcadian Way;*
Love at the counter; Maiden at the door.

MAIDEN. Is this the place?—I've not—been here—
before——

LOVE (*aside*). Ah, a new customer—I know the blush—
Poor Child! She's all a-quiver as a thrush
Thrills before singing. (*Bowing.*) Sweetheart, from
your face

I can assure you that this is the place,
The Sign of the Cleft Heart. Hearts, old and new,
Always in stock; repairing done here, too.
Exchanges made and offered——

MAIDEN. Nay, sir, I
Have only come——

LOVE (*aside*). That blush again.

MAIDEN. —to buy.

LOVE. Good! Look about you. Here are hearts a
score——

Choose any one——

MAIDEN. Think you I wanted more?
One's almost too expensive. Mother prayed——

LOVE (*aside*). Venus! these mothers—how they help
the trade!

MAIDEN. —Prayed me—to—be content a year or two
With none—or let her choose for me.

LOVE. Yet you——

*Reprinted from "The Smart Set."

The Speaker

MAIDEN. I came alone, because I thought that she—
That I—in fact, our tastes might not agree.

LOVE. Quite so. In fact, when ancient ladies call
I often find their tastes the worst of all;

And yet they're suited easily, but you—
You youngsters puzzle me. (*Picking up a heart*) Will
this heart do?

MAIDEN (*reflecting*). Um! yes; it's large, but then it
seems so green.

LOVE. Yes, it is fresh, but then it's just nineteen
And full of poetry. Why, it could speak
An hour about the dimples in your cheek.

And then how pure it is!—no spot, no stain—

MAIDEN. Uninteresting! Put it back again.

LOVE (*aside*). So *that* to girlhood is what boy love
means?

I'll put this by for someone beyond—teens.

We'll look at this one.

MAIDEN. Oh, but that's so small.

LOVE. And yet so heavy. Quick, don't let it fall!

MAIDEN. So small, yet heavy that I scarce can hold—

LOVE. It's brimmed quite to the very top with gold.

No romance left; no touch of hope or fire,

But hard, bright gold.

MAIDEN. It's not what I desire,

The horrid, heavy thing, yet—

LOVE. Be confessed.

MAIDEN. I think mamma would have me like it best.

LOVE. It's not for sale; left for an exchange.

MAIDEN. For what?

LOVE. A tender, maiden heart.

MAIDEN. How strange—

LOVE. Not strange at all—exchange of pounds and pence

For youth and purity and innocence.

The thing's done every day.

MAIDEN. But you—but *you*—?

LOVE. Not strictly in my line, you mean. Quite true—

A side branch of the trade, not really mine;

It only bears my signature and sign,

And they wear off. But see, will this one do?

MAIDEN. Why, Love, how *can* you? Look, it's broken
through.

LOVE. Of course, of course; yet, if you really cared

To have the thing, it's easily repaired,
And no one's wiser. Treat it thus and so,
And in a month the crack will scarcely show.

MAIDEN. But still I'd know it.

LOVE. True, but think what wit
And cleverness you'd show in mending it.

MAIDEN. Well, I'll consider that; but this one, see!
So nicked and cracked—

LOVE. Oh, handle carefully!
It's fragile, but in good condition.

MAIDEN. True,
Yet I prefer the one that's broken through
To this one, with its horrid, hundred cracks.

LOVE (*aside*). There spake the woman. This one, then;
this lacks

Nothing to make it what you most desire.

A perfect article, complete, entire.

MAIDEN. But it looks shopworn.

LOVE. Well, the fact appears
It's been for sale something like ten years.

MAIDEN. Ugh! No, a thing like that would never do.
I want a heart—that—others covet, too.

Now let me see—is not this one—

LOVE. That's black
In certain lights, and damaged. Put it back;

Now this one—

MAIDEN. That's too cold.

LOVE. And this?

MAIDEN. Too small.

LOVE. Well, really, I have nothing else to show.

You might stop in to-morrow, say—

MAIDEN. Oh, oh!

Look there!

LOVE. Look where?

MAIDEN. Why, there, upon the shelf—

The very thing—I'll take it down myself—

Indeed, the nicest one you have in store.

LOVE. That's not for sale.

MAIDEN. Oh, get it, I implore!

I'll give you anything you ask—and more.

LOVE. It's not for sale. I'm storing it, that's all,
Until that day a certain maid shall call
And claim it.

The Speaker

MAIDEN. Was't not I?

LOVE. No, no, my dear,
The owner's last instructions were too clear.

MAIDEN. Alas, what were they?

LOVE "Take this heart," he said,
"And put it by with hearts uncomforted.

Show it to none, until a maid one day
Comes searching for a heart she threw away.

Then take this down, and if it be the same,
Across and through it will be writ her name."

MAIDEN. Alas, what more?

LOVE. He said, "Her eyes are blue——"

MAIDEN. And mine are brown—but would not brown
eyes do?

LOVE. He said, "Her hair is golden as the track
Of sunshine on the sea."

MAIDEN. And mine is black.
But she has never come?

LOVE. Not yet.

MAIDEN. Then oh,
Give me the heart? I want it, want it so.
Dear Love, give me the heart.

LOVE. I should not dare.

MAIDEN. She has forgotten it—she would not care.
Give it to me——

LOVE. It is not meant for you.
Here are so many others—won't they do?
Take two or three——

MAIDEN. I only want that one.

LOVE. Really, I'm sorry, but it can't be done.

MAIDEN (*in tears*). Please, Love, oh, please, oh, cruel—

LOVE. No—no—no!

MAIDEN. You horrid, horrid, cruel thing! I'll go
Straight home and tell my mother. What is more,
I'll *have* that one!

LOVE (*solus*). Whew! How she slammed the door
And how she begged! Poor child, she'll know some day
The tricks Love plays to make the business pay.

Why, bless me, look at this—a happy find!

Poor little soul, she's left her heart behind

Instead of taking one away. Dear, dear.

Give me the steps and let me store it here

Close by the other—so, beneath the rose—

And when she comes to-morrow—well, who knows?

A Song of the Factory

BY JAMES J. MONTAGUE.

The trees were white with blossoms, the meadows were
broad and fair,
And the care-free birds made music for the children
that idled there.
But a man had need of the meadows; his wall and
chimneys sprang
From among the swaying branches where the thrush
and robin sang.
And the man had need of the children; he gathered them
in like sheep,
And set them to work to earn his bread, for children
are many—and cheap.
They crouch all day by the spindles, wizened and wan
and old;
They have given their youth to a master who has minted
it into gold.

No longer they idly listen to a warbler's futile song,
No longer their laughter rings out the whole day long;
No longer they roam the meadows like idle gipsy bands,
For the world is growing richer by the work of their
puny hands.
And the man who found them idling among the feathery
blooms,
And brought them to watch their lives away beside his
clattering looms—
He talks of the goodly riches that his enterprise has won
With the toil of the sad-faced children, and boasts of the
thing he's done!



Four things come not back:
The spoken word;
The sped arrow;
Time past;
The neglected opportunity.

—*The Sayings of Omar Ibn, Al Halif.*

The Comforts of Travel*

BY MR. DOOLEY.



'YE know," said Mr. Hennessy, "ye can go fr'm Chicago to New York in twinty hours? It must be like flyin'."

"It's something like flyin'," said Mr. Dooley, "but it's also like fallin' off a roof or bein' clubbed be a polisman."

"It's wondherful how luxuryous modhern thravel is," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Oh, wondherful," said Mr. Dooley. "It's almost a dream. Ye go to bed at night in Kansas City an' ye ar-re still awake in Chicago in th' mornin'. Ye lave New York to-day an' nex' Thursdah ye ar-re in San Francisco an' can't get back. An' all th' time ye injye such comforts an' illigances as wud make th' Shah iv Persia invious if he heerd iv thim. I've always wanted to fly through space on wan iv thim palace cars with th' beautiful names. Th' man that names th' Pullman cars an' th' pa-aper collars iv this counthry is our greatest pote, whoiver he is. I cud see mesilf steppin' aboard a palace on wheels called Obulula or Onarka an' bein' fired fr'm wan union deepo to another. So las' month whin a towny iv mine in Saint Looey asked me down there I de-tarmined to make th' plunge. With th' invitation come a fine consarvitive article be th' gin'ral passenger agent, indivrin', Hinnissy, to give a faint idee iv th' glories iv th' thrip. There was pitchers in this little pome showin' how th' train looked to th' passenger agent. Illigantly dhressed ladies an' gintlemen set in th' handsomely upholstered seats, or sthrolled through the broad aisles. Pierpont Morgan was disclosed in a corner dictatin' a letter to Andhrew Carnaygie. In th' barber shop Jawn D. Rockyfeller was bein' shaved. In th' smokin' car ye cud see a crowd iv jolly men playin' poker; near by sat three wags tellin' comic sthories while a naygur waither dashed to an' fro an' pushed mint juleps into th' fash'nable comp'ny. Says I to mesilf, 'Here is life.

*Copyright, 1904, by McClure, Phillips & Co.

They'll have to dhrag me fr'm that rollin' home iv bliss feet foremost," says I. An' I wint boundin' down to th' deepo. I slung four dollars at th' prisidint iv th' road whin he had concluded some important business with his nails, an' he slung back a yard iv green paper by which I surrindereed me rights as an American citizen. With this here deed in me hand, I wint through a line iv haughty gintlemin in unyform, an' wan afther another looked at th' ticket an' punched a hole in it. Whin I got to th' thrain th' last iv these gr-reat men says: 'Have ye got a ticket?' 'I had,' says I. 'This porous plaster was a ticket three minyits ago!' 'Get aboard,' says he, givin' me a short, friendly kick, an' in a minyit I found meself amid a scene iv oryental splendor an' no place to put me gripsack.

"I sthud dhrinkin' in th' glories iv th' scene ontill a proud man who cud qualify on color f'r all his meals at th' White House come up an' ordhered me to bed. Fond as I am iv th' colored man, Hinmissy, I wud sometimes wish that th' summer styles in Pullman porters was more light an' airy. It is thrue that the naygur porter is more durable an' doesn't show th' dirt, but on th' other hand, he shows th' heat more. 'Where,' says I, 'do I sleep?' 'I don't know where ye sleep, cap,' says he, 'but ye'er ticket reads f'r an upper berth.' 'I wud prefer a thrapeze,' says I, 'but if ye'll call out th' fire department, may be they can help me in,' I says. At that he projooed a scalin' laddher, an' th' train goin' around a curve at that minyit, I soon found meself on me hands an' knees in wan iv th' coziest little upstairs rooms ye iver saw. He dhrew th' curtains an' so will I. But some day whin I am downtown I am goin' to dhrop in on me friend th' prisidint iv th' Pullman Company an' ask him to publish a few hints to the wayfarer. I wud like to know how a gintleman can take off his clothes while settin' on thim. It wud help a good deal to know what to do with th' clothes when ye have squirmed out iv thim. Ar-re they to be rolled up in a ball an' placed undher th' head or dhropped into th' aisle? Again, in th' mornin' how to get into th' clothes without throwin' th' thrain off th' track? I will tell ye confidintially, Hinmissy, that not bein' a contortionist, th' on'y thing I took off was me hat.

"Th' thrain sped on an' on. I cud not sleep. Th'

luxury iv thravel kept me wide awake. Who wud coort slumber in such a cozy little bower? There were some that did it; I heerd thim coortin'. But not I. I lay awake while we flew on, I might say, bumped through space. It seemed hardly a minyit before we were in Saint Loocy. It seemed a year. On an' iver on we flew, past forest, river an' plain. Th' lights burned brightly just over me left ear, th' windows was open an' let in th' hoarse, exultant shriek iv th' locomotive, th' conversation iv th' baggage man to th' heavy thrunk, th' bammy night air an' gr-reat purple clouds iv Illinye coal smoke. I took in enough iv this splindid product iv our prairie soil to qualify as a coal yard. Be th' time th' sun peeked, or, I may say, jumped into me little roost, I wud've made a cheerful grate fire an' left a slight deposit iv r-red ashes. Th' mornin' came too soon. I called me illusthrees almost Booker Wash'n'ton, an' with th' assistance iv th' step laddher, th' bell rope an' th' bald head iv th' man in th' lower berth, I bounded lightly out iv me little nook an' rose fr'm th' flure with no injury worse than a sprained ankle. I thin walked th' long an' splendid aisle flanked be gintlemen who were writhin' into their clothin', an' soon found mesilf in th' superbly appointed wash room.

"What hasn't American ingenuity done f'r th' wur-ruld? Here we were fairly flyin' through space or stoppin' f'r wather at Polo, Illinye, an' ye cud wash ye'er-silf as comfortably as ye cud in th' hydrant back iv th' gas house. There were three handsome wash basins, wan piece iv shy, evasive soap an' towels galore—that is, almost enough to go round. In front iv each wash basin was a delicately nurtured child iv luxury cleansin' himsilf an' th' surroundin' furniture at wan blow. Havin' injyed a very refreshin' attimpt at a bath, I sauntered out into th' car. It looked almost like th' pitchers in th' pamphlet, or wud've if all th' boots had been removed. Th' scene was rendered more attractive be th' prisence iv th' fair sect. A charmin' woman is always charmin', but niver more so thin on a sleepin' car in th' mornin' afther a hard night's rest an' forty miles fr'm a curlin' ir'n. With their pretty faces slightly streaked be th' right iv way, their eyes dancin' with suppressed fury an' their hair almost sthraight, they make a pitcher that few

can f'rget—an' they're lucky. But me eyes were not f'r them. To tell ye th' truth, Hinmissy, I was hungry. I thought to find a place among th' coal in me f'r wan iv thim sumchous meals I had r-read about, an' I summoned th' black prince who was foldin' up th' beddin' with his teeth. 'I wud like a breakfast fr'm ye'er superbly equipped buffay,' says I. 'I got ye,' says he. 'We have canned lobster, canned corn-beef, canned tomatoes, canned asparygus, an' wather fresh fr'm th' company's own spring at th' Chicago wather wurruks,' he says. 'Have ye anything to eat?' says I. 'Sind me th' cook,' I says. 'I'm th' cook,' says he, wipin' a pair iv shoes with his sleeve. 'What do ye do ye'er cookin' with?' says I. 'With a can opener,' says he, givin' a hearty laugh.

"An' so we whiled th' time away till Saint Looey was reached. O'Brien an' his wife nursed me back to life, I rayturned on th' canal boat an' here I am, almost as well as befure I made me pleasure jaunt. I'm not goin' to do it again. Let thim that will bask in their comforts. I stay at home. Whiniver I feel th' desire to fly through space, I throw four dollars out iv th' window, put a cinder into me eye an' go to bed on a shelf in th' closet."



Corporal Punishment*

BY MR. DOOLEY.



ELL, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "I see that some schoolteachers down East have been petitioning to be allowed to slug th' young."

"How's that?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "they say they can't do anything with these tender little growths onless they use a club. They want the boord iv iddycation to restore what's called corporal punishment—that is, th' fun iv lickin' some wan that can't fight back. Says wan iv thim: 'Th' little wans undher our care are

far fr'm bein' th' small angels that they look. As a matther iv fact they are rebellyous monstheres that must be suppressed be vigorous an', says he, 'stern measures. Is it right,' says he, 'that us schoolmasters shud daily risk our lives at th' hands iv these feerocious an' tigrish inimies iv human s'ciety without havin' a chance to pound thim? Yisterdah a golden-haired imp iv perdition placed a tack on me chair. To-day I found a dead rat in me desk. At times they write opprobrious epithets about me on th' blackboard; at other times crood but pinted carrycatures. Nawthin' will control thim. They hurl the murdhrous spitball. They pull th' braid iv th' little girl. They fire base balls through th' windows. Sometimes lumps iv chewin' gum are found undher their desks where they have stuck thim f'r further use. They shuffle their feet whin I'm narvous. They look around thim whin they think I'm not lookin'. They pass notes grossly insultin' each other. Moral suasion does no good. I have thried writin' to their parents askin' thim to cripple their offspring, an' th' parents have come over an' offered to fight me. I've thried keepin' thim after school, makin' thim write compositions an' shakin' th' milk teeth out iv thim, but to no avail. Me opinyon is that th' av'rage small boy is a threcherous, dangerous crather, like th' Apachy Indyan, an' that th' on'y thing to do with him is to slam him with a wagon spoke,' says he.

"If I was a life insurance canvasser or a coal dealer, or something else that made me illegible to be a mumber iv a boord iv iddycation, an' an able-bodied man, six feet tall come to me f'r permission to whale a boy three feet tall, I'd say: 'I don't know whether ye are compitint. Punishing people requires special thrainin'. It ain't iv'rybody that's suited f'r th' job. Ye might bungle it. Just take off ye'er coat an' vest an' step into th' next room an' be examined.' An' in th' next room th' ambitious iddy-cator wud find James J. Jeffreys or some other akely efficient expert ready f'r him, an' if he come back alive he'd have a certy-ficate entitlin' him to whack anny little boy he met—except mine.

"Sure there'd be very few people to say they believe in corporal punishment if corporal punishment was gin'ral. I wudden't give anny wan th' right to lick a child that wanted to lick a child. No wan shud be licked

till he's too old to take a lickin'. If it's right to larrup an infant iv eight, why ain't it right to larrup wan iv eighteen? Supposin' Prisdint Hadley iv Yale see that th' left tackle or th' half back iv th' football team wasn't behavin' right. He'd been caught blowin' a pea shooter at th' pro-fissor iv illiminthry chemistry, or pullin' th' dure bell iv tli' pro-fissor iv dogmatic theosophy. He don't know any diff'rent. He's not supposed to realize th' distinction between right an' wrong yit. Does Prisdint Hadley grab th' child be th' ear an' conduct him to a corner iv th' schoolroom an' wallup him? Ye bet he does not. Prisdint Hadley may be a bold man in raisin' money or thranslatin' Homer, but he knows the diff'rence between courage and sheer recklessness. If he thried to convince this young idea how to shoot in this careless way, ye'd read in the pa-pers that th' fire department was thryin' to rescue Prisdint Hadley fr'm th' roof iv th' buildin', but he declined to come down."

"But what wud ye do with a child that refused to obey ye?" demanded Mr. Hennessy.

"Not bein' ayther a parent or an iddycator, I niver had such a child," said Mr. Dooley. "I don't know what I'd do if I was. Th' on'y thing I wudden't do wud be to hit him if he cudden't hit back, an' thin I'd think twice about it."



Held At the Station*

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.



ABOUT a week ago I stood at my window shaving (I was taking a week's holiday), when my eyes conveyed to me the information that old Mr. Camp was walking by our house in the direction of the station, and that he was alone and going quite fast, for although mentally unbalanced, he has a vigor of body that often accompanies that manifestation.

Mrs. Danton was sewing in the next room, and I called out to her:

*Reprinted from "The Saturday Evening Post." An extract.

"Why, there goes Mr. Camp, all alone."

She rushed to the window, all excitement in an instant.

"Why, that's Mr. Haskins," said she.

"Better have your eyes examined, my dear," said I.

Haskins is the very antithesis of Mr. Camp in everything save a certain physical resemblance, and, as Mrs. Danton is near-sighted, her mistake was natural.

"Well, if it's Mr. Camp his sister ought to know he's escaped. I'll go in and tell her, and you head him off and take him home."

"No," said I; "I'll run down to the station and tell the baggageman to do it. He might resent my interfering, and I like him too well for that."

She was already at the head of the stairs.

"Yes, but he's fond of you, so you could easily manage him. Just reason him out of it, but hurry. The 9.24 will be here in a few minutes."

I hastily wiped the lather off my chin, and, not waiting to put on collar or coat—the day was a warm one in June—I rushed out of the house, and, by cutting across my neighbor's back yard, I soon got ahead of the old man.

On I ran and arrived at the station while Mr. Camp was at least a block away. There were neither passengers nor loungers about. Most of my neighbors were already at their New York desks, and the solitary hackman was not anywhere in sight, and I was glad of it, as I was not dressed for the outer world.

I opened the door and ran to the ticket window.

"Oh, where's Mr. Parkinson?" said I, as a strange face appeared at the opening.

"Sick. Where to?" said he, running his fingers tentatively along the ticket-rack.

"No, I don't want a ticket. Say, there's an old gentleman a little out of his head coming here in a minute. He'll tell you he wants to go to New York to attend a directors' meeting, but you mustn't sell him a ticket. Keep him busy until the 9.24 goes, and meanwhile I'll go after his attendant. It's Mr. Camp, you know. Lives here, but just a little——"

"I understand," said the temporary agent. "Not enough buttons. He won't get by me. Shall I shut him up in here?"

"Yes, if necessary. But be gentle with him. Nice old man. All right only for that."

"I understand."

Much gratified, I nodded my head and rushed through the outward door, and, making a detour of the station, started home.

As I turned the corner of the station I saw Mr. Camp's coat-tails vanishing in the doorway of the men's waiting-room, and then it suddenly occurred to me that perhaps I'd better stay on hand until the train had left, as I might be needed.

I stepped into the ladies' waiting-room and I heard every bit of the conversation that followed. It would have been as good as a play if it had not seemed to me pathetic—still, some good plays are pathetic.

"I want a return ticket to New York. Left my commutation at home," said Mr. Camp. He evidently had a cold, as his voice was very hoarse and much gruffer than usual.

"Very sorry," said the ticket agent, "but I have orders not to sell you a ticket."

"What in thunder do you mean?"

"Nice weather, isn't it? Feels a little like rain. Say, don't you want to come inside here and look at this picture of the St. Louis Exposition?"

I understood the man's scheme at once. The office was protected by a wire netting and he wished to lure Mr. Camp inside and then keep him a prisoner.

Mr. Camp's answer astonished me. I never heard the dear old gentleman swear before. Still, he was probably excited.

"Are you a fool or a damfool?" said the old gentleman, his voice growing strident and more and more unlike his usual tones. "Sell me a ticket to New York at once. I've got to attend an important meeting. I believe you're crazy."

"Exactly, but you get no ticket from me. Orders are orders."

Outside I could hear a singing on the rails. The train was approaching.

"Very well, then, I'll pay on the train; but, young man, you'll lose your position for this." I heard him take a step toward the door and felt that now was my time. I

would throw myself on him and hold him until the train had left. I rushed out of the ladies' waiting-room and along the platform to the other door. Inside I heard the sound of a struggle, and then, to my horror, there was a pistol shot, and then a door was slammed and there was silence for a moment. My heart stood still. So did the train, but only for a second. There being no passengers in sight, it steamed off and disappeared beyond the Kent Street bridge.

I looked up the platform and saw my wife hurrying along bareheaded.

"Well, you *did* make a mistake, didn't you?" she cried.

"Not that I'm aware of," said I with as much dignity as I could assume without a collar. "He's got him all right. Where's his man?"

"Reading to Mr. Camp in his library."

"Like fun he is," said I sarcastically. "Mr. Camp is not listening to any reading. It's quite unprintable. That new man has him all right, and he didn't catch the train."

"Horace Danton, who is the new man, and what has he got? I tell you that Mr. Camp is at home and I've just been talking to him."

Her words suddenly took on meaning, and I said:

"For pity's sake, who *has* he got? He has someone, and they're having it hot and heavy. You wait and I'll go see. They had pistols."

At the word pistols Mrs. Danton stopped and then began to walk backward, and I ran to the door, and as they were still struggling I planted my foot against it and burst it in.

There were visible evidences of a struggle. The pistol, which had wrecked a kerosene lamp, was lying on the desk, the agent having wrested it from his antagonist's hand. Oil bespattered the shade, and ink was flowing across a dispatch-book and down on to the floor. The agent, quite winded, was nursing his eye at one end of the tiny apartment, and opposite him, bound with rope and puffing and blowing, but full of fight—and profanity—sat Mr. Edward T. Haskins, Wall Street magnate, of whom I spoke earlier in the story.

I felt at once that I needed a change of scene, and,

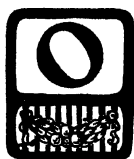
after trying to explain things to two angry men, I went home and packed up, and we spent the rest of my vacation on the Maine coast.

Mrs. Danton says I ought to go to an oculist.



The Mother of Little Maude and Little Maude *

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.



ONCE upon a time there was a little girl named Maude, and she went out a-driving in a four-wheeled carriage, drawn by two four-legged horses and driven by one two-legged driver. And the dear little girl named Maude sat on the front seat by the two-legged driver and Maude's dear mamma sat on the back seat by herself, which is not the same as beside herself.

And all of a sudden the horses, which had only been running before, began to run away. And the dear little girl named Maude wished to let her mamma know that they were running away, but she did not wish to alarm her too suddenly, for sometimes shocks are serious.

And the dear little girl named Maude saw a reporter-man walking along the sidewalk looking for news for his paper. So she called to the reporter-man and said: "I wish to speak to you on business."

And the reporter-man was agile and he jumped on the steps of the carriage and the little girl said to him, "Please get it into your paper that the horses are running away, and I wish my dear mamma to know it. I am none other than little Maude."

And the reporter-man did not know that the lady on the back seat was the mamma of little Maude, so he raised his

*From "Minerva's Manoeuvres." Published by A. S. Barnes & Co.

cap and jumped from the carriage and nearly fell down in so doing, for the horses were now running madly on eight legs, and the driver was getting nervous, and the reporter went to the newspaper office and wrote: "The horses of the little girl, who is none other than little Maude, are running away, and it is a pretty serious business, for her mamma does not know it, and there is no telling when the horses will stop."

And they slapped this news into type, and then it was printed in the newspaper and a newsboy put the papers under his arm and ran into the street, crying, "Extry! extry! full account of the running away of the horses of the little girl who is none other than little Maude."

And Maude's mamma heard the little boy, and she beckoned to him to bring her a paper, and the newsboy was also agile and he leaped upon the step and sold a paper to the lady for a cent, and then he jumped off again, for he had other papers to sell.

And the mamma of little Maude began to read the news. And when she came to the part that said the horses of little Maude were running away, she looked straight ahead and saw that it was indeed true.

And with great presence of mind she climbed over the back seat and dropped to the ground unhurt. And when little Maude saw her dear mamma had escaped unhurt, she also climbed over the back seat and dropped to the ground unhurt; and when the driver saw that Maude's mamma and little Maude had escaped, he also climbed over the back seat and dropped to the ground unhurt.

And the two horses, who were very intelligent, and who had wondered what would be the outcome of their runaway, got into the carriage and they also climbed over the back seat and dropped to the ground unhurt.



But deep this truth impress'd my mind—
Thro' all His works abroad,
The heart benevolent and kind
The most resembles God.

—Robert Burns: "*A Winter Night*."

The Daisies

I've often thought—no, I never.
 What I mean is—— haven't you
 Ever thought how wise were the daisies,
 How much the little things knew?

On bright, pleasant days in the summer,
 When the hours too quickly glide,
 I—er—have you ever meandered
 With somebody close at your side?

I've seen—that is, haven't you noticed
 How the dear little yellow tops smile,
 When you walk so slow through the meadow,
 Or just happen to stop for awhile?

You just ought to see them giggle
 And nod in their knowing way,
 When a fellow kisses his sweetheart—
 That is, so I've heard people say.

When I—er—but you know that I only
 Speak about what I've heard said,
 And then, you know, I have seen it
 Quite often in novels I've read.



So let the way wind up the hill or down,
 O'er rough or smooth, the journey will be joy.
 Still seeking what I sought when but a boy,
 New friendship, high adventure, and a crown,
 My heart will keep the courage of the quest,
 And hope the road's last turn will be the best.

—Henry Van Dyke: "Life."

Mrs. Harrigan on Neighborliness*

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

(Mrs. Harrigan enters the kitchen door of Mrs. Elkins, her opposite neighbor, and with arms akimbo begins to talk.)



GOOD-MARNIN'. Ain't it wonderful the weather we're havin'? Regular June weather, an' most ginerally in June it's as cold as March. I think the saisins does be changin'—an' no wonder. If I was a yair I'd hate to be doin' the same things over an' over, an' like as not I'd freeze things in July an' have fruit in January.

Sp'akin' of fruit, can you lind me the loan of your bread-makin' machine? Sure I'm that busy nowadays that I don't have time to wash me hands, an' they say you can make just as good bread wid dirrty hands in a bread-makin' machine. I wonder could you make ice-crame in it. I borried Mrs. Jones' ice-crame freezer an' the baby pulled it arf the table an' bruk it an' the ice-crame not half-froze, an' me expectin' Father Ryan to tea, like as not, although he seldom comes this time of yair, but 'tis bist to be prepared.

I hope the Joneses won't be wantin' anny ice-crame for some time until I think to get the freezer mended, an' it ain't likely I'll think of it at arl, as Mike is so busy gettin' ready to make hay.

I have the worrst luck wid machinery. I borried Mrs. Chase's hand sewin'-machine an' the baby ran a stick t'roo it an' bruk it, an' I took it right back to Mrs. Chase, for I tharget she might want to use it, but she wasn't in, an' so I didn't tell her it was bruk, an' I hope you won't, for she'd hate to hair it comin' from a stranger, though why ye don't go an' carl on her I can't see, for her husband has lots of t'ings that would come in handy if ye wanted to borrrer.

*Reprinted from "The Saturday Evening Post."

Jimmy had his foot swell up just like the mumps, but Mike says it was a hornet. Hornets is very plentiful this yair. Sure, I often think it's a pity they don't make honey, for Mike could sell it if there was anny wan wanted hornets' honey. Jimmy says it would be hot stuff. I often think it's a pity flies isn't more useful—we have so manny of them. Sure, screens is no good, for the baby stepped t'roo three an' the flies always comes t'roo the holes. An', annyhow, the back door is arlways open to let in the baby—an' the chickens. The chickens is a nuisance, but since they found scraps on the kitchen floor it's hard keepin' them out. An' scraps is good for eggs, but the chickens is on'y five weeks old an' not likely to lay until snow flies, an' then they'll never do it, it's so cold. It would be a gran' thing if we had our winters in the summer when it's warrm, for then the hens would lay arl winter long.

Oh, you'd rather not lind your bread-makin' machine? (*Laughs good-humoredly.*) Sure, it's arl wan. I'll bring over some water an' salt an' borry some flour an' watch you make it. Mebbe Mike'll buy wan whin he tastes the bread, arlthough he says he's used to me hands, black or white, an' he's like to dislike anny mechanical bread.

Anny time ye want to borry annything we have that ain't bruk, it's welkim y'are, though we do have turrible luck wid machinery.

(*Starts to go.*) I'll be back wid the salt. . . . What's that? You'll make me a batch just to try? Sure it's kind y'are. Then I'll not thrubble to get the salt, but, if the bread turns out right, I want you to keep a loaf for yourself wid my compliments.

Sure, what's the use of bein' neighbors if we can't be neighborly?



Old Time, in whose bank we deposit our notes,
Is a miser who always wants guineas for groats;
He keeps all his customers still in arrears
By lending them minutes and charging them years.
—*Oliver Wendell Holmes: "Songs of Many Seasons."*

Things Inside*

BY ALOYSIUS COLL.

My papa is a doctor man,
An' that is how he knows
Each little thing inside of me,
An' how it runs an' goes.
He tells me I have whizzin' wheels
Inside my head that spin—
I ast him onct t' tell me how
Th' buzzin' wheels got in.

He put his finger in my mouth:
"Why, here's a tiny door!"
An' then he tweaked my nose, an' said:
"An' here's a couple more;
An' here's a little music-box—
It's full of cogs an' wheels,
An' every time you give a squeeze
It opens up an' squeals!"

One day my papa saw me bolt
A great big chunk of 'tater:
"Look out!" he cried, "you'll overtax
Your little elevator!"
"What's that?" I ast. "Oh, that," said he,
"Is jest a little dummy
That carries everything you eat
Clear down into your tummy!"

I'm full of springs, jest like a clock,
An' when I start t' play,
My papa looks at me, an' sez:
"You're all wound up to-day!"
But onct, when I was sick, he said:
"Let's quit th' stuffy town,
An' move out t' th' country house—
Th' boy is all run down!"

*Reprinted from "The Saturday Evening Post."

Then 'cause he couldn't wind me up
 Ag'in, without a key,
 He fed me castor-oil—t' grease
 Th' cogs an' wheels in me.
 I don't see how a little boy
 Not very high or wide
 Can carry 'round th' awful load
 Of things he's got inside!



Two of Them

BY J. T. BARRIE.



E promised to be to her such a friend as he was to Mr. Thomson; he even undertook, if necessary, to scold her though she cried (as she hinted she probably should do), and she was to see that it was for her good, just as Thomson sees it when he scolds him.

"I shall have to call you Mary."

"I don't see that."

"Yes, it is customary among real friends. They expect it of each other."

"But you don't call Mr. Thomson by his Christian name?"

"Certainly I do."

"And he would feel slighted if you did not?"

"He would be extremely pained."

"What is his Christian name?"

"Thomson's Christian name? Oh, his Christian name? Thomson's Christian name is—ah—Harry."

"But I thought his initials were J. T.? Those are the initials on that umbrella you never returned to him."

"Is that so? Then my suspicions were correct—the umbrella is not his own. How like him!"

"I had an idea that you merely called him Thomson."

"Before other people only. Men friends address each

other in one way in company, but in quite another way when they are alone."

"Oh, well, if it is customary."

"If it were not, I would not propose such a thing."

Another chocolate drop, and then:

"Mary, dear——"

"Dear!"

"That is what I said."

"I don't think it worthy of you. It is taking two chocolate drops when I only said you could have one."

"Well, when I get my hand into the bag. I admit—I—I—mean, Thomson would not have been so niggardly."

"I am certain you don't call him Harry, dear."

"Not perhaps, as a rule, but at times men friends are more demonstrative than you think them. For instance, if Thom—I mean Harry, was ill——"

"But I am well."

"Still, with all this influenza about——"

She had just put her jacket on the table, her chocolate drops on the mantelpiece, her gloves on the couch—in-deed, this room was full of her, and he was holding her scarf, just as he held Thomson's.

"I walked down Regent Street behind you yesterday, and your back told me that you were vain."

"I am not vain of my personal appearance, at any rate."

"How could you be?"

She looked at him sharply, but his face was without expression, and she sighed. She remembered that he had no humor.

"Whatever my faults are, and they are many, vanity is not one of them."

"When I said you had a bad temper, you made the same remark about it. Also when——"

"That was last week, stupid! But, of course, if you think me ugly——"

"I did not say that."

"Yes, you did."

"But if you think nothing of your personal appearance, why, blame me, if I agree with you?"

She rose haughtily.

"Sit down."

"I won't. Give me my scarf." Her eyes were flashing. She has all sorts of eyes.

"If you really want to know what I think of your personal appearance——"

"I don't."

He resumed his pipe.

"Well?"

"Well?"

"Oh, I thought you were going to say something."

"Only that your back pleased me in certain other respects." She let the chair take her back in its embrace.

"Mary, dear!"

It is a fact that she was crying. After he had made a remark or two:

"I am so glad you think me pretty, for though I don't think so myself, I like other people to think it, and somehow I thought you considered me plain. My nose is all wrong, isn't it?"

"Let me see."

"So you admit you were entirely mistaken in calling me vain."

"You have proved that I was."

However, after she had drawn the daggers out of her head and put them into the scarf (or whatever part of a lady's dress it is that is worked with daggers), and when the door had closed on her, she opened it and hurriedly fired these shots at him:

"Yes, I am horridly vain—I do my hair every night before I go to bed—I was sure you admired me the very first time we met—I know I have a pretty nose—good afternoon."

She was making spills for him, because those Thomson made for him ran down.

"Mary."

"Well?"

"Mary, dear."

"I am listening."

"That is all."

"You have such a curious, wasteful habit of saying one's name as if it was a remark by itself."

"Yes, Thomson has noticed that also. However, I think I meant to add that it is very good of you to make those spills. I wonder if you would do something else for me?"

"As a friend?"

"Yes, I want you to fill my pipe and ram down the tobacco with your little finger."

"You and Mr. Thomson do that for each other?"

"Often."

"Very well. Give it to me. This way?"

"It smokes beautifully. You are a dear, good girl."

"Oh, I'm not, I am not really kind-hearted. It is all selfishness! Even my charities are only a hideous kind of selfishness. There is that poor man who sells match boxes at the corner of this street, for instance. I sometimes give him two pence."

"That is surely not selfish."

"It is. I never give him anything simply because I see he needs it, but only occasionally when I feel happier than usual. I am only thinking of my own happiness when I give it to him. That is the personification of selfishness."

"Mary!"

"Well, if that isn't, this is. I only give him something when I am passing him, at any rate. I never dream of crossing the street on purpose to do it. Oh, I should need to be terrifically happy before I would bother crossing to give him anything. There! What do you think of me now?"

"You gave him something on Monday, when I was with you?"

"Yes."

"Then you were happy at that time?"

"A great deal."

"Mary, dear——"

"No, go and sit over there."

The subjects they discussed over the poker. For instance:

The rapidity with which we grow old.

What on earth Mr. Meredith means by saying that woman will be the last thing civilized by man?

Thomson.

What will it all matter a hundred years hence?

How strangely unlike other people we two are!

The nicest name for a woman (Mary).

The mystery of being and not being.

Why does Mary exist?

Does Mary exist?

She had come in looking very doleful, and the reason was, that the more she thought it over, the less could she see why she existed. Mary stared at the problem with wide, fixed eyes, until he compelled her to wink by putting another in front of it, namely, "Do you exist?" In her ignorance she thought there was no doubt of this, but he lent her a "Bishop Berkley," and since then she has taken to pinching herself on the sly, just to make sure that she is still there.

So far he had not by a word or look or sign broken the agreement, which rendered their platonic friendship possible. He had not even called her darling, and this because, having reflected a good deal on the subject, he could not persuade himself that this was one of his ways of addressing Thomson. And it would have continued the same treatment had it not been for her scarf. That scarf is entirely responsible for what happened that day.

It is a stripe of faded terra cotta and she ties it round her mouth before going out into the fog. Her face is then sufficiently irritating, but he could endure it by looking another way, did she not recklessly make farewell remarks through the scarf, which is very thin. Then her mouth—in short, he couldn't put up with this.

He had warned her repeatedly. But she was like a mad girl, or, perhaps, she did not understand his meaning.

"Don't come near me with that thing round your mouth," he had told her a dozen times. He refused firmly to tie it for her. He put the table between him and it, and she asked why? (Through the scarf.) She was quite mad.

And to-day, when he was feeling rather strange at any rate! It all occurred in a moment.

"Don't attempt to speak with that scarf round you," he had said, and said it with his back to her.

"You think I can't because it is too tight?"

"Go away."

She turned him round.

"Why, it is quite loose. I believe I could whistle through it."

She did whistle through it. That finished their platonic friendship.

The Speaker

He spoke wildly, fiercely, exultantly, and she, all the time, was trying to put on her jacket, and could not find the sleeve.

"It was your own fault, but I am glad. I warned you. Cry away. I like to see you crying."

"I hate you."

"No, you don't."

"A friend——"

"Friend! Pooh! Bah! Pshaw!"

"Mr. Thomson——"

"Thomson! Tchut! Thomson! His Christian name isn't Harry. I don't know what it is. I don't care!"

"You said——"

"It was a lie. Don't screw your mouth that way."

"I will, if I like."

"I warn you."

"I don't care! Oh, oh!"

"I warned you."

"Now I know you in your true colors."

"You do and I glory in it. Platonic friendship—fudge! I quarreled with you that time to be able to hold your hands when we made it up. When you thought I was reading your character, I— Don't—screw—your—mouth!"

"Give me my scarf."

"I lent you Berkley so that I could take hold of you by the shoulders on the pretense that I was finding out whether you existed."

"Good-bye, forever!"

"All the time we were discussing the mystery of being, I was thinking how much I should like to put my hands beneath your chin and flick it."

"If you ever dare to speak to me again——"

"Don't—screw—your—mouth! And I would rather put my fingers through your hair than write the greatest poem in——"

She was gone, leaving the scarf behind her.

His heart sank. He flung open his window, and he could have jumped after her. But he did not. What he saw had a remarkable effect on his spirits. He saw her cross the street on purpose to give two pence to the old man who sells matches. All's well with the world. As soon as he can lay down the scarf, he is going west to the house where Mary, dear, lives.

George Washington

He was black as the ace of spades, you see,
And scarcely as high as a tall man's knee;
He wore a hat that was minus a brim,
But that, of course, mattered nothing to him;
His jacket—or what there was left of it—
Scorned his little black shoulders to fit;
And as for stockings and shoes, dear me!
Nothing about such things knew he.

He sat on the curbstone one pleasant day,
Placidly passing the hours away;
His hands in the holes which for pockets were meant,
His thoughts on the clouds overhead were intent.
When down the street suddenly, marching along,
Came soldiers and horses and such a great throng
Of boys and of men, as they crowded the street,
With a "hip, hip, hurrah!"
The lad sprang to his feet,

And joined the procession, his face in a grin,
For here was a good time that "dis chile is in!"
How he stretched out his legs to the beat of the
drum,
Thinking surely at last 'twas the jubilee come!
Then suddenly wondering what 'twas about—
The soldiers, the music and all—with a shout
He hailed a small comrade, "Hi, Cæsar, you know
What all dis purcession a-marchin' fur, so?"

"Go 'long, you George Washington," Cæsar replied,
"In dis yer great kentry you ain't got no pride;
Dis is Washington's birthday; you ought to
know dat,
Wid your head growed so big burst de brim off
yer hat."
For a moment George Washington stood in
surprise,
While plainer to view grew the whites of his eyes.
Then swift to the front of the ranks scampered he,
This mite of a chap hardly high as your knee.

The Speaker

The soldiers looked stern, and an officer said,
 As he rapped with his sword on the black, woolly
 head,
 "Come, boy, clear the road; what a figure you are!"
 Came the ready reply: "I'se George Washington,
 sah!
 But I didn't know nuffin about my birfday
 Till a fellow just told me. Oh, golly, it's gay!"
 Just then a policeman—of course, it was mean—
 Removed young George Washington far from
 the scene.



The Deacon and Parson On New Year's

BY W. H. H. MURRAY.



IT was a bright, happy New Year morning. "I'm going up to see the parson and see if I can't wake him up a little," exclaimed jolly little Deacon Tubman. "Perhaps I can get him out for a ride to make some calls on the people and see the young folks at their fun. It'll do him good, and them good, and me good, and everybody good." Saying which the deacon got inside his warm fur coat, and started towards the barn to harness Jack into the warm, old-fashioned sleigh. Now, old Jack was a horse of a great deal of character, and had a great history, but of this none in this section save the deacon knew a word. Dick Tubman, the deacon's youngest son, had purchased him of an impecunious jockey and given him to his father. He was an animal of a most unique and extraordinary appearance. In the first place, he was quite seventeen hands in height and long in proportion. He was also the reverse of shapely, for his head was long and bony, and his hip bones sharp and protruding; his tail was what is known among horsemen as a "rat tail,"

being but scantily covered with hair, and his neck was even more scantily supplied with mane, while in color he would easily have taken the premium for homeliness.

Such was the horse then that the good deacon had ahead of him and the old-fashioned sleigh, when with the parson alongside he struck into the principal street of the village, at the point where the racecourse terminated (and at the precise moment when the horses that had come flying down the course were being pulled up, preparatory to returning at a slower gait to the customary point of starting, a half mile away). The old-fashioned sleigh was quickly surrounded by the light, fancy cutters of the rival racers, and old Jack was shambling along in the midst of the high-spirited and smoking steeds.

"Hello, deacon," shouted one of the boys, who was driving a trim-looking bay.

"Ain't you goin' to shake out old shamble heels, and show us fellows what speed is?"

"I don't know but what I will!" said the deacon, "if the parson don't object and you won't start off too quick to begin with, for this is New Year's, and a little extra fun won't hurt any of us, I reckon!"

"Do it, do it. We'll hold up for you," answered a dozen merry voices.

"Do it, deacon, it'll do old shamble heels good to go a ten-mile-an-hour gait for once in his life, and the parson needn't fear being scandalized by any speed you'll get out of him!"

And so they went slowly up to the head of the street, with old Jack shambling demurely in the midst of them. But the horse was a knowing old fellow. He had not forgotten his early training either, for when he came to the turn his head and tail came up, his eyes brightened, and with a playful movement of his whole body, and without any hint from the deacon, he swung himself and the cumbrous old sleigh into line, and began to straighten himself for the coming race. Now, the good deacon was utterly unskilled in driving, and old Jack was so confused at the start that he made a most awkward and wretched appearance, so much so that the crowd laughed at his ungainly efforts, and his flying rivals were twenty rods away before he had even got started. But at last

he got his huge body in a straight line, and leaving his miserable shuffle, squared away to his work, and went off at so slashing a gait that it fairly took the deacon's breath away, and caused the crowd that had been howling away at him to roar with applause, while the parson grabbed the edge of the sleigh with one hand, and the rim of his tall black hat with the other.

With muzzle lifted well up, tail erect, the few hairs in it streaming straight behind, one ear pricked forward, the other turned sharply back, the great horse swept grandly along at a pace that was rapidly bringing him even with the rear line of the flying group, and it was without any mishaps that the big horse and sleigh swept through the rear row of racers, like an autumn gust through a cluster of leaves. By this time the deacon had become somewhat alarmed, for old Jack was going nigh to a thirty clip. The deacon began to put a good, strong pressure upon the bit, not doubting that old Jack would take the hint and slow up, but though the huge horse took the hint, it was in exactly the opposite manner that the deacon intended he should: he interpreted the little man's steady pull as an intimation that his driver was getting over his flurry and beginning to treat him as a horse ought to be treated in a race, and that he could now go ahead. And go ahead he did! The more the deacon pulled the more the great animal felt himself steadied and assisted. The deacon began to call upon the horse to stop, crying, "Whoa, Jack! whoa, old boy. I say, whoa! Will you now? That's a good fellow?" and many other coaxing calls. But the horse misunderstood the deacon's calls, as he had the pressure upon the reins. And so with the memory of a hundred races stirring his blood, the crowds cheering him to the echo, the steady pull, the encouraging cries of his driver in his ears and his only rival, the pacer, whirling along only a few rods ahead, the monstrous animal with a desperate plunge that half lifted the old sleigh from the snow let out another link, and, with such a burst of speed as was never seen in the village before, tore along after the pacer, at such a terrible pace that within the distance of a dozen lengths he lay lapped upon him, and the two were going nose to nose. No sooner was old Jack fairly lapped upon the pacer, whose driver was urging him

along with rein and voice, and the contest seemed doubtful, than the spirit of old Adam entered into the deacon and the parson both, so that carried away by the excitement of the race they fairly forgot themselves and entered as wildly into the contest as two ungodly jockeys.

"Deacon Tubman," said the parson, as he clutched more tightly the rim of his tall hat, against which, as the horse tore along, the snow was pelting in showers, "Deacon Tubman, do you think the pacer will beat us?"

"Not if I can help it! Not if I can help it!" yelled the deacon in reply, as he lifted Jack to another spurt.

"Go it, old boy," he shouted, encouragingly. "Go along with you, I say."

And the parson also, carried away by the whirl of the moment, cried, "Go along, old boy! Go along, I say!"

This was the very thing and the only thing that the huge horse, whose blood was now fairly aflame, wanted to rally him for the final effort, and in response to the encouraging cries of the two behind him he gathered himself together for another burst of speed and put forth his collected strength with tremendous energy, and rushed over the line amid such cheers and roars of laughter as were never heard in that village before. *For Jack had won the race.*

As for Parson Whitney himself, the day and its fun had taken twenty years from his age, and nothing would answer but the deacon must go with him and eat New Year's pudding at the parsonage. And he did. But more than once the little deacon laughed to himself and said: "Bless my soul, I didn't know the parson had so much fun in him."



A bill—is the most extraordinary locomotive engine that the genius of man ever produced. It would keep on running during the longest lifetime, without over once stopping of its own accord.

—Charles Dickens: *"Pickwick Papers."*

Lament of a Little Girl

My brother Will, he used to be
The nicest kind of girl;
He wore a little dress like me,
And had his hair in curl.
We played with dolls and tea set then
And every kind of toy;
But all those good times are gone—
Will turned into a boy.

Ma has made him little suits,
With pockets in the pants,
And cut off all his yellow curls
And sent them to my aunts;
And Will, he was so mighty pleased,
He almost jumped with joy;
But I must own I didn't like
Will turned into a boy.

And now he plays with horrid tops
I don't know how to spin,
And marbles that I try to shoot,
But never hit or win;
And leap frog—I can't give a "back"
Like Charley, Frank, or Roy—
Oh, no one knows how bad I feel
Since Will has turned a boy.

I have to wear frocks just the same,
And now they're mostly white;
I have to sit and just be good,
While Will can climb and fight;
But I must keep my dresses nice,
And wear my hair in curl,
And worse—oh, worstest thing of all—
I have to stay a girl.

—*Rehoboth Sunday Herald.*

Mary Had a Cactus Plant

Mary had a cactus plant,
So modestly it grew,
Shooting its little fibres out,
It lived upon the dew.

Her little brother often heard
Her say it lived on air,
And so he pulled it up one day
And placed it in a chair.

He placed it in a chair, he did,
Then laughed with ghoulish glee,
Placed it in the old armchair,
Under the trysting-tree.

Nor thought of Mary's lover,
Who called each night to woo,
Or even dreamed they'd take a stroll,
As lovers often do.

The eve drew on, the lover came;
They sought the trysting-tree.
Where has the little cactus gone?
The lover, where is he?



Saturday Night Eggs

A market-man was exhibiting his array of "newlylaid eggs, fresh eggs, and plain eggs" to a young housekeeper, who finally asked, as to the latter:

"Are they really fresh?"

"Well, madam," he replied, "we call them Saturday night eggs; they've tried all the week to be good."—
From toast, "Our Ancestors and Ourselves," Henry E. Howland.

The Marriagemony of Minerva White

BY HANNA RION.



COME to ax ef you's needin' a cook. Hope you didn't burn yuhse'f wid dat coffee I mek you spill—thought that dog wuz gwine eat me, hat an' shoes."

The thing above all else on earth Miss Bratton had been desiring for over a week was a domestic, but this cyclonic piece of black organ-ism was not the exact embodiment of what she had hoped for.

"Are you an experienced cook? Can you do house-work?"

"Oh, yas'm! I kin do mos' anything 'n dis worruld 'cep'n' keepin' still. I kin fry chick'n so it fairly meks yuh mouf dribble to think uv it, an' I cooks sparrow grass *dat* tender it melt when you look at it, an' de gumbo I cooks—Lordy, Miss, I'd hate to waste tellin' 'bout dat gumbo when you's already full o' dinner."

"You have worked out before?"

"Oh, yas'm. I'se worked at mos' eberything 'cep'n' breakin' rocks wid de chaingang."

As to her name, the applicant proudly stated it to be "Minerva White." Never was there a greater misnomer! Minerva was squat, fat, and as black as a freshly polished stove.

When Miss Bratton decided, with an unaccustomed impulsiveness, to give the girl a trial, she little realized she was entering into a partnership that was to extend over an unlimited period of years.

The first day the little spinster and her nephew, Mr. William Ramsdale, age nineteen, sat down to sample Minerva's famous tomato, okra and rice gumbo, she sadly recalled the savory description given by the cook on the day of her application, as she contrasted the scorched flavor with Minerva's peroration on the subject.

On gently suggesting that the soup was somewhat burned, the cook readily sympathized:

"Yas'm, it am a shame! You see, I got kinder overhe't an' I sot out on de porch a minit to dry off, an' I see dat dog chewin' up one o' Billy's socks an' I begunst to chase it an'——"

"Minerva, you must not call Mr. Ramsdale 'Billy'; it is not respectful."

"Ov course not. I'll call 'im 'Colonel' ef it'll please you, Miss Patsy"; and so she did, variating it according to circumstance to "Gen'ral," "Commodo'" and even "Gov'ner."

Billy, being at an age susceptible to flattery, became Minerva's sworn ally and defender whenever his aunt desperately threatened discharge.

One morning Miss Bratton relieved herself on the subject of Billy's habits and Minerva's worthlessness, before entering the pantry to plan out the day's meals.

She shortly heard Minerva saying:

"*We* don' min' Miss Patsy's fuss'ness, does we, 'Admiral?'"

This was the last straw. Minerva was told she could take her hat and go. She left smilingly, but when she calmly turned up the next morning, remarking carelessly, "I know'd you couldn't git 'long widout me, when you's sick, so heah I is, an' heah I'se gwine stay tell you gits well," Miss Bratton had to confess she was glad.

Miss Patsy found it necessary to hunt her domestic's abode one Sunday afternoon, in order to tell her to come at five the next morning, Billy having suddenly decided to start off on a camping trip at an early hour.

She wended her way through the assortment of dilapidated shanties back of the railroad shops, inquiring along the way for Minerva White's house. A little unpainted cabin was finally pointed out. In reply to her knock a small voice cried out:

"Who's dar?"

Miss Bratton declared herself.

"Wull, ma's gone off ter a baptizin' an' I'se lock'n de house."

"Who is your mother?" Miss Bratton inquired.

"'Nerva's muh mar, ma'am."

Miss Bratton could scarcely believe her ears; her surprise remained unabated until her maid's arrival the next morning, when an explanation was requested.

"Lord, Miss, I thought everybody knows I'se married. Yas'm, I'se had three chillins, but I giv' Abs'lum (dat's de oldes') to muh ma fer a Christmas present two years ago, an' I giv' Magd'len to muh sister fer a weddin' present, so I jes' got S'phira left on muh han's now; but I hopes to fin' a home fer her, kase I ain't got no time to look after chilluns, an' muh husband's too nervous to be worrit wid 'm."

"What does your husband do?"

"He don' do nothin' much, his health bein' po'ly, but when he's feelin' kinder peart he barbers some—den he has a li'l' luck at craps."

"What does Saphira—I believe you said that is her name—what does your little girl do all day while you are here at work?"

"I feeds 'er an' 'er daddy fo' I comes to wuk 'n de mornin', den Hampton (dat's muh man) he ginrully goes down-town fer de day, he sayin' how de docter 'clare he need all de 'citement he kin git fer his health, an' I locks S'phira 'n de house tell I gits home at night."

Minerva appeared at work one morning with a smile of rare contentment.

"I'se got rid ov 'er, Miss Patsy. De new preacher ain' got nairy chilluns, an' de congregation's mekin' dere donations to 'im now. I 'splained as how I didn't have nothin' I could give 'im 'less he'd like a chile. His wife was jes' tickled to deaf. So S'phira's got a home near de Lord now, an' I hopes de dev'l 'n 'er 'll tek to his heels."

One day, after Minerva had been in the Bratton service for almost two years, the mistress discovered her asleep in the best parlor chair when she was supposed to be sweeping. The minute Miss Bratton spoke Minerva started up shouting:

"Creepin' Moses! Miss, dat's wha' I gits fer dancin' mos' o' de night. It wuz jes' muh foots dat wuz a-snorin'. muh haid were wide 'wake all de time."

In earlier days Miss Bratton would have taken this excuse literally, but a gradual understanding of Minerva's character caused her to rivet her maid for a more exact account of herself.

Minerva broke down for the first time.

"Miss Patsy, you been so good to me I jes' ain' gwine

lie to you no mo'. I ain' been a-dancin' 'tall. Lord, honey, dese po' foots o' mine hasn't felt no pleasure fer so long dey's fergot dat dey's made fer anything but to kerry dis black body o' mine roun' to wuk. I ain't never 'bused Hampton to nobody, not eben his *Meker*, but I gittin' worn out s'portin' dat nigger—yas'm, dat's wha' I is. Sometimes I 'clare I clean fergits dat I wa'n't *born* married! Ef I eber gits de chance to be a ole maid ag'in Gord knows I'll grab it quicker dan a chick'n grab corn. No'm, I ain' been a-dancin'—I'se been a-wukin' mos' o' de night. Hampton's got sech 'spensive tastes an' sech a disposition fer ease dat I has to tek 'n washin' arter I gits thru wukin' heah ebery day, an' I'se scrubbin' an' ironin' way 'nto de night when eberything's sleep 'ceptin' burglars an' screech owls. It's so easy gittin' 'nto marriagemony, Miss Patsy, but it's sholy like bein' 'n jail, an' harder to git out ov, once you dar. You's suttently a smart lady to tek nothin' to do wid de men folks. I'se had pow'ful good luck gittin' rid o' de chilluns I had, but I'se racked muh brain to fin' some way to git clear o' Hampton; but so far de Lord ain' shed no light on dat subjec'."

A few weeks later, Minerva came to Miss Bratton with the request for the loan of five dollars. It was willingly given without question. For several days Minerva was even more than usually absent-minded, and the work was hopelessly slipshod.

Then came one morning when she did not arrive until after breakfast was over, making her entrance with peals of hysterical laughter, which were in strange contrast with her costume. She was garbed all in sombre black, with the exception of a startling green bow of ribbon at her throat.

"Yas'm, you mus' 'scuse muh bein' so late, kase dis am de las' time it eber gwine happen, fer you see I'se a widder now an' a grass widder at dat!"

"Set down, Miss Patsy, an' we'll let de dishes sot a while, kase I wants to talk to you a li'l'."

Miss Bratton was immune to all surprise now, so she obediently seated herself and listened.

"You'll prob'ly heah de news from udders, an' dis am wha' you gwine heah—dey'll say, 'Po' 'Nerva White! dat triflin' husban' o' hern done run off wid a yaller gal;'

an' I s'pose I got to look mighty sad an' watery-eyed fer a spell, but don' you go bus'tin' yuh heart wid sorrow fer me, honey, kase you an' me's gwine see some happiness now. You kno' dat five dollars? Well, ma'm, *dat did it!* I foun' out Hampton were skiddyin' roun' a low-down molatta gal, an' I fairly sicked 'im on (but he didn't s'picion it). I mek out I so jealous an' heartbroke an' kerry on so turrible dat he couldn't stay 'n de house 'n comfort, but would hatter go out ebery night to fin' some peace courtin' dat udder gal. Den I goes roun' one mornin', to see muh rival, an' I jes' tuk dat five dollars 'long 'n muh apron pocket. I sho' it to 'er, an' I sez, sez I, 'Ca'line, dis heah money's yourn ef you helps yuhself to muh husban', an' teks 'im clean out de state. An' ef you don' 'lope him,' I sez, *'I gwine 'port wha' I knows 'bout you to de perlice.'* I don' kno' nothin' special 'bout dat gal, Miss Patsy, but I sho'ly struck home. She fairly tu'n green when I sez dat, an' she grovel on 'er knees to me an' beg me fer de lub o' Hebben not to do dat. She sez how she'll git Hampton 'way wid'n a week, an' she sho' kep' 'er word. Den I also tell 'er dat she kin tell muh husban' (wid muh compli-ments) arter dey's safe over de line, dat ef he eber comes back foolin' roun' me I'se gwine tell wha' I knows 'bout *him*, an' he'll lan' on de chain-gang. Now, Miss Patsy, dat muh min' 's clear o' all chilluns an' men, I'se gwine settle down to 'n'jy muhself mekin' up to you fer all de triflin'ness you done put up wid so long. Yas'm, I'se gwine spen' de res' o' muh days right heah wid you an' de 'President'—this being Billy's latest promotion—"an' couldn't you fix up dat wood-house out'n de bac' yard fer me to live 'n? Lord! Miss Patsy, ain't it jes' *HEBBEN* bein' *single!*!"



From panic, pride, and terror,
 Revenge that knows no rein—
 Light haste and lawless error,
 Protect us yet again.
 —Rudyard Kipling: *"Hymn Before Action."*

Nobody's Tim

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.



SUNSHINE was a busy little place, and its workmen, after a pretty fashion more common in the country than in town, were known by their employers' names, or by their fathers' names. You said, "There's Henry's John," or, "Here comes Baxter's Joe," or, "How is the colonel's Fred?" All Sunshine called this man Nobody's Tim. He had grown used to the nickname now. It hurt him at first.

He was one of the ruins of the great Civil War; the remains of what had once been a brave and splendid fellow. Some people called him Tim Leftover. He belonged to the fragments left over by that great conflict. He was one of the men who had done fine deeds in war that flashed out the best of his character, and then had been beaten in peace by the worst. There was, indeed, a story about a wound at Gettysburg, and Tim used to say that something was wrong with his heart when he tried to work. But few believed it and no one cared for Tim's aches and ails.

"There's the colonel," said the cab-driver, suddenly, "comin' down the boulevard with his auto-go-but-don't. I can't say when I've seen the colonel come home so early. Say, Tim, there's your colonel. Do set up, can't ye?"

But Nobody's Tim was already on his feet. He had seen the colonel before anyone else had. Who knew what Nobody's Tim did not see under shelter of that old brown felt hat? Tim stood silently. He followed the automobile with his sad and sunken eyes. The colonel's wife was riding with him—a young wife. He had not been married many years.

The automobile dashed up and rushed by. Tim stood at attention. He straightened his shoulders. Drink and poverty and misery and sickness and advancing age had never quite taken the military look out of Tim's figure. He jammed the old brown felt hat into position on his head. All that was soldierly in the loafer awakened at

The Speaker

sight of his colonel. As the carriage puffed by, Nobody's Tim saluted respectfully.

The colonel, glancing under his wife's lace sunshade, saluted the drunkard gravely in return. Afterward he was glad to remember that he had done this. Nobody's Tim flushed with joy at the recognition, but he did not speak. If anyone had noticed, there was a quiver in the man's lips. But no one ever noticed. It was too much trouble to study the face of Nobody's Tim. As he stood smoking he began to hum below his breath:

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the
coming of the Lord!"

The cab-driver and the two customers caught the tune, and joined it:

"Tum *tum* te tum mum um um la—la—*mum* um—um um—um!"

But Tim stuck to the words. He had had a fine tenor voice once. As the great battle hymn rose from the lips of the loafer on the sidewalk, the gate-tender came out of the gate-house. The electric heart of the railroad throbbed. The trill of the announcing call ran through the soft May afternoon. The gate-tender bent to the gate-handle. The gaunt, white arms of the gates, pointing persistently to the skies, trembled and began to drop. The artillery of the train could be heard. The butter customer moved away slowly, dripping butter as he walked. The cab-driver started leisurely to go and meet his train. The salt pork and sugar customer had got as far as the crossing when he stopped as if smitten by a tremendous blow. All his packages fell into the street.

"My God!" cried the cab-driver. "Look *there*!"

A little girl tried to stand still while the nurse was getting her white arms into pink sleeves. The colonel came to bid her good-by that day before he went out in the automobile with her mother. He folded the little girl's arms about his neck and laid his dark cheek to hers, and kissed her more softly than her mother did, and not so many times; but each kiss seemed to count for more, for some reason.

"Rose shall ride with papa next time," he said, to

comfort her. "And Jane will be careful—*very* careful, Jane," added the colonel, with his military manner. "Remember all that we have told you about the lake, and the cars, and the crossings—"

"And big dogs," interrupted the child's mother.

"And the electric cars," added the father.

"And cows," suggested the mother.

"And if you should meet a fire-engine—" finished the father.

And Jane said, yes, sir, she would remember them all. And wasn't she always careful of the child? with an air not military in her manner. So the colonel and his wife kissed the baby again—and once more—and came back and kissed her again—and went out to the automobile, which Fred had brought to the door, and steamed away.

And Rose, as we said, got into her little broadcloth coat and went to walk with Jane. They did not meet a fire-engine. Jane held the child's hand tight as they passed the lake. They made the crossings without any trouble. There were no cows. And the only big dog they met was a particular friend and neighbor of Rose's, who offered to escort her and take care of her. But Jane told him it was against her orders; so he turned away and stayed home. Quite safe, happy, laughing, lovely, pink and white, the little girl walked sedately by the nurse's side—as little girls sometimes do, as little boys never do—and so came out into the square.

In the square—so fate had willed it—they met the only danger against which the nurse had not been warned. This was the grocer's boy. He was Jane's very particular grocer boy, and she stopped to speak to him.

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the
coming of the Lord!"

Nobody's Tim was still singing in his wasted tenor, muffled and interrupted by the pipe, which had not left his lips, except for a moment when the colonel passed.

But fully sixty seconds before any other man saw anything, Tim had seen everything. It was then that the pipe came out of his mouth. It covered the sidewalk with splinters.

"God A'mighty!" groaned Tim. "*The colonel's baby!*"

While the gateman, the grocer, the customers, the cab-

driver, the grocer's boy and the nurse stared and shrieked and started, Nobody's Tim had charged like a regiment upon the oncoming train.

When Tim's pipe came out of his mouth, the colonel's Rose had stepped under the arms of the railway gate. And the train—

It was then that a man leaped the gate and dashed into the throat of death with a cry whose joyousness rings to this day in the ears of every soul who heard it. As he hurled himself upon the child, his old, faded felt hat fell off, and the May sunlight brought out the gold in the brown of his curly hair.

He flung the baby girl high into the air. A dozen arms were outstretched to catch her. She came down against somebody's neck without a bruise. Nobody's Tim—how, will never be known—whether he caught his foot, or whether there was anything in that story about his heart and the wound at Gettysburg—however it happened, Nobody's Tim fell. He did not rise.

It was three sunsets yet to the soldier's day. And, for the span of time, Nobody's Tim lay in state in his colonel's house, royally prepared for burial, covered with costly flowers, and wrapped in the flag for which the colonel and the private had fought together.

All Sunshine followed the pathetic remnant of the Grand Army when the gray-haired group formed to escort their homeless, dead comrade from the colonel's home.

No one remembered that morning that Tim used to drink; that he did not work; that he had neither place, nor name, nor character among his neighbors. Every one remembered rather how kind he was, and how generous of impulse, what good company he was, and what a pleasant smile he had—this hero who had lived among them in disguise, unregarded and neglected for so long.

As they bore him down the colonel's granite steps and out into the street, the Grand Army veterans sang in their broken voices:

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the
coming of the Lord!"

The Borrowed Husband

BY GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE.



BORROWIN' is a good neighborly habit in every walk o' life," announced Pap Overholt suddenly. "Rightly managed, Bon," the old man persisted, "hit's a great producer o' unselfishness. Now, look at love—the blesseddest borrower this side o' kingdom come. I tell you, hit's a fine day when youth's neighbor, love, comes a-rappin' at a young man's breast with: 'Please, sir, will ye lend me a heart?'"

"I don't like that word 'borrowing' in such a connection," Bon objected. "I tell you, Pap John, my heart isn't lent. It's given, for life and eternity." The red deepened on his brown cheek as he cautiously drew from an inner pocket and handed to Pap the picture of a girl. "Best one in the world," he whispered, "though I haven't had my answer yet. Oh, I've asked her; but she don't say no, and she won't say yes." They studied the pictured face together. "I wrote her last week—she's off on a little trip with some friends—that I couldn't stand it much longer; I wanted to know whether to buy a rope to hang myself, or to buy shingles."

"Oh, she'll say yes—she'll say yes!" the old man whispered back. "The best ones is a little shy—we wouldn't wish to have 'em otherwise, Bon. I"—he glanced toward the kitchen door—"I axed Cornely seb'n times—an' three of them was on my knees. The gal in that picter's bound to say yes." As they talked a man appeared at the kitchen door, where Cornelia went to answer the summons.

"We do call him Borrowing Link," explained Pap. "Not in an ill sperit, by no means, but jest a statin' a fact. Hit's r'al'y all Link does do; but he's mighty free with *hit*; lives with his brother, Jeff, an' does the borrowin' for the whole fambly. Borrowed a calf from me to toll a cow home, kep' it tell it had brought him three calves of its own, one atter another; then, when it died off, in 'bout six years, sent me the hide. 'Lowed it didn't

have no horns when he borrowed it, an' he had a use for them hit had growed, so he'd keep 'em! Borrowed Tim Clapp's weddin' coat to visit his rich kin at Double Springs in, wore it plumb out, an' sent home the buttons; said he was afraid they was kinder slick, but he was bound to return what he borrowed—er what was left of it. Borrowed a plow from me, a mule from Cornely's pappy, an' a piece o' ground from Blev Hawkes—Blev was in jail that year for 'stillin'—to make a crop. Said he had the turnip seed, an' he felt 'twas a wicked sin to let it go to waste."

"Well, what can I lend, Link?" queried Pap genially.

"I cain't adzackly say. Reckon I 'bout got the supper settled. Le's see, was there anything else? Miz Slocum, she lent buttermilk an' flour, an' Viry had saleratus—an' salt a plenty. Cornely here, she's jest furnished handkerchers for all." As he hefted the packet of clean folded squares in his hand, Link's eyes were on the young man, keenly noting his points. "They is one thing," he hesitated. "I r'al'y come over to ast your advice. Ye see, Roxy Ann, she's writ 'em 'at she was wed, an' they'll likely want to see her man. An' he ain't—well, they's sort of a need-cessity for him not bein' thar. The truth is, him an' Taylor Broyles they fit about some fool thing." He tiptoed around the table, and whispered his concluding sentence in Pap's ear. "Taylor went over the bluff, an' that's the last knowed o' him; so Buck's hidin' out, an' sorter projec'in' round to find the—to find him."

"I s'pose, ef Buck's out lookin' after Taylor—" allowed Pap, somewhat dubiously.

"What's troublin' me," broke in Link, and he cast another glance at the visitor, "is a husband for Roxy Ann to show them folks to-night."

"Pap John and I are going out 'possum-hunting at moonrise; but if you think I can help you out till then—"

"Hitch up a mule, Overholt—hitch up a mule!" cried Borrowing Shifflet, in joyful anxiety. "Don't give him time to change his mind. I'll take him right over now."

He spoke as if it was a quarter of beef he had just borrowed.

Out on the rough mountain road the two proceeded in silence.

The old man looked sidewise at the boy from time to time, furtively and anxiously.

"You-all from Garyville don't rightly know our ways," he said finally. "Reckon I better give ye a few p'inters."

"All right; fire ahead!"

"Well, fustly, I take notice ye've got sweet-smellin' town truck on yer hankecher—now, don't git mad! A young chap—mought be out a courtin'—sech is right an' proper. But not fer what you're a-gwine to act to-night. Ye'll say"—abruptly—"that I'm packin' home hankechers fer each an' every. That's true; an'"—with deep satisfaction—"the women'll have 'em pinned to the side o' their dress bodies; but hit ends right thar—right thar! Ef yo're 'bleeged to wipe yo' nose, an' a coat-sleeve ain't good enough fer ye, why, I don't kick at yer usin' a hankecher—reckon Buck's got one, though I never seed hit; but then he ain't never courted me—but fer ye to git out one with sweet-smellin' town truck on it, would give the whole thing plumb away!"

Young Swayne, somewhat flushed, agreed hastily to flourish no perfumed handkerchiefs while on duty as Roxy Ann's husband.

"Then, when ye set, ye must hook yer boot-toes round the cheer-legs."

"I'll do my very best, Mr. Shifflet," Bonbright said, with ever-lessening confidence.

"An' when Roxy Ann speaks to ye, ye must jest nod yer head, er say 'Huh?' or 'Uh-huh?' or 'Huh-uh?' No mounting man's a-gwine to say 'Yes'm' an' 'No'm' to his own woman. An' don't fergit to eat with yer knife. This hyer rich kin o' mine eats with their forks, but yo're Roxy Ann's husband to-night—you must act like Roxy Ann an' her kind."

"But I—oh, well, all right," once more answered poor Bonbright, who had not conceived it could be so hard to lower one's standards.

"Them rough clothes ye put on for the 'possum-hunt'll do," Shifflet allowed grudgingly. "They're about like the ones Buck stood up in. Roxy Ann's gwine to wear her weddin' dress. An' right thar comes up another p'int—she's a pow'fully pretty gal; an' she's sorter r'iled at her man fer not bein' on hand when he's needed so bad. I don't want no foolishness on your part!"

"Look here, sir!" flared young Swayne hotly. "I haven't lent my principles—nor left them at home. I sha'n't—"

"Lord, now, don't fly up that-a-way at a ol' feller like me. I didn't mean nary lick o' harm. Yo're all right—yo're all right! An' whatever comes er goes, mind ye, this hyer thing is to *stick* whilst the company's present. Hit mought look like a joke to you; but hit ain't no joke to Roxy Ann, nor none of us. No matter what nor how nor which, ye must hang to it like a pup to a root that you're Roxy Ann's man."

"But hold on, Mr. Shifflet—" the boy protested uncomfortably.

"Hyers the house! You go right in." Link lifted his voice and called: "I fotch ye a husband, Roxy Ann! Set him down in the cheer what's propped with bricks, an' don't do no foolin' round him. I got a mule, too—I'll go over an' borrow Miz Blackshear's front gate, an' be back in a minute. Got cups enough, Viry?"

"Yep, I reckon I've enough, ef you an' Roxy Ann an' that feller ye've brung don't take no coffee," came the answer, in a thin, dubious voice.

Bonbright entered upon a scene of confusion. Borrowed pictures were being hammered to the walls of the cabin, which was little more than a hut; borrowed chairs set in place, borrowed dishes disposed upon a borrowed tablecloth, borrowed viands prepared in borrowed skillets. No one paid much attention to him until a semblance of serenity was resolved out of the riot, and Link came in, announcing that he had "jest sorter tacked up that gate—hit didn't quite fill; but hit'll never be noticed in the dark."

With a lively memory of the methods of a traveling photographer who had posed the family for "an easy, natural-looking group," the little old man flew at the tribe and began to array its members in a welcoming tableau.

Link surveyed his various groups with an eye of chary approval; then stationed himself at the front door, one hand thrust in his vest, the other extended in the gesture of the cheap orator.

It seemed to the borrowed husband that ages elapsed, that empires might have fallen and new dynasties taken

sway, before there was a sound of wheels heard outside. He was irresistibly reminded of a cabin full of early settlers preparing to repel an Indian attack. This impression was not lessened by Uncle Link whispering hoarsely:

"They're a-comin'! Now—all on ye—ready!"

He flung wide the door, instantly resuming his spread-eagle orator attitude, with a hectic—

"Howdy? Howdy? Howdy do? Light an' come in. You-all air onexpected, but none the less welcome!"

The "unexpected" guests seemed a little daunted by the formidable array in which they found their hosts drawn up. A middle-aged man and woman of prosperous appearance came first. Bonbright looked on with the indifference of physical discomfort.

"An' this is Roxy Ann, an' her new man," began the large, red-faced, loud-voiced female rich kin. "Howdy, Roxy? Howdy, young feller?" Then, in an audible aside to the head of the tribe, who, still seated, was holding the convenient child to her duty, and who could no more have risen than if he had been hamstrung, "Looks a little shylike, don't he, Cousin Jeff? They mostly do when they're first wed. I dunno why men-folks takes marryin' harder'n what we women-folks does. What's his name?" As if she were asking the entitlements of a three-weeks infant, or of some farm animal.

The Shifflets, hypnotized by Uncle Link's posing, neither spoke nor moved; but suddenly the group in front of the borrowed husband parted to let through a young girl, clad with the village elegance that Garyville could offer.

"Oh!" cried the voice of "the best girl in the world," her sweet face struck suddenly pale by the sight before her. "Oh! His name? It's Bonbright Swayne!"

The lad attempted to spring to his feet, to cry out to his sweetheart that he was not Roxy Ann's husband, forgetful that he had lent those feet to Link Shifflet and Link had done strange things with them. Down came the pile of bricks; over went the chair, bridegroom, and the bride, who had been leaning upon him.

There burst forth a very babel of exclamations. The posed Shifflets came unposed. The poor boy, struggling up, dazed with shame and anxiety, saw all around him

fierce beaks, drawn brows, the Shifflet face in poorly dissembled anger.

He brushed the dust from his clothing—painfully aware that Uncle Link would condemn the action—and halted forward with his hand out.

"Why, howdy, Miranda?" he hesitated. "I didn't expect to see you here. I just came up—"

"It's a surprise to me, too," the sweet lips uttered in spite of their trembling. "I haven't been away from Garyville but four weeks, and to find one of my friends has gone and got married in that time—well—it's a surprise." She made a gallant effort, and, with the feminine instinct of defense, brought out: "But I wish you much joy."

"You don't understand," began the borrowed husband eagerly. "I've just come up"—he spoke of himself as if he were an early crocus—"I've just come up—"

The moment was fateful. It was Shifflets to the rescue!

"You ockard, big-footed somebody! You've done tore my coat!" cried Roxy Ann, flying upon him in the most married manner imaginable; while Uncle Link seized Miranda, noisily presenting her in turn to every member of his family, talking fast, casting meaning, prompting glances at his brother, then at the borrowed husband.

"See hyer!" Bonbright felt a soft touch on his other shoulder—Roxy Ann had re-established him and taken her position once more. Turning, he found Jeff, who had sidled round, obedient to Link's look. "See hyer, young feller! I'd hate mightily to have any interruption with you; but we-all aim to put this hyer business through as first deranged fer. Ef Link had thort you'd be reckonized, he'd never 'a' borried you. But hyer 'tis—you're borried, an' I hope you kin see your way c'lar to stay borried."

Bonbright's temper rose. Here was a man to reckon with. But the clinging fingers of his supposed bride held him down.

"Oh, fer the Lord's sake," she whispered, "don't you-all men git to fussin'! Please don't make an interruption now, 'caze hit'll all come out then—not only 'bout my man bein' in trouble, but 'bout Uncle Link borryin' you. I'll die! Please!"

Bonbright's sweetheart, noting the intimate little council, hid her face a moment in her lap, realizing too late just what her answer to Bon's question would have been. But Uncle Link—the passion of the artist strong upon him, reckless of everything but his drama—rushed into a minute description of just where, when and how Roxy Ann and her man had been wed, adding:

"He was plumb crazy atter her—fit two other fellers 'at wanted her, an' swore he'd shoot hisse'f ef she didn't have him."

It was the mother of the family who read a look of rising rebellion in the borrowed bridegroom's eyes, and broke in with a call to supper. Young Swayne was hurried to the table, protesting:

"I don't mind your rich kin, but I've got to tell the young lady that came with them. She's a friend of mine. She thinks—she'll think—"

"Friend o' your'n?" drawled Uncle Link, who had reluctantly lingered behind the others, foregoing the pleasure of seating them at the table to labor with this ridiculously squeamish young man. "Friend o' your'n? Didn't seem like!"

"What do you mean?" demanded Swayne hotly.

"Nothin'," sneered the old man; "only when I was a talkin' to her over thar she said she was mighty glad you was wed—she reckoned now you'd let her have some peace—'at you'd pestered her a plenty."

"Oh!" said the borrowed bridegroom.

"They're keepin' a cheer fer ye, right 'side o' Roxy Ann," whispered his tyrant, shoving him forward toward the table.

How Bonbright got through that terrible meal he never knew. The rich kin exclaimed loudly and laughed much, admiring the unexpected prosperity of their mountain branch. Young Swayne longed savagely to see them choke on the borrowed viands, or cut their throats with the borrowed knives.

As they rose from the table, he came close to the visitor, grasping her arm and breathing in her ear:

"Miranda, I want to talk to you."

"Don't, Bon—Mr. Swayne!" Her eyes looked frightened.

"Oh, Miranda! · Are you—are you mad at me?"

"No—no, of course. But please don't try to talk to me."

"I must, Miranda. I can explain. Let's get away from these folks, where I can have a word with you."

Horror, shame, and indignation struggled for expression in the face she turned toward him.

"You forget," she said, in a low, trembling voice, "you're a married man now."

"No, I'm—"

"Come hyer, honey!" Roxy Ann clutched him. Her head, as she leaned to him, lay almost on his shoulder. What she whispered was: "Oh, Lord! Don't ye shame me 'fore the rich kin, an' that thar town gal! Anybody can see she despises your shadder on the ground. What do you want to be makin' up to her for?"

What, indeed? Bonbright asked himself the question as he pulled loose from his clinging bride and strode out into the dark.

As Bonbright stared with hot eyes into the friendly dark, half minded to run away and leave it all, a low whistle caught his attention. With some vague idea that it might be Overholt, he was about to blunder thankfully in its direction, but was checked by the stealthy attitude of the man slipping toward the house. The low whistle was repeated; Roxy Ann's face peeped out of the shed door; then, with a smothered cry of "Oh, Buck—Buck!" she ran to the stranger, who instantly demanded, with a jerk of his head toward the lighted cabin:

"What's all the fuss in thar?"

"Hit's comp'ny, Buck—Uncle Link's rich kin. I reckon they're Pap's too; but Uncle Link mostly claims 'em. Buck, I'm mighty proud to see ye, but—but ain't ye skeered to come round here?"

"Naw! They hain't nothin' the matter. Ye see, Rox Ann, me an' Taylor both flopped down on the ground, a firin' as we dodged. When he went down over the bluff he 'lowed he'd killed me, an' he was a hidin' out, same as me. Thar we might 'a' stayed, a dodgin' of a law that weren't atter us, ef we hadn't run our fool heads together trapesin' round in the ravine. Ye never seed two fellers so proud to meet up. Say, ye got any grub in thar?"

"I'll bring it out here, Buck. You—you cain't jest adzackly go in thar. Uncle Link'd—he wouldn't like it. Hit mought make talk."

"Cain't go in thar? Why not? Yer own man not go in 'caze hit'd make talk? Well, I never! I'm gwine—"

She clutched him in desperation.

"Oh, Buck! For any sake, don't go in thar. Ye see, Uncle Link he borried—he borried me—a—"

"Well, I allus knowed Link Shifflet'd borry—what of it? Lemme loose!"

"Buck, he borried me a—a sort of a—a man!"

With a panther-like movement the tall young mountaineer flung himself about and clutched her.

"Buck, hold on! I wish ye could see the critter—ye'd never bemean yerse'f to be jealous of him."

The door had swung open some time since; its lighted oblong was blackened by heads; the family, the rich kin and the stranger within their borrowed gates were all looking on, listening. Behind their shoulders danced Uncle Link, shaking ineffectual fists at the maker of these injudicious revelations.

"What's the good o' slavin', a walkin' tell I'm footsore, a borrowin' to make this fambly respectable?"

A girl's figure disassociated itself from the listeners in the doorway, and came to Swayne.

"I think you might help poor Roxy Ann out—that fellow may leave her if you don't speak up quick." He hesitated. "Please—dear!" she whispered; and he started instantly.

Roxy Ann's wild eyes caught sight of the pair, and she vociferated:

"That's him—that's him! Cain't ye see he's jest borried? Oh, Buck, I'd 'a' stuck to you ef Taylor'd split open a fallin' off the bluff I'd 'a' stood 'side o' you on the galluses, an' 'a' begged 'em to hang us with the same rope! An' you—an' you—"

Before any one could reply, there burst upon their ears the tuneful baying of hounds. Up through the moonlit greenwood swept the 'possum-hunt, their flaring torches flickering on the leafage, drawing to a noisy halt before the borrowed gate.

"Is there room for one more in the wagon, Pap Over-

holt?" called Swayne's joyous voice as he held fast to Miranda's hand.

"Shorely, shorely!" cried Pap. He recognized the original of the picture.



The Boy Who Said "G'wan"

BY GUY WETMORE CARRYL.



HE LEANED upon the rail of the boat as she swung away from her pier and headed clumsily for the distant, hazy shores of Staten Island. His bare feet gripped the lower rail, his blacking box was swung across his shoulder. It had been a busy day for him, and he jingled its profits with one hand and reflected upon the extravagance of allowing himself to spend twenty cents in a sail down the harbor and back.

Beyond present enjoyment lurked the inevitable return to Hester Street, and the beating that would follow his confession. For he had dim conceptions of honesty, and would acknowledge his stolen holiday and receive full value for the squandered twenty cents from the low-browed, sullen father, who presided over his destinies with a stick. For the time being there was the breeze and the blue water and the sound of music from a passing excursion steamer. He threw back his head, drew in the salty air, and sent it forth again in the form of a popular melody, shrilly whistled. The college man turned to his companion and laughingly indicated the boy, "Profuse strains of unpremeditated art."

This was beyond the boy, but he detected a slur. He regarded his critics resentfully, pondering which of his stock of expletives would best meet the emergency. Finally he compromised on "Ah, g'wan," and turned his eyes once more to the harbor's shifting panorama.

Then for the first time he saw the girl. She was bending over the rail of the upper deck, and—could it

be?—yes, she was watching him and listening to his whistling; a wonderful vision of blue eyes and long golden curls and pink and white muslin. The boy shifted his position uneasily, and once more wished he had worn his shoes. But never for a moment did he check his music. He changed the tune to "Only One Girl," and employed in its execution all the runs and trills of which he was master, directing covert glances upwards to see if she was still listening.

Being out of breath for the moment, he paused at the end of an extraordinary trill, and ejaculated: "Cracky, she's a fairy," quite audibly. This seemed to amuse the college man. He drew near and inquired: "Who's a fairy?"

"Oh, g'wan and lemme 'lone, willyer?"

And then, all in a moment, there was a flash of pink and a splash, the tramp of hurrying feet on the upper deck, and a woman's cry: "Marion!"

The boy was quick. His box rapped smartly on the deck, and he was over the rail and swept from view in the backward swirl of the water.

Coming to the surface with a gasp, the boy saw a terror-stricken face framed in golden hair, pitifully wet. It sank again as soon as he forced his way towards it.

"Drowndin' folks comes up three times."

"That was two," thought the boy. "Oh, Gawd!"

And this was a prayer, though he knew it not. A moment later and his hand grasped her arm. He swung himself upon his back, holding her hard against his breast.

"I'm drowning," cried the child. "We'll both be killed!"

Even in the face of this very possible result the boy felt embarrassed at speaking to a lady, albeit so small and helpless a one.

"Oh, g'wan," he answered; "just lie easy. I'll save yer."

Then his eyes fell upon the ferry boat. She was coming back! Rows of eager faces lined her rails, and he heard a cheer and wondered vaguely what they were "hollering" about. The little girl was terribly heavy, and the weight of his clothes was dragging him down. Once or twice the water washed over his face, and he

roused himself to fresh endeavor and thrust out frantically with his legs. Hours seemed to elapse before a louder shout directed his attention once more to the boat. He heard the swinging swish of a rope by his ear, and, grasping it, knotted it securely about the child and himself. It was all over. They were saved. But as the rope tightened something seemed to crack sharply in his head, the boat swelled to giant size and floated away into the air, and he was sinking—sinking.

He came to himself slowly, wondering if he was dead. There was a hum of voices all about him, and a hand had been thrust within his shirt and pressed close over his heart. He decided not to open his eyes until he could collect his thoughts. What a beating he would get for this! A man was speaking somewhere near him:

"I tell you if that boy lives he'll never go barefoot again. No, sir! He's mine from this minute on. He's saved my Marion.

And another voice was replying: "Oh, he'll live all right, bully little chap!"

Curiosity overcoming fear, the boy opened his eyes. He was lying upon the deck, and it was the college man whose hand was at his heart. His companion, holding a flask, knelt at the other side. There was a circle of anxious faces all about, and facing him stood an elderly man, fumbling his watch chain. There were tears in his eyes and rolling down his cheeks, and the boy immediately conceived a contempt for him.

"Cryin' like a kid 'bout nawthin'," he reflected.

"Look at that!" exclaimed the college man. "He's all right. You're all right, old fellow. Brace up, now!"

The elderly gentleman relinquished his watch chain and knelt beside him.

"My boy," he cried, "you've saved my Marion's life. Do you know what you are? You're a hero, that's what you are. Yes, sir!"

A hero! Like those in the newspapers! The boy looked straight into the speaker's eyes.

"Ah, g'wan," he said.

Lamp Chimneys Out of Old Bottles

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.



AID MRS. DUGAN: "Wan day whin Oi was aafter rummagin' in me cellar, Oi found wan dozen champagne bottles goin' to waste. Oi tuck a look at thim an' Oi seen they was all in good condition, excipt they was full av champagne wather. Puttin' th' twelve bottles t' wan soide, Oi wint inta th' back yard, where th' grape vines be, an' from th' grape vine Oi tuck wan av thim long curly tindrils. A friend of mine so happened t' be the prisident av th' United States Steel Company, an' Oi sint him th' long curly tindril from th' grape vine, an' Oi said, 'Would he make me a duplicate of it in timpered steel.' Shure, he was glad to accomydate me, because wance me auld man was aafter buyin' a share of steel stock from him whin no wan seemed t' want anny.

"'Twas not six weeks whin Oi resayved back from th' prisident av th' steel trust the timpered steel imytation av th' curly tindril av th' grape vine. Onto th' upper ind of this, an' crossways 'twas no thrick at all t' fix a clothespin. Oi prissed th' sharp point av th' lower ind av th' steel tindril inta th' cork av wan av th' champagne bottles, an' twisted th' tindril around. Thin by pullin' sharp upward on th' clothespin, an' at th' same time houldin' th' bottle toight betwane me knees—which Oi had covered wid rosin t' prevent th' bottle slippin'—Oi drew out th' cork. Oi laid the cork t' wan side and emptied th' contents av the bottle down th' drain, excipt a small tumblerful, which Oi drank. Oi thin removed th' cork from another bottle and emptied th' contents down th' drain, excipt a small tumblerful, which Oi also drank. Oi thin removed th' cork from another bottle, an' emptied th' contents down the drain, excipt a small tumblerful which Oi drank. Oi thin removed another bottle from the cork, an' emptied th' drain down th' contents, excipt a small tumblerful, which Oi drank.

"Oi thin removed another drain from th' contents and emptied th' small cork down th' tumblerful, excipt a bottle, which Oi drank. Oi thin bottled another small remove, from th' tumbler, excipt a small corkful, which Oi drained, and contentsed th' drank down th' bottle. Oi thin tankled a bump from 'nother dottle an'—Oi main Oi dunkled a tump from 'nother cople—you see, me frind, Oi main Oi drankled a kump—Oi main Oi crackled a—Oi main Oi conkled—Oi—Oi, well, annyhow, Oi did it t' all thim twilve bottles.

"Thim bottles was now all impty, an' Oi steadied th' house wid wan hand an' counted th' bottles wid th' other. There was twenty-sivin left out of th' dozen. Oi thin got me scrubbin' brush an' a pail av wather to clane th' bottles, but t' me surprise Oi found Oi couldn't git th' brush into th' neck av th' bottles. Oi therefore turned th' twenty-sivin bottles wrong soide out, an' scrubbed thim well, an' turned thim right soide out agin. By this toime th' house was revolv'in' rapid an' Oi sat on th' floor an' counted th' bottles as they wint by. There was sixty-four av thim. Oi clumb th' kitchen table an' produced out ov th' drawer th' can-opener, on th' hind legs av which was a glass cutter. Oi crept back carefully t' th' bottles and seated mesilf in th' cinter av thim and thim goin' 'round me continuous. By pritindin' indifference t' thim an' springin' at thim whin they was off their guard Oi was able t' catch thim wan at a toime. Whin Oi had thus caught a bottle Oi held it firmly down, by lyin' on it, an' wid th' glass cutter cut off th' neck. These Oi put t' wan soide an' what remained av th' bottle made an excellent lamp chimney. Whin Oi counted thim Oi found Oi had sivinty-two."



A Suggestion for Alexander

If Alexander, who once offered a reward for a new pleasure, were to come again upon earth, I should become one of the competitors for the prize, and I should offer for his consideration a festival at which there were no speeches.—*From toast, "The Stage," James Russell Lowell.*

The Ole Banjo

BY LUCY DEAN JENKINS.

Written for THE SPEAKER.

I'se all dressed up to step aroun' to see my Mandy Lou,
De puttiest li'tle colo'ed gal dat I has eber knew.
We'se 'vited down to Rastus Green's dis ebenin' fer an
outin'.

Oh, dar's gwine ter be no dancin', fer we'se Mefodists
a-shoutin';

But den we 'specs to step aroun' and keep de time, ye
know,

To de pinka panka panka ob de ole banjo.

Now, steppin' roun' and dancin' are two 'tirely different
t'ings.

De good Lord's no objection to cuttin' pigeon wings.
It's nuffin' but to satisfy de ticklin' in your feet,
And I tells you dat ar kind ob satisfaction's hard to beat.
So to-night we 'specs to step aroun' and keep de time,
you know,

To de pinka panka panka ob de ole banjo.

Now, dis hyah niggah don't intend to argify a heap,
But some o' you'd move faster if you learned to shake
yo' feet;

And you show me a niggah preacher dat don't think
jiggin' 's right,

An' I'll show you a niggah preacher dat don't know
black from white.

And I'll tell you dar's few white men dat don't keep time
wid der toe,

To de pinka-panka panka pank
pinka-panka panka pank
pinka-panka panka ob de ole banjo.

Ha! ha-ha!

Why dar you am dis minute a beatin' dat ole floor,
As if you's mad at it and wanter settle some ole score;

And you's a white man, too, an' a Mefodist—ha-ha—I
declare—

Now aftah dis, you white mens, you treat de niggah fair;
For he's got to shake his feet and legs, jest like you's
got to "shake yo' toe,"

When ye hear de pinka panka ob de ole banjo.

Dar's nothin' like de banjo to tickle darkies' ears,
It sends their cares a trabellin' and lebiates der fears;
And some day in de future, me an' Mandy Lou
(I ain't done married her yet, but I'se a spectin' to),
We'll stan' before de preacher and be tied up fer sho'e
To de pinka panka ob de ole banjo.

And when I gits to heaben and jine de happy fold,
I'll play dar in de orchestra on a banjo made ob gold;
And when you-all come sweepin' fru de pearly gates
on high,

Ole Petah, he will say to you, "Hurry up, dar, be
mo' s pry,

Make yo' feet go faster. My, you wouldn't be so slow
Ef you had had mo' practice while livin' down below."

An' I'll sit dar a grinnin' and I'll say, "I tole you so,"

To de pinka-panka panka panka
pinka-panka panka panka
pinka-panka panka ob my gold banjo.



Resignation

When I fall into the hands of one of these despots
called toastmasters, I feel like the old darkey down in
Arkansas who had lost four wives. After the burial of
the fourth, his pastor called on him, and asked him how
he felt, to which he responded:

"Well, Brother Johnson, I feel like I was in the hands
of an all-wise and unscrupulous Providence."—*From*
toast, "A Blend of Cavalier and Puritan," Henry C.
Caldwell.

Will's Chubby Legs

BY MARGARET A. RICHARD.

Written for THE 'SPEAKER.

The children laughed at Will because
He was so big and round;
They said a boy as fat as he
Was nowhere to be found.

They said his face was round and big
As was the full bright moon;
That he had better eat no more,
Or he would burst real soon.

They pointed to his chubby legs,
And shouted in their glee;
They said such stumps upon a boy
Were funny things to see.

But all this changed, for Christmas eve
The children envied Will:
They said his stockings were just right
For Santa Claus to fill.



The Measure of a Man

The standard of manhood's not strength alone,
It isn't a measure of sinew or bone;
Your brain and your brawn aren't worth thirty cents
If you don't go on through with the things you commence.
Reward's for the plodder, the bulldog-jawed fellow,
Who never grows blue and who never turns yellow,
Who learns how to suffer without yelp or bellow
And smile all the while as he faces his trial—
Success is far more than a matter of wit;
It can't be achieved without courage and grit.

—Herbert Kaufman.

The Price of the Past Participle

BY MARGARET CAMERON.

· An extract from "Harper's Magazine."



PRENTISS FORD folded his napkin with his accustomed deft deliberation, and joined his wife at the window to read, over her shoulder, the head-lines of the morning paper, as was their wont before his daily departure.

"Hello!" he exclaimed. "Mayhew's gotten his berth."

Prentiss was given, in moments of excitement or extreme concentration, to the use of the obsolescent past participle, a habit of which Stella vainly tried to break him.

"Who's Mayhew?" she asked.

"Billy Mayhew, otherwise William B., Junior," explained Ford. "You see, he's been appointed consul at San Salvador. Capital fellow. Handles all John S. Babcock's business."

"That argues mental dexterity," she said.

"More than that; it proves shrewdness, courage, energy, and good judgment," he replied.

"I wonder who'll get Babcock's business now?" he reflectively added.

"Would you like to have it?" she asked.

"Like it!" he exclaimed. "My dear girl, that business is worth at least five thousand a year to an attorney, aside from the prestige it gives to be Babcock's lawyer. Would I like it!"

"Well," she questioned, "why don't you get it?"

Ford glanced at her with amusement, tempered with just a shade of annoyance. "Unfortunately," he said, dryly, "an attorney is hampered by a professional prejudice which forbids his assaulting a man, in the progressive commercial fashion, and demanding his business. The dignity of the law—"

"Oh, quite so!" she interrupted. Prentiss had ponderous moments, which she had learned to dodge adroitly. "But there are other ways."

"Are there?" He laughed again. "For example?"

"How should I know? I'm not a business man."

"Well?" His tone suggested that there was no possible answer to its question.

"There's always a way," she said.

"If one is not fastidious." His tone had not changed.

"Prentiss!"

"Oh, well—" he began, apologetically.

"As if I would suggest—"

"No, no, certainly not!" he hastily interposed. "But—what do you suggest?" he added.

"I don't know," she again admitted. "But why shouldn't you have it?"

"Being a 'wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,' I see no reason," he said, still laughing; "but Mr. Babcock probably seeks a man of acknowledged experience and mature judgment—"

She followed him into the hall. "I called on Miss Mowbray yesterday," she said.

"Who's she?" Prentiss was brushing his hat.

"Mrs. Babcock's niece, you know—visiting them. She's a dear! We must do something for her," she added. "A dinner party or something."

"Yes," he absently assented, "that would be a good idea."

She kissed him good-by, and stood on the steps looking after him. "And you will think of a way, won't you, dear?" she called.

"Perhaps," he said, closing the gate.

John S. Babcock was not only a wealthy man himself, with a controlling interest in several good companies and a directorship in several more, but he held various positions of trust, and was the custodian of sundry large funds of one sort and another, so that his legal business was not a matter to be lightly awarded, and on the way to the station Ford's mind was full of queries concerning the remote probability of his obtaining at least a share of it, and he temporarily forgot his quandary about Stella's birthday gift, which he must get that day.

On the train he met a man named Sabin, with whom he usually sat on the way to town.

"Oh, thunder!" suddenly ejaculated his friend.

"What's the matter?" carelessly inquired Ford.

"They've changed the bill at the opera to-night. Somebody's unable to sing, and they're going to put on *Lohengrin*!"

The Metropolitan Opera Company was making one of its angel's visits to the city near which they lived and in which their offices were located.

"Well?"

"Well, I've got tickets, but I'll be hanged if I want to hear *Lohengrin*! German opera's one to many for me!"

Ford's problem returned to him, but he saw a glimmer of its solution. "How many tickets have you?" he asked.

"Two, in the parquet. Imagine paying seven dollars a seat for the privilege of enduring an evening of German opera!" growled Sabin.

"Do you want to dispose of them?"

"Sure! Do you want them?"

"Yes, I'll take them," said Ford. He paid the fourteen dollars, and slipped the tickets into his pocket with a sigh of relief. Stella was a discriminating lover of music, and devoted to Wagner, but owing to the excessive price of the seats they had not as yet attended the opera this season.

As he was leaving the train he met John S. Babcock coming from an adjoining car.

"No, his defalcation didn't surprise me," Mr. Babcock was saying to someone behind him. "Look at the reckless way in which that man spent money! It was evident that he was living beyond his means all the time, and naturally the money had to come from somewhere, so the company paid. I have found it an excellent plan to judge of a man's value to me by the way in which he takes his pleasures. If he's extravagant, I won't have him, and parsimony is almost as—Oh, good-morning, Ford," he interrupted himself, nodding cordially to the young attorney. "How's Mrs. Ford this morning?"

When he reached the office, Prentiss found a client from a neighboring town awaiting him, and entered at once upon a long and earnest discussion of important business. As they went deeper into the subject it became evident that Ford would be obliged to give his entire day to the matter, and he resolved to telephone to Stella that he would not dine at home, and ask her to

meet him in town in time for the opera. He told the office-boy to ring up Mrs. Ford, and after a few minutes received the information that the telephone in Mr. Ford's residence was out of repair. He was in the midst of an explanation of an abstruse legal point, but paused long enough to pull a tablet toward him and write:

"Mrs. Prentiss Ford, Riverbank:

"Have gotten tickets for Lohengrin. Bring dress-suit.
PRENTISS FORD."

"Here, Fred," he said to the boy, "take this to the telegraph-office at once." He then turned to resume his interrupted discussion with his client.

Early in the afternoon, while he was still very busy, a telegram was brought to him. He opened it and read, "Thanks have asked babcocks miss mowbray galvins tallants and pomeroy."
STELLA."

He read the message twice uncomprehendingly. Then he remembered the dinner party that Stella was planning for Miss Mowbray. Probably these were the guests. But why wire him? And why thanks? Oh, the opera seats, of course! Stella was punctilious about acknowledging an invitation—it was one of the many manifestations of her good taste—and as her mind was full of her dinner, she had used the remaining nine words to enumerate her guests. It was one of her delicious feminine economies never to send a telegram of less than ten words. She said it was wasteful. Ford smiled, tucked the slip of yellow paper into his waistcoat pocket, and returned to the struggle of the hour.

His client was obliged to take a train at half-past four, and Ford accompanied him to the station, intending to return at once to the office to attend to some work which the business of the day had forced aside, but finding himself excessively fatigued, and wishing to be fresh for the evening, he decided to take a brisk walk and an early dinner, after which he would work until it was time to go to the train to meet Stella. She would arrive on the theater train at quarter before eight, giving him just time for a quick change of dress at the office, which was midway between the station and the opera-house.

He noticed a woman approaching him from the opposite direction, carrying a suit-case. Something about

her figure and the poise of her head reminded him of Stella.

"Are you just getting back?" she asked, as they ascended the steps together. "We telephoned from the station about half after four, and Fred said that you had gone out, but that he expected you back soon."

"We?" he queried.

"Mrs. Babcock and I," she supplied. "We are invited to dine with them at the University Club."

"But I have dined," he objected.

"Oh, have you?" Disappointment shadowed her face for an instant, and then vanished. "Oh, well, never mind! You can't have had much at this hour, and the chef at the University Club would tempt a saint on a fast-day!"

They entered the elevator and were whizzed up six stories. As they went down the dusky hall toward the office, Stella tucked her hand into his.

"It was so dear of you to plan this, Prentiss!" she exclaimed. "It's my birthday party, isn't it?"

"Yes," he said, tenderly pressing her fingers. "Do you like it?"

"Better than anything! But you're very extravagant, aren't you?" There was a suggestion of anxiety in her tone that Ford hastened to dispel.

"Not a bit!" he heartily protested. "Business is looking up, and we can afford to be a little indulgent to ourselves—particularly on your birthday," he added, pulling out his keys. Stella sighed with content.

"Then I'm quite happy," she said. "The dinner with the Babcocks will be a delightful preliminary, and the others are to meet us at the opera-house. It was so like you to let me invite them myself!" She patted his hand as he fitted the key in the door.

"Eh?" ejaculated Ford, turning to look at her, a disturbing suspicion crossing his mind. "What others?"

"Why, didn't you get my message? I wired you that I had invited the Babcocks and Miss Mowbray, the Galvins, the Tallants, and Ogden Pomeroy. He's for Miss Mowbray," she swiftly added. "I think they'll suit each other to perfection."

"Oh," he said, throwing open the door and stepping back to allow her to enter. "You mean the dinner."

"No, I don't!" she cried in surprise. "The Babcocks give the dinner—just for us. I mean our theater party—my birthday party, you dear thing! And, oh—perhaps I ought not to mention it, but I don't mind your combining the two. Indeed I don't! It makes it just that much more delightful! And it was so clever of you to find a way!"

"A way?" he asked, puzzled.

"Yes—to interest Mr. Babcock. You know how he loves German opera!"

"But I didn't ask Mr. Babcock!" he cried.

"No, but you knew I would!" she rejoined, with enthusiasm. "That was where you were so perfectly delicious! You left it to me! And of course we wouldn't give a theater party—particularly so large a party—without asking the Babcocks!"

It was characteristic of Ford that he showed no surprise.

"Stella, how did I word that message?" He spoke very quietly. "Do you remember?"

She laughed irrepressibly. "Indeed I do! I know it by heart! 'Mrs. Prentiss Ford, Riverbank,'" she recited, with affected seriousness. "'Have got ten tickets for *Lohengrin*. Bring dress-suit. Prentiss Ford.'"

Ford recognized his ancient enemy, the obsolescent past participle.

"You might have added another word, Prentiss," she continued, reproachfully. "There were only nine. Why did you ask?"

"Oh, I just wondered what gave you the impression—"

"That you wanted the Babcocks invited? Dear boy, I may not be a brilliantly clever young attorney," with a caressing accent, "but I am the next best thing, the herein-before-mentioned attorney's wife. And here's your dress-suit—I carried it all the way from the station myself when I found you were not there to meet me—and you must make haste and dress, or we shall be late to dinner."

Ford in the meantime had been doing some rapid thinking. He looked at his watch and found it was twenty minutes after six. Every man in the building had gone at that hour. He put his hand in his pocket, knowing that he should find there a dollar and some

cents in silver, which, ten dollars in another pocket, constituted his sole supply of cash in hand. Eight additional opera seats would cost fifty-six dollars.

He quickly decided that he dared take no more risks than the circumstances compelled, and that he would send Stella to the dinner, excusing himself on the quite justifiable plea of pressing business. In this way he would secure two hours in which to find means wherewith to meet his obligations.

"Prentiss, dear, you must hurry!" again urged his wife.

"I'm sorry, sweetheart," he said, with very sincere reluctance in his tone. "I can't go to the dinner with you. No, it's quite impossible." He answered the protest in her face. "I have something on hand which must be done."

"To-night?"

"To-night—within two hours," he added.

"But Mr. Babcock— This is such an opportunity!" she begged.

"I know, but it can't be helped." He spoke with decision. "It's quite impossible for me to go. I had planned to spend the time before you arrived at work, and I simply cannot neglect this matter."

"Oh, well—perhaps it's just as well, after all." She bravely struggled with her disappointment. "Perhaps it will give him a better impression if you are too busy to accept even his invitation—and too conscientious to neglect your client's interests," she concluded, with a flush of pride.

He called a cab and sent Stella to the dinner, laden with his messages of regret; and as the lights of her carriage disappeared, he turned with determination to his quest. He made a quick canvass of the building, on the chance of finding some lingering man whom he knew, and the still remoter chance that the man, if found, would have the necessary sum at hand. But every office was dark, and he reached his own door with that faint hope extinguished. He looked at his watch; it was twenty-five minutes before seven. The party would arrive at the opera-house about eight, and he must be there sufficiently ahead of them to have the tickets in his possession. Suddenly it occurred to him that it might

not be possible at this late hour to get ten seats together. He went to the 'phone and called up the opera-house.

"Can you give me ten seats in a block?" he asked.

"No, sir," came the prompt answer.

"No chance of arranging it in any way?" he asked.

"No, sir. There are only six seats left on the lower floor. We can give you three together. The others are scattering."

Ford's heart sank. "How about the balcony?" he inquired.

"Nothing at all there. Every seat sold. You wouldn't want a box?"

"There are ten in my party," said Ford.

"I can give you two adjoining boxes—five seats in each. The only ones left."

"How much?"

"Forty-five dollars each."

"All right," said Ford, quietly. "Will you reserve them for me until I can get down there?"

"Well—how long will that be?"

"Oh, half an hour or more," replied Prentiss, with affected carelessness. "I'll have to dress; and I'm some distance out," he mendaciously added.

"What name, please?"

"Prentiss Ford."

"Address?"

"My offices are in the Attorneys' Building. I live at Riverbank."

"You think you can be here in half an hour, Mr. Ford?"

"I think so. Perhaps you'd better allow me an extra ten minutes."

"All right, sir."

"There won't be any slip about this?" asked Ford, as if he were cross-examining a witness. "I shall arrive there with my party, and I don't wish to disappoint them," he added.

"No, sir; that'll be all right."

"Oh, by-the-way," said Prentiss, as an after-thought, "if you should have calls for seats in the parquet, I have a couple that I shall not need now."

"Yes, sir; that'll be all right," repeated the voice.

Ford hung up the receiver with one hand and took

out his watch with the other. It was twenty minutes of seven. He would secure the seats first and dress afterwards. Being a man of much reserve, his friendships, while warm, were few, and it happened that three of his close friends—Bert Galvin, George Tallant, and Ogden Pomeroy—were in the party that his wife had invited to the opera, which effectually erased them from the list of possibilities. Moreover, they had probably all gone home on an early train, in order to dress and return in the evening, as he would have done but for his urgent business. He smiled sardonically as he glanced at the untouched work lying on his desk. He took the money from his pockets and found that he had eleven dollars and sixty-five cents. The opera tickets that he had bought of Sabin in the morning would bring his cash capital up to twenty-five dollars. This left sixty-five that he must obtain in some way before he could secure the seats for his party.

Then it occurred to him that a supper must follow the opera. He couldn't decently give an entertainment of this elaborate nature without offering his guests something to eat. That would require at least twenty—possibly thirty—dollars more; ninety-five in all that he had still to get. A nice little sum for a young attorney to spend in entertaining, he thought; the price of the obsolescent past participle!

Suddenly he remembered Mr. Babcock's words: "I have found it an excellent plan to judge of a man's value to me by the way in which he takes his pleasures. If he's extravagant, I won't have him."

"There goes my last and only chance," he grimly said to himself. "This will settle his opinion of me!"

Floating through his mind, jostling these calculations, were various plans for obtaining the money, all more or less impracticable. With the independence characterizing the management of popular organizations, the oracle in the box-office during the opera season had peremptorily and persistently refused to accept checks in payment for seats, so Prentiss knew that any attempt to make such an arrangement would prove futile. He tried to telephone to two men whom he knew sufficiently well to ask for a loan, and found one of them out of town, and the other not yet arrived home. It occurred

to him that possibly Sabin might have remained in town, in which case he might dine at Germaine's, where they sometimes took lunch together. Ford ran down six flights of stairs, as the elevator had stopped for the night, and he also ran three of the five blocks to the restaurant, modifying his pace only when he came to the more frequented streets. He passed through the restaurant, looking eagerly from side to side, but Sabin was not there. He decided to ask the proprietor, who would remember him as a frequent patron, to cash his check, and learned, upon inquiring at the desk, that Mr. Germaine was ill, and had gone home.

He looked at his watch. It was five minutes past seven. He had only fifteen minutes more at the outside. He remembered a pawn-shop near the opera-house.

He ran out of the telephone station, hailed a passing cab, and drove to his office, where he ran up six flights of stairs, seized his suit-case, and plunged down to the cab again, bidding the man "drive like the devil" to the pawn-shop. As he left the cab, still panting from his run up and down stairs, he looked at his watch. It was fifteen minutes past seven.

He found a telephone and called up the opera-house. "This is Prentiss Ford," he said, as calmly as if he were not gasping for breath. "I am on my way down, but have been detained. Will you hold those boxes for me until half-past seven?"

"You'll surely take them, sir?"

"Oh, yes," with cheerful assurance; "I am on my way down town now."

"Very well, sir."

Prentiss hung up the 'phone and went to the pawn-shop. "What will you give me for the suit I have on?" he asked. "It's new."

"The man fingered the coat. "Sixteen dollars," he said.

"And my watch?" continued Ford.

"Twenty-five dollars," said the Jew, after an examination.

"I must have more than that," said Ford.

"What else have you got?" asked the man.

"Nothing," said Prentiss. Then his glance fell on a card upon which were displayed some cheap imitation

pearl studs. "Hold on!" he exclaimed. He opened his suit-case, and took the pearl studs from his dress-shirt. The Jew examined them carefully.

"Twenty dollars," he said.

"How much are those?" asked Ford, indicating the imitations.

"Seventy-five cents."

"That will do," promptly replied Ford. "I'll take those, and you may have these." In the meantime he had found his patent leathers. "How much for my shoes?" he went on, putting up his foot for examination.

"Two dollars."

"Very well," he agreed. "Have you a place where I can change my clothes?"

He was taken into an evil-smelling apartment, where he quickly dressed, packing his business suit in the suit-case.

"How much for the case?" he asked, as he came out.

"Three dollars."

"All right. The clothes are packed in it, and here's the watch. Hurry up!" He deliberately counted out sixty-six dollars.

As Prentiss was leaving the opera-house, after having secured the seats, he heard someone call:

"Hullo, Ford!"

Turning, he saw Ogden Pomeroy.

"What are you doing down here alone?" asked Pomeroy. "And where's Stella?"

"Stella is dining with the Babcocks," replied Prentiss. "I was busy and couldn't go, and I came down here a little early to make sure of my seats. I hadn't been able to get down for my tickets before."

"Business must be rushing with you," remarked his friend. "Where are you going now? Aren't you going to wait until the rest come?"

"No," said Ford, thinking of his supper. "I—the truth is, I'm looking for a man."

"Won't I do?" asked Pomeroy. "Have a cigar?"

"No, thanks. I'm in a deuce of a hurry."

"It must be a case of 'battle, murder, and sudden death' to hurry you!" rejoined Pomeroy, laughing. "Can I be of any assistance?"

"Why—er—no," began Ford, and then he hesitated.

Pomeroy was a bachelor and a good fellow; he could be relied upon to keep his own counsel, and the case was becoming desperate.

"I'm at your service," said Ogden.

"Well, to tell the truth, I'm somewhat short of money. I have been unexpectedly called upon for a large amount," explained Prentiss, with a last effort to preserve his dignity, "and it has left me without enough to pay for the supper I want to give after the opera. If you happen to have twenty or thirty dollars about you—"

Pomeroy groaned, and, putting his hand in his pocket, brought out a handful of small change. "That's all I have," he said, ruefully, "that and my commutation ticket."

Ford looked his disappointment. "Oh, well, never mind," he said, in a moment. "I'll manage somehow."

Pomeroy suddenly conceived an idea that he felt to be brilliantly original in its association with Prentiss Ford. "Why don't you pawn something?" he asked. "There's a little shop down here where—" He was stopped by the irony of Ford's smile.

"Man," said Prentiss, "I've pawned the clothes off my back, the shoes off my feet, and the jewels out of my shirt front!"

Then the whole story came out, interrupted by shouts of laughter from Pomeroy.

"Here!" he cried, when Prentiss had finished. "Come on! I have my watch. We'll pawn that! Certainly we will!" he persisted, in answer to Ford's protests. "It's the least I can do for you!"

Ogden's watch brought seventeen dollars and a half, but, by adding his fob and a quaint and valuable ring that he wore, they obtained a sum that they felt would be sufficient.

When the rest of the party arrived at the opera-house they found their host and Pomeroy unconcernedly smoking and chatting near the entrance, and Ford received the greetings of his guests as calmly as if this entertainment had been as entirely of his planning as they believed it to be, while Stella was exquisitely radiant.

After they were seated in the boxes, Mr. Babcock said to his wife: "Prentiss Ford is a noteworthy young man. He has always lived well within his income, and he must

be meeting with remarkable success to be able to give an entertainment like this."

But it was not until the next day that Prentiss fully realized what his past participle had done for him. Then it was that John S. Babcock came into his office and said:

"Mr. Ford, my attorney, Mr. Mayhew, has been called away, and I am without a legal adviser. Do you think you could find time to help me out?"

Prentiss thought he could.



The Government Mule

It is said that the Yankee has always manifested a disposition for making money, but he never struck a proper field for the display of his genius until we got to making paper money. Then every man who owned a printing press wanted to try his hand at it. I remember that in Washington ten cents of rags picked up in the street would be converted the next day into thousands of dollars.

An old mule and cart used to haul up the currency from the Printing Bureau to the door of the Treasury Department. Every morning, as regularly as the morning came, that old mule would back up and dump a cartload of the sinews of war at the Treasury. A patriotic son of Columbia, who lived opposite, was sitting on the doorstep of his house one morning, looking mournfully in the direction of the mule. A friend came along, and seeing that the man did not look as pleasant as usual, said to him:

"What is the matter? It seems to me you look kind of disconsolate this morning."

"I was just thinking," he replied, "what would become of this government if that old mule was to break down."—*From toast, "Men of Many Inventions," Horace Porter.*

The New Road Question*

BY GRACE LIVINGSTON FURNISS.



HUCKS," says Henry K., shoving back his battered old hat and giving me a sort of contemptuous grin. "Women vote; they ain't got the intellec'."

Slower than molasses in January was Henry K. Sawyer, but it was a sort of a charity to hire him, so I put up with him. Of course, I didn't care for what he said, but I thought I would hear how far he would go. So says I, "As to voting, now, Henry K., I would like to venture something handsome that I am better prepared to vote on the New Road Question than you be this minit."

"Oh, you are a dredful smart woman, Mis' Atkins," says he, with a sort of pitying smile. "As to the New Road Question, Jehu Carter has got that in hand, and the road will go on the way he wants it, like everything else in town meeting. Jehu Carter says: 'I'm a man and a citizen and duty points me toward the Town Hall.'"

"Well, if so be that he wants your vote, why don't you give it to him," says I, very innocent, "specially as you know that Jehu is bound to get his way in the end."

"He ain't, neither," says Henry K. "Oh, he's a come-outer, etc., and has the women on his side, but he can't have my vote; no, nor anybody else's if I can help it. I am sorry to disoblige you, Mis' Atkins, but I can't let you talk me round on this point, really, I can't, now."

With that I drove off, kind of pleased to think I had hardened him against Jehu.

I had agreed to take Niabby to meat auction that day. Niabby was my own sister, named after a wreck that drifted in two days after she was born, the Niobe, from Baltimore, and mother thought the name was dreadful pretty, though like enough spelled wrong, so she called the baby Niabby; and as mother used to say, it seemed as though a character must have drifted in with the name, for there never had been a slack Cathcart before Niabby

*An extract from "Harper's Magazine."

grew up, without one faculized bone in her body. She kept house more like a hen than a woman. Consequently, I was not a bit surprised that morning to find her rocking and crocheting in the parlor, her store bang on one side, and she in a calico wrapper and slippers, working away on a tidy and singing to herself.

"Well, Niabby," says I, "this is a nice looking house at ten o'clock and you with no one to do for but yourself. Why, my house is so that if I was to fall down dead this minute the whole sewing circle, with Mary Susan Peters at their head, might put their heads in every corner and welcome."

"I suppose so," says she, "but I'm not expecting to fall down dead myself. But, lands, it's meat auction day, isn't it? Well, well, I'll run and get ready."

When Niabby climbed into the wagon I could see there was six buttons off one shoe and five off the other. However, Niabby never missed them, and her tongue went as though it was hung in the middle. "Priscilla," says she, "I do wish you wouldn't drive with one hand and cluck your tongue that way, it's so like a man."

"Since driving is about the one thing men do better than most women," says I, "I am willing to imitate them. Most women drive as though the horse was a fish they was trying to haul in overhanded."

"I wonder you'll admit a man can beat you at anything," says Niabby; "but, for all your flings at men I notice you let both Jehu Carter and John P. Enas follow in your wake, and I'll be bound you'll tie to one of them yet. You need someone to look out for you."

"No, I don't," I said flatly; "I want a vote; give me that and I'll snap my fingers at all male creation. Men, indeed! sheep, I call them," says I, getting excited, "all trotting after Jehu Carter, all going to let him carry the new road 'round Pogit way, though none of them want it there. If the women of this town were worth their salt," says I, "they would vote by proxy, as I used to do through Hosea."

"Well, you and John would make a likely pair," says Niabby.

"Stop, Niabby," says I, "you make me perfectly sick with your foolishness. You might as well reef up now as later, for it won't ever be a match; no, never," says I.

Then says she, meditative, "Perhaps you're right, Priscilla. John P. hasn't Jehu's faculty, but he is a dreadful sweet-natured man. As for Jehu, he is dreadful masterful, and you are not a meek and lowly yourself, so it wouldn't hardly suit, because Jehu never knocks under, nor you either, and as Samuel used to say, two can't drive and so——"

"Why can't you understand," says I, "I'm not going to take either Jehu or John P."

"Oh, as to that," says she, "I would wait a bit, for John P. is so dreadful sweet-natured, and you have faculty enough for two."

She fairly riled me, and says I to myself, "Marry John P.? I guess not."

All the same, that evening when it was too dark to see the Pass, and I sewing all alone, Niabby's foolishness, or my own, set me to thinking how dreadful lonesome I was. Just then the door burst open and in rushed John P. Enas, dripping with rain. "Lands, John P.," says I, springing up, "what in the name of common sense brought you out to-night?"

"Why, it isn't bad, Priscilla," says he, looking rather sheepish.

"Well," says I, very hearty, "I'm glad to see you, real glad, but my, how wet you are! Take off your coat and boots," says I, snatching up a light, "and I'll fetch you down Hosea's slippers."

I gave him the slippers and set a chair up to the fire, took up my work and settled to enjoy a real sociable time, John P. being mighty good company. Well, we talked back and forth awhile, and then we got 'round to the New Road Question. "It's against all reason and common sense to carry it Pogit way," says John P., "and it will cost the town two thousand dollars more, but Jehu wants the road Pogit way, and Jehu will get it. Gosh!" says he, "it's time his . . . was scotched before this town turns to Jehuville."

"Think so," says I, drawing him out after a plan I had fixed up with myself. "Then why don't you scotch it?"

"George," says John P., flushing up and letting his chair drop forward with a bang, "who's going to listen to me when Jehu's about?"

The Speaker

"Your tongue runs pretty easy," says I, "and there's a good many times when Jehu isn't about, since you are afraid of him."

"Afraid! me afraid of Jehu Carter," shrieked John P., overturning his chair and tramping up and down. "Who says I am afraid?"

"Dear heart, I thought you did," says I, most tickled to death.

"But Jehu has elected himself a committee of one to run this town for so long, and he will talk every wooden head in the meeting into the conviction that it is cheaper to lay fifteen miles of road than eight, and they won't realize till next assessment that it is not."

"Exactly so," says I, rocking very calm. "Now, why don't you get up in Town Meeting and state the facts, write down the figures and work them into a speech?"

"Oh, I can't make a speech," says John P.

"Can't? Well, I could," says I, contemptuous.

"Bet you couldn't, now," says John P.

"I know I could," says I.

"All right, make one. I will tell you what, Priscilla," says he, smiling, "you write a speech, I'll supply the figures, and I'll get up next Friday night and say it off; I will, as sure as a gun."

"Do you mean it?"

"Yes, ma'am. Well, how would you begin, Priscilla," says John P., rocking and puffing away at his pipe.

"I hardly know, but suppose something like this," says I—"Well, Mr. Carter, I'm glad to see you," for I looked 'round and there was Jehu standing dripping on the mat, looking very savage at John P.'s unconscious back.

"Kind of a queer beginning, isn't it, Priscilla," says John P. Then he looked 'round and saw Jehu, and which of them looked the maddest it was hard to say. As for me, I just began to enjoy the evening. John P. and Jehu settled themselves to staying each other out, and a joyous time we had, I'll tell you, for if you want real company, pit two widowers against each other with the widow they're after in the middle, and a nor'easter raging 'round the house. Polite didn't begin to express the way they laughed at each other's yarns and looked to see how I took them. After talking a while we got

'round to the Road again. "It's this way," says Jehu; "in laying out our funds we have got to keep our eye out to see what is bearing down on us. There is only one crop of any account raised by any of us, and that is the summer boarders. The summer visitors," says he, "not only wants to be amused, but wants to be amused hard. Now, next summer when they say to us, 'What can we do?' we can say, 'Take a drive over our new macadamized road, twelve miles long, leads to Clam Bay Cove, Sunny Point Light'"—"and right by Jehu Carter's farm," says John P.

"Certainly, right by my farm," says Jehu, "and in the course of time Sea View Beach would get to be a regular watering place. People aren't coming 'way down here after that perfect rest they are so hot after, unless they have a reasonable certainty that they can be on the move from morning till night."

"Great Scott!" says John P., sudden, "is that clock right, Priscilla?"

"Set it by the town clock at noon," says I.

"Well, then, I must be going," says he, looking very pointed at Jehu, who didn't budge an inch. "Going my way, Jehu?"

"No; I'm not going any way at present, unless Priscilla is tired of me," and Jehu laughed a kind of crowing sort of laugh that sent John P. flying out of the door into the entry.

"John P.'s a queer fellow," says Jehu, warming his feet and fairly seeming to purr with comfort.

"Well, now," says I, "he has had poor luck in most everything, from his farm down to his wife."

"They say he means to do better next time as to a wife," says Jehu. "They tell me he is keeping it up with—with you, Priscilla."

"Me!" I fairly screamed, "me! Jehu Carter, what foolishness! Of course, he drops in now and then like—others, but, lands, he's just a real old friend, and his own house is lonesome, so he kind of comes here to get a rest."

"I don't blame him a mite. You needn't get so red, Priscilla," says Jehu, smiling. "I like it myself, and I calculate that we both come for the same reason."

"And what's that," says I, very innocent.

"I will tell you later," says he, starting to go.

"Why don't you tell me now?" says I.

"Because I never calc'late to plant seed in winter," says he, getting into his coat. "It isn't seasonable and nothing comes up," with which that aggravating man walked off, leaving me to study out his meaning. Then I got out a piece of paper and a pencil and started in to write my speech.

Of course, having written John P. a speech, I had to teach it to him as though he had been an infant in arms. If I told him once, "Gentlemen: Invaluable as Mr. Carter's idea is for some future time, it is impractical at present for financial and individual reasons," etc. If I told him that once, I had it over ten thousand times, until I wondered if I had been crazy to put together such a string of words, though I had thought it rather fine sounding when I wrote it off.

"John P., I've got a splitting headache," says I, as he came up smiling to the door the afternoon before Town Meeting. "I have," says I, "and if you so much as show me that speech I really believe I shall heave it into the fire. Besides, if you don't know it now you won't ever, and if you forget it to-night I'll never forgive you," says I, getting excited.

"But I do know it by heart," says he. "I reeled it off ten times to mother this morning, and every word sat plum jam in its socket. If you was to hang me up by my heels I believe that speech would come ripping and tearing out of my boots. I don't ever expect to get quit of it."

I wasn't in any condition to go to Town Meeting in the evening, and I sent Henry K. to take Niabby along. He left about eight and got back a little after ten. It seemed to me days before I heard the wheels, and then he came in red with the cold, and about two sheets in the wind, having been treated downtown, I suppose.

"Hurrah, Mis' Atkins!" says he, waving his hat. "Hoorah! before you know why, for you won't after you do!"

"Henry K.," says I, "sit down and act like a rational creature. Did Jehu get the road carried Pogit way?" says I.

"No, ma'am," says he, dashing his hat on the floor and almost yelling with excitement.

"It was a close call, I tell you, but after all had been said, the clerk called for a show of hands, and Mr. Jehu Carter's motion was defeated by a majority of one—of one," says he, jumping up and dancing about, "and I was that one, and you says, says you, 'If Jehu wants your vote why don't you give it to him.' "Oh, you women, especially you staving smart ones, how you do get swamped," says Henry K., falling over into his chair. "Jehu come out flowery, I tell you. He gave us a rapid history of the island, its past, its present and its future, specially its future. Says he, 'That future is specially to be considered in every step we now take toward improving our wave-washed home.' Yes, ma'am, wave-washed home was the expression he used, and I presume it's poetry," says Henry K.

"I should have thought a speech like that would have settled everything," says I.

"So it would, so it would, if the meeting had been a hen gathering, but it wasn't," says Henry K., very crushing, "and men goes deeper into things, particular when a cool, hard-headed fellow like John P. Enas gets up and lays the matter before them in a nutshell—in a nutshell," says he, very triumphant.

"Oh, indeed," says I, "and what did he say?"

"Oh, he laid it off with surprising ease," says Henry K. "Says he, 'Gentlemen: Invaluable as Mr. Carter's suggestions are for some future time, at present they seem to be impracticable for financial and individual reasons.' Then he went on to show the exact figures, but I won't trouble you with figures, being a woman, you couldn't follow," says he. "Then he put in his fancy work, and tackled to the jokes like a man, comparing Jehu to the fox who lost his tail in the fourth reader. 'And,' says he, 'it is certainly hard that Mr. Carter has a farm Pogit way, and the sympathy of this community is with him in his undeserved affliction. At the same time, gentlemen,' says John P., 'I take it we are not any of us so phil—phil—philanderin—' says he."

"Philanthropic, perhaps," says I.

"That's it. How did you guess? 'I take it we are not quite so—phil—etc.,' says Henry K., giving it up, 'as to spend our cash in laying five extra miles of road merely to join him in his misery. I would therefore sug-

gest that a series of resolutions be passed, saying that since the heavy hand of Providence has visited our brother with a Pogit farm, we beg to tender our sympathy, but must respectfully decline to foot the bill.' You just ought to have heard them shout," says Henry K., "and then there was a show of hands taken, and there was a majority of one for carrying the road across the ruts over the common, and I was that majority. So you see, Mis' Atkins, that was just where you slipped up in your calculations."

"Oh, you think so," said I. "Well, look here," says I, whipping that speech out of the table drawer and flinging it in his lap. You know my handwriting, I believe," says I.

"I ought to," says he, holding the paper to the light. "Jiminey Crickets! What is this? 'Gentlemen: Invaluable as'—why, it is John P.'s speech! How did you come by it?" says he.

"Well," says I, "I wrote the whole thing and John P. committed it to memory, sitting in that very chair you are in."

"Gosh! I believe I'm drunk," says Henry K. "You write a speech. But look here," says he, very suspicious, "how did you come to be so very hot about me giving my vote to Jehu?"

"Donkeys and men," says I, "according to my experience, are easiest driven backwards when balky, which they generally are, and the shortest way of getting them north is to steer due south—that is, it seems so, judging by results," says I.

"You are the beaterer," says Henry K., aghast. "The idea of a woman—a woman—writing off a speech like that and play-acting a man out of his vote. It's outrageous, and I'm going to tell Jehu."

With that he banged the door, leaving me free to go to bed, chuckling over my own cuteness, though I must say I had an awful sinking at the heart when I thought of how Jehu must take it all.

Next morning I was getting ready for a grand pie-baking, when the door opened and in came Jehu, on the broad grin.

"Good-morning, Priscilla," says he, very blunt. "Can I sit by the stove and watch you make pies? Make me

a turn-over, now, will you, Priscilla?" says he, staring at me in a queer, steady way so that I was glad to have the pies to attend to, I was so flustered.

"You didn't get to meeting last night," says he.

"No, I didn't. I had a dreadful headache," says I, flushing red as a beet.

"Priscilla," says he, "that speech of yours was a topper—a topper," says he.

"Well, I am glad you take it so sensible," says I.

"George," says he, "I had like to take the speech and the maker, too," says he. "Why, Priscilla, there isn't a man in town, let alone the women, who could have written that speech that keeled me over so neatly, and I can't afford to have you against me. George," says he, "the woman who could plan all that out is coming out topside in everything, and I want her for my wife. Think what a team we'd make! A pair of clippers! Come, say yes, Priscilla."

Well, of course, I said "yes," and a lot more foolishness, too, I presume, for when the door opened and Niabby walked in a little later, Jehu and me was holding hands over the pie-board like a pair of young idiots.

"What are you doing?" says she, starting back.

"I am making Jehu a turn-over," says I, jumping away from Jehu.

"I expect so," says she, looking at us very arch. "Is this it?" she says, picking it off the floor, where Jehu's elbow had knocked it.

My, you should have heard Jehu laugh.

"Why, Priscilla," says Niabby, when Jehu had gone out—

"Oh, yes, yes, I know," says I, getting red. "Two can't drive, and Jehu is a masterful man and all the rest of it, but when a man can take hold and drive like all creation, a woman, if she's got any sense, is glad enough to take a back seat and let him do it."

"I want to know," says Niabby.

"Yes," says I, "and now, Niabby, perhaps you can begin to believe I shan't ever tie to John P., you were so dreadful sure I would, you know."

"Oh, no, I wasn't," says she, very calm. "I took pretty good care to prevent that."

"You prevent me! How, I would like to know?"

"According to a rule you have often given me," says she. Says you, 'Niabby, if you want to drive a man or a mule north, steer him south, and their contrariness will fix the business,' "and so," says she, very sly, "as up and coming widows bid above all those animals for contrariness, I applied the rule to you, and I should say it was a good one."

"Well," says I, "I am a good hand to swallow my own medicine. It's a little hard on John P., though."

"Oh, I wouldn't fret about him, for he—well—he's engaged to me. Of course, he would rather have had you, but seeing how things was going with you and Jehu, he stepped back and took me, and as we are both slack and easy-going, I expect we will get along as well as if we were both up and coming," says she.



Hope

BY ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

Say not, the struggle nought availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been, things remain.

If hope were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

A Workman's Prayer*

BY ROSCOE GILMORE STOTT.

Lord, help me at my humble job to-day!
For, honestly, I'd like to be like Him,
Who was a Carpenter, an' earned His pay
By workin' hard an' tryin' not to skim.
'Most ev'ry fellow tries his best to quit
A little mite before th' whistle blows;
But anything He done He finished it—
Or so I think th' Bible story goes.

Lord, help me at my humble job to-day!
I get so sick o' just th' same old thing.
If only I could find some other way—
For stickin'-pow'r's the simple prayer I bring,
T' hang right to it, like a bulldog pup,
A-whistlin' like I never care a blame!
Say, I need You or I can't keep it up,
For without You my job don't go th' same.

Lord, help me at my humble job to-day!
Th' foreman thinks I'm nothin' but a dog;
An' with that tongue he's always gettin' gay—
Say, I could lay him flatter 'n a log.
But He—the Carpenter—was meek an' mild,
An' when they cursed He knew just how to wait.
I'm tryin' hard t' be—like Him—Your Child.
My notion is—Your walkin'-delegate.



The busy world shoves angrily aside
The man who stands with arms akimbo set,
Until occasion tell him what to do;
And he who waits to have his task marked out
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled.
From "A Glance Behind the Curtain," James Russell Lowell.

*From "Leslie's Weekly."

The Sun's Three Motions

There is one virtue, I am sure, in after-dinner oratory, and that is brevity; and as to that, I am reminded of a story. The Lord Chief Justice has told you what are the ingredients of after-dinner oratory. They are the joke, the quotation and the platitude; and the successful platitude, in my judgment, requires a very high order of genius. I believe that I have not given you a quotation, but I am reminded of something which I heard when very young—the story of a Methodist clergyman in America. He was preaching at a camp meeting, and he was preaching upon the miracle of Joshua, and he began his sermon with this sentence: "My hearers, there are three motions of the sun. The first is the straight-forward or direct motion of the sun; the second is the retrograde or backward motion of the sun; and the third is the motion mentioned in our text, 'the sun stood still.'"

Now, gentlemen, I don't know whether you see the application of the story—I hope you do. The after-dinner orator at first begins and goes straight forward, that is the straight forward motion of the sun. Next he goes back and begins to repeat himself, that is the backward motion of the sun. At last, he has the good sense to bring himself to the end, and that is the motion mentioned in our text, as the sun stood still.—*From toast, "After-Dinner Speaking," James Russell Lowell.*



Defined At Last

Remembering some past occurrences on occasions like this, we agree with the pupil who was asked by his teacher:

"What is the meaning of elocution?"

To which he answered: "It is the way people are put to death in some states."—*From "Our Ancestors and Ourselves," Henry E. Howland.*

A Man and His Shoes

How much a man is like his shoes!
For instance, both a sole may lose.
Both have been tanned.
Both get left and right,
Both need a mate to be complete,
And both are made to go on feet.
They both need healing; oft are sold,
And both in time will turn to mold.
With shoes the last is first, with men
The first shall be last, and when
The shoes wear out they're mended new,
When men wear out they're men dead, too.
They both are trod upon, and both
Will tread upon others, nothing loath.
Both have their ties, and both incline,
When polished, in the world to shine,
And both peg out—now, would you choose
To be a man or be his shoes?



The Soul of Brevity

"The pleasing duty is assigned me of recognizing the largest and one of the famous powers of Europe, accompanied by the suggestion that my time is limited. The situation is like that of the clergyman who was sent for in great haste by a man who was very ill, and thought the end was approaching. He said to the minister, when he arrived:

"I have been a great sinner, I am pretty sick, and I am afraid my time is short, and I want you to pray with me. You must be brief, but fervent."—*From toast, "Russia," Henry E. Howland.*

A Temperance Corkscrew

Some years ago, when the bedding in sleeping cars was not supposed to be as fat as it ought to be, and the pillows were accused of being constructed upon the homeopathic principle, a New Englander got on a car one night. Now, it is a remarkable fact that a New Englander never goes to sleep in one of these cars. He lies awake all night, thinking how he can improve upon every device and patent in sight. He poked his head out of the upper berth at midnight, hailed the porter and said:

"Say, have you got such a thing as a corkscrew about you?"

"We don't 'low no drinkin' sperits aboa'd these yer cars, sah," was the reply.

"'Tain't that," said the Yankee, "but I want to get hold of one of your pillows that has kind of worked its way into my ear."

The pillows have since been enlarged.—*From toast, "Men of Many Inventions," Gen. Horace Porter.*



Good Cheer

One morn I rose and looked upon the world.
"Have I been blind until this hour?" I said.
O'er every trembling leaf the sun had spread,
And was like golden tapestry unfurled;
And as the moments passed, more light was hurled
Upon the drinking earth athirst for light;
And I, beholding all this wondrous sight,
Cried out aloud, "O God, I love Thy world!"
And since that waking often I drink deep
The joy of dawn, and peace abides with me;
And though I know that I again shall see
Dark fear with withered hand approach my sleep,
More sure am I when lonely night shall flee,
At dawn the sun will bring good cheer to me.

—*Max Ehrmann.*

It Looked Too Serious to Him

Smiling, Pat strolled into the examination room where candidates for the police force underwent their physical test.

"Strip!" ordered the police sergeant.

"Phwat's that?" demanded the uninitiated.

"Get your clothes off, and be quick about it!"

Mumbling and muttering, Pat disrobed, and the doctor proceeded to the test.

"Hop over this bar!" ordered the doctor.

Pat did his best, which landed him on the small of his back.

"Now jump under this cold shower!" ordered the doctor.

"Shure, that's funny!" muttered the applicant, as he obeyed.

"And, now," concluded the doctor, "run 'round the room ten times, to test your heart and wind!"

Pat hesitated, then—

"Oi'll not!" he blurted out. "Oi'll sthay single!"

"Single?" inquired the doctor, mystified.

"Yes, single!" repeated the Irishman. "What's all this fussin' got to do wid a marriage license?"

He had strayed into the wrong office.—*Chicago Daily Socialist*.



He Should Have Explained

In one of the large cities a street car collided with a milk cart and sent can after can of milk splashing into the street. Soon a large crowd gathered. A very short man coming up had to stand on tiptoe to see past a stout woman in front of him.

"Goodness!" he exclaimed. "What an awful waste!"

The stout woman turned round and glared at the little man and said, sternly: "Mind your own business!"—*Harper's Magazine*.

Black Sheep

BY RICHARD BURTON.

From their folded mates they wander far,
Their ways seem harsh and wild,
They follow the beck of a baleful star,
Their paths are dream beguiled.
Yet haply they sought but a wilder range
Some loftier mountain slope,
And little recked of the country strange
Beyond the gates of hope.

And haply a bell with a luring call
Summoned their feet to tread
'Midst the cruel rocks where the deep pitfall
And the lurking snare are spread.
Maybe in spite of the tameless days
Of outcast liberty
They're sick at heart for the homely ways
Where their gathered brothers be.

And oft at night when the plains fall dark,
And the hills loom large and dim;
For the Shepherd's voice they mutely hark
And their souls go out to him.
Meanwhile, Black sheep! Black sheep! we cry,
Safe in the inner fold.
And maybe they hear, and wonder why,
And marvel, out in the cold.



Don't "hitch your wagon to a star,"
Young man, for, as a rule,
'Twill prove more practical by far
To hitch it to a mule.

—From "*Smartweed and Ticklegrass*," Nixon Waterman.

The Speaker

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The Drama and Life*



NO other art is so intimately and vitally concerned with the daily national life as is the drama. No other art so nearly touches and shapes conduct and practice. No other art can so swiftly move our thoughts and feelings, or stir our passions, or inspire and direct our actions. In sheer momentum, in vitality of impulse, in present and penetrating power and persuasion, all the other arts are dead and imaginary things, "as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean," compared with the drama. If we wish to inspire our millions of English-speaking citizens with enthusiasm for great national ideals; if we wish to persuade them to care for the things that are more excellent, for the things of the intellect and the spirit; if we wish to sweeten their manners, to refine their tastes, to create in their lives a daily beauty instead of a daily ugliness, what instrument could be so swiftly and surely operative to these ends as a wisely conceived and wisely encouraged drama? In the widest and truest sense I claim that, in a closely packed democracy, the drama is and must be an increasingly powerful teacher, either of bad manners or good manners, of bad literature or good literature, of bad habits or good habits. Potentially, it is the cheapest, the easiest, the most winning, the most powerful teacher of that great science which it so much concerns every one of us to know thoroughly—the science of living. Clearly, the first function of the drama is to represent life and character by means of a story in action; its second and higher function is to interpret life by the same means. But the first and fundamental purpose of the drama is to represent life.

*From "Foundations of National Drama," by Henry Arthur Jones, in *The North American Review*, November, 1907.

The Playgoer and the Drama.

If playgoers will carefully listen to the remarks and judgments upon plays that come within their ear-shot during the next few months—even from cultivated men and women—I think they will come to the conclusion that the playgoing public have for the most part lost all sense that the drama is the art of representing life, and that there is a keen and high pleasure to be got out of it on that level. By the representation of life I do not mean that the drama should copy the crude actualities of the street and home. Very often the highest truths of life and character cannot be brought into a realistic scheme. The drama must always remain, like sculpture, a highly conventional art; and its greatest achievements will always be wrought under wide and large and astounding conventions. Shakespeare's plays are not untrue to life because they do not perpetually phonograph the actual conversations of actual persons. In the past, the greatest examples of drama have been set in frankly poetic, fantastic and unrealistic schemes. But whether a play is poetic, fantastic or realistic, its first purpose should be the representation of life and the implicit enforcement of the great plain, simple truths of life. Realistically, or poetically or fantastically, it should show you the lives and characters of men and women; and it should do this by means of a carefully chosen, carefully planned and always moving story.

Ten years ago, we seemed to be advancing towards a serious drama of English life; we began to gather round us a public who came to the theater prepared to judge a modern play by a higher standard than the number of jokes, tricks, antics and songs it contained. To-day the English-speaking dramatist who pays his countrymen the compliment of writing a play in which he attempts to paint their daily life for them in a serious, straightforward way, finds that he is not generally judged upon this ground at all; he is not generally judged and rewarded upon his ability to paint life and character; he is generally judged according to his ability to amuse the audience without troubling them to think. This tendency to demand mere tidbits of amusement, and to reject all study of life and character in the theater, has largely increased during the past ten years, and is still increas-

ing. Insomuch we may say that the legitimate purpose of drama—which is to paint life and character and passion—is to-day lost sight of in the demand for mere thoughtless entertainment, whose one purpose is, not to show people their lives, but to provide them with a means of escape from their lives. That is to say, the purpose of the entertainments provided in our most successful theaters is the very opposite to the legitimate purpose of the drama, the very negation and suffocation of any serious or thoughtful drama whatever.

Entertainment and the Drama.

Now, I do not decry popular entertainment. It is one of the first necessities of those who lead monotonous lives that they should be amused. But the point I wish to make is this: Popular amusement is not the art of the drama; it provides an entirely different and lower pleasure from that given by the drama. Yet the drama is hopelessly confused in the popular mind with popular amusement, and has to compete with popular amusement by sinking its own legitimate aims and ambitions. The drama, which is the art of representing life, is not judged from that standpoint at all; it lives a fitful hand-to-mouth existence according as it happens to provide popular entertainment, and it is judged and rewarded almost entirely on that level.

The one pressing necessity for our drama is that it shall be recognized as something distinct from popular amusement. To meet this necessity it will be required:

1. To bring our acted drama again into living relation with English literature; to dissolve the foolish prejudice and contempt that literature now shows for the acted drama; to win from literature the avowal that the drama is the most live, the most subtle, the most difficult form of literature; to beg that plays shall be read and judged by literary men who are also judges of the acted drama.

2. To inform our drama with a broad, sane and profound morality; a morality that neither dreads, nor wishes to escape from, the permanent facts of human life and the permanent passions of men and women; a morality akin to the morality of the Bible and of Shakespeare; a morality equally apart from the morality

that is practiced amongst wax dolls and from the morality that allows the present sniggering, veiled indecencies of popular farce and musical comedy.

3. To give our actors and actresses a constant and thorough training in widely varied characters, and in the difficult and intricate technique of their art; so that in place of our present crowd of intelligent amateurs, we may have a large body of competent artists to interpret and vitalize great characters and great emotions in such a way as to render them credible and interesting and satisfying to the public.

HENRY ARTHUR JONES.



Cavalry Song

BY E. J. CUTLER.

The squadron is forming, the war-bugles play,
To saddle, brave comrades, stout hearts for a fray!
Our captain is mounted—strike spurs and away!

No breeze shakes the blossoms or tosses the grain;
But the wind of our speed floats the galloper's mane
As he feels the bold rider's firm hand on the rein.

Lo! dim in the starlight their white tents appear!
Ride softly! ride slowly! the onset is near!
More slowly, more softly; the sentry may hear!

Now fall on the rebel—a tempest of flame!
Strike down the false banner whose triumph were shame!
Strike, strike, for the true flag, for freedom and fame!

Hurrah! sheath your swords! The carnage is done.
All red with our valor we welcome the sun.
Up, up, with the stars! We have won! We have won!

The Chief Operator

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

A Cutting from "Harper's Magazine."



It had rained continuously for three days and nights, and the river was swollen and perturbed. In the telephone exchange, standing within a hundred feet of the water, the three operators listened sedulously for the slender cry of the wire against the threefold onset of wind, rain and complaining river.

"Chief operator," came the call from headquarters, fifteen miles upstream. Peremptory and clear the message beat on Mrs. Raven's ears:

"The dam is going down. The river is breaking loose. Run for your lives! You have no time to spare. Notify anybody you can, but fly for your life! Do you hear me? Good-by."

"You can go, Molly and Mary," said the chief operator, quietly. She put out her hand for her official directory.

"No, I am not coming—not yet. Don't talk to me, girls. I have my subscribers to think of first. Good-by, girls."

The girls dashed at her and kissed her and pleaded with her; but she repeated obstinately, "Good-by, girls," and so they turned, sobbing childishly, thinking of themselves, as girls do, and started for the stairs. At the top of the long flight Mary looked back and cried out once more:

"Dear Mrs. Raven!—Don't you want me to stay, too?" But Sarah Raven did not answer. As Mary went down the stairs she heard her voice echoing through the empty exchange.

"Is this 122, ring 2?"

The young chief was calling her subscribers. Mary knew that Mrs. Raven meant to warn them all—all who were in danger and had not been notified. There were forty of them in the lower valley.

If anything that she did in that whirlwind of mind and heart could be called deliberate, she had deliberately chosen to call 122, ring 2, the first of all. It seemed to

her that she had the right to so much—and the house was very near the water.

"For father's sake," she thought. "She was father's wife. And she's been a good stepmother to me."

Her voice pierced the turmoil of water and wind with an astonishing self-possession:

"Mother! Run for your life! The dam is broken. Don't wait for anything—run! . . . No, I can't come yet. . . . No, it doesn't matter about me . . . not till I've warned my subscribers. . . . Oh, I *must* take time to say—you've been a good mother to me. . . . No, no, no, I *can't* do it. Good-by."

Now she began to select from the unconscious families upon which the doom of the river was bearing down. With the swiftness of a sympathetic operator in a country exchange where she knew everybody and everybody knew her, she recalled the circumstances of her subscribers—who was sick, who was incompetent, who was hysterical, who had no man in the house.

She had rung up the daughter of a bed-ridden mother; they two lived alone at the bend of the stream, where the flood must double upon itself and leave but half a chance, if any, even now; she was calling:

"One hundred and twenty-eight? Fanny! The river is rising. Run for the neighbors to lift her. You haven't a minute. Run!"

She glanced out of the long window. She saw foam and heard thunder. The stream, frenzied by rain, had already acquired a terrible breadth. It was not yet quite dark. Her mind worked swiftly now, and very clearly. Yet down the list of her subscribers her feeling ran ahead of her thought. Her instinct to save was quicker than electricity. It leaped before the current could, and melted with pity into forty homes. She set her white teeth and glanced over her shoulder at the advancing terror.

"You—you!" she defied it. "I'll warn them all in spite of—you."

Then she grew abject, and humbly entreated the river: "Just give me time, won't you? I need more time."

There was a little boy down with scarlet fever at 116, ring 3. The house stood too near the bank. Oh, they all did, for that matter. It would be hard to get the little fellow out . . . and in the storm! There

seemed to be as much water falling from above as there was rising from below. Her name? What *was* her name? Was the operator's reason going with all the rest?

"Mrs. Penney! Run for your life—and Johnny's! The dam is broken. Wrap Johnny up in something—your waterproof. Leave everything else—only Johnny. Somebody will take him in. Oh, I am sure they will. You haven't a minute. Good-by."

"Miss Gregory? Is that Maria Gregory? There's a flood coming. Keep your head, Maria—you're the only person in the house that has one—and get your mother and sister out. Good-by."

"Mr. Cole? That you, Mr. Cole? The dam is broken. Run for your lives! The nurse will help lift her—and the new baby—You have time if you're quick. Good-by."

"Mary Brown! Mary Brown! The river is rising. Don't stop for anything. Get out of the house with your father. Is he sober to-night? Can he walk? . . . Then *roll* him out. You'll drown if you don't. . . . Good-by."

"Mr. Henshaw? Mr. Henshaw, that you? There's a flood coming. Run and intercept Jenny on her way from the office. Don't go back home. Run!"

"Helen Patterson? Helen Patterson! Isn't this 126, ring 3? Mrs. Patterson?—126—ring 3? Helen Patterson?"

The call-bell at 126, ring 3, remained unanswered. The operator's fingers flew among her plugs; 126, ring 4? But 126, ring 4, was silent, too.

"One hundred and twelve? Is this 112? Aren't you there, 112? Why don't you answer me? I am Mrs. Raven. The dam is broken. Can't you speak? 112? Can't you *hear*?"

She rebuffed the truth from her as long as she could. She played upon the board bravely. She piled number upon number, selecting here and there, testing every wire on her map. She kept her head and her courage till this was done. Then for a moment her hands fell upon her lap, and her chin upon her breast. But she collected herself quickly, and recalled with a dash of shame at her passing confusion that the up-stream wires still hung between herself and her headquarters. She

rang up her manager, nervously now, without waiting for him to answer:

"I have to report that my lower wires are down. They are all down. I can't notify my subscribers . . . any more . . . I have done the best I could, sir. I can't do anything . . . more."

She thought he tried to say, "Escape!" But if he replied at all, and she was not sure that he did, the word was cut off as if it had been slashed with a knife. At the same instant, suddenly and utterly the lights went out.

The operator's voice trailed away into beaten silence, and she stared about her into the oscillating darkness. The wires to headquarters were disabled, too. The last strand that connected her with the living world had snapped. The ruin of the wires gave her the right to think of herself—to save herself.

She sprang, but the head-receiver—the signal of her official duty—held her. She removed it and went to the window. The floor, as she crossed it, swayed like a reeling bridge. She glanced at the river. It was an ocean of blackness, flogged by foam. The exchange stood, an island in a whirlpool. Perhaps it would continue to stand, it was a sturdy building. That was a reasonable chance, she thought, and she clung to it sensibly.

She felt her way to her seat at her switchboard, and, from long habit, perhaps, put on her head-receiver. In the dark she began to grope for her plugs and drops, feeling for the numbers that she knew almost as well by sense of touch as by sense of sight. There might still be a chance to warn some helpless family—some foolish, incompetent woman or disabled person. She reviewed her list of subscribers, name by name, asking whom she had omitted. It comforted her to believe that all the sick people had been told in time. She sat before her switchboard and thought of this.

* * * * *

The morning wore a wicked glitter. It showed a blazing, almost a blasting sun, and there was no wind. But for the river it would have been a very quiet, cheerful day; one of the mornings when people hurry out-of-doors, laughing, and make up little picnics and

play with children and smile at neighbors passing, and wish them good-day with cheery hearts.

But no one smiled that day throughout the valley. Tragic searching parties followed the river's new and fatal banks. Boats went down as soon as the torrent would hold them, and, swirling on snapping oars, hunted for signs of death or life. All the stalwart citizens offered themselves, and every man who could row or swim volunteered to leave no snag untouched, no eddy unexamined. A few persons floating on trees or roofs had been saved at dawn. More whom it had been too late to save had been silently lifted and covered from sight.

Six miles—eight miles—ten miles down the stream, a horse and a foot and by spinning boats, the search went past the people. But the river vindictively refused to them their heroine. It was hot, still noon when a man, wading waist-deep beneath a flooded orchard, called loudly for help, and twenty men ran and dashed into the water at his side.

Twelve miles below her own exchange the young operator lay among the trees; so quietly, one might have said, from the smile of her so happily, that it seemed half a pity to intrude upon her dream. Whatever it was, it had the sense of security that our dreams never know; and it would have been difficult to suppose, as one regarded her mercifully unmarred face, that she had ever suffered.

The manager of the Telephone Company, her chief from the upper town, rode splashing through the water and stood uncovered before Sarah Raven.

"She saved a good many," he said, speaking with difficulty. "She's got that comfort. It's more than most of us will ever get in this world. As nearly as we can tell, there are fifty persons alive to-day that . . . if it hadn't been for *her*. . . ."

He could not finish what he was saying, but asked leave to help carry her through the flooded trees. He looked down upon her proudly as he waded at her side.

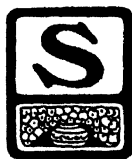
"For the honor of the company," he thought.

He stooped and touched her with a solemn reverence. The head-receiver was still fastened upon her bright hair. When some one would have removed it, the chief refused.

"We will not disturb that crown," he said.

The Gardendale Burglar Cure

BY E. J. RATH.

Cut from the "American Magazine."

SINCE the coming of the first burglar, nearly a year before, Gardendale had passed its nights in a state of excitement and suspense. The Brace and Bit Gang, jimmy wielders, second-story men and the Hold-up Brigade in turn gave the people horrors in the middle of the night. But not a single housebreaker had been captured. Then Mr. Wilson had an idea, which he imparted to his neighbors.

Late in June Mr. Wilson awoke at midnight. There was a man rummaging in the top drawer of the dresser, while a revolver lay conveniently on top.

Mr. Wilson regarded him quietly for a few seconds, and then his hand stole across the bed, under the spread, until it reached the edge, where it rested carelessly. The man glanced toward the bed. Mr. Wilson smiled at him pleasantly and said:

"Aren't you afraid to burgle around this place? It's considered a dangerous town for burglars."

The burglar laughed. "It is, hey?" he said. "Why, it's got the rep of being the easiest place around New York. But there ain't much to it, if this house is a sample. I guess I've got all that's worth taking here, so I'll be going."

"But if you go out you'll likely as not get shot a few times," said Mr. Wilson. "Our newly patented burglar alarm has been working ever since I woke up and saw you."

"No funny business, now," said the man, sharply. "What burglar alarm?"

"It's a new kind that I helped to invent," said Mr. Wilson, a note of pride in his voice. "This burglar alarm doesn't ring in your own house at all. It rings in the other fellows' houses. See this little switch here?" Mr. Wilson lifted the covers and disclosed a small contrivance fastened to the framework of the bed. "Well, when I first saw you I turned that switch and it started

to ring gongs in twenty different houses around here. When my friends woke up and looked at their indicators they saw that Number 9 had dropped. That's my number. Then they got their revolvers and shotguns and dogs and came around to call. At least, I hope so. You might look and see."

The burglar sprang to a window and looked out into the moonlight. Then he swore and fingered his pistol nervously.

"I thought it would work," said Mr. Wilson, happily. "There, they're ringing the doorbell now. Now be a good burglar and put down that gun."

The ringing of the doorbell was supplemented with pounding noises and shouts. The burglar laid his pistol on the bed and backed off against the wall.

"Thank you," said Mr. Wilson, picking up the gun and slipping out of bed. "Now, if you'll kindly go first we'll answer the bell. Don't try to run for it, because they've got a bunch of dogs and you wouldn't have a chance."

"Turn up the light and open the door," commanded Mr. Wilson as they reached the lower hall.

The burglar obeyed meekly and Mr. Wilson's neighbors piled into the hall.

"Got him?" they cried.

"There he is, gentlemen," said Mr. Wilson, making a courtly bow. "Burglar, these are my friends, Mr. Gates, Mr. Fanshawe, Mr. McIvor and others to whom I will present you more formally later. This is a great night for Gardendale, gentlemen, and I, congratulate you all. Now, if one of you will kindly telephone to the club and tell the steward to have things ready, and the rest of you will entertain my friend for a few moments, I'll go upstairs and dress. Then we'll go down to the club."

"Mr. Fanshawe, Mr. Gates and Mr. Jackson," said Mr. Wilson, as they reached the Club House, a little later, "will you kindly take the candidate into the locker-room and prepare him? We will await you in the café."

The trio thus detailed disappeared down the hall with their prisoner, and their fellow-members followed Mr. Wilson into the large room on the main floor. At one end of it was a large leather easy chair, raised upon a platform and overhung with a canopy of tablecloths that was apparently of hasty construction.

A moment later a strange figure, escorted by three solemn guards, entered from the hall. The figure was dressed in the garb of a knight of the fifteenth century. Over his shoulders was thrown a kingly robe. His face, which was that of the man who had carelessly disturbed Mr. Wilson's sleep, wore an expression of pathetic dismay.

The burglar, walking as if in a dream, was led to the raised platform and motioned to sit. Mr. Jackson, who had brought up the rear with an armful of clothes, laid them upon a table in front of the throne, and stepped back.

"Burglar," said Mr. Wilson, "what is your name?"

"He declines to give his name, gentlemen," said Mr. Wilson.

"Call him Foozle," suggested the club's worst golfer.

"Excellent," said Mr. Wilson. "The secretary will make a note of it. Foozle, how old are you?"

The burglar glared sullenly and then exclaimed: "Aw, cut it out. Send for the cops."

"Put him down as two years old," commanded Mr. Wilson. "Foozle, have you a family?"

No answer from the throne.

"The secretary will record that he has a wife and nine small children at home," announced Mr. Wilson. "Now, Foozle, instead of being a common, everyday burglar, would you like to be a king?"

After a minute's pause the interlocutor reported: "He would like to be a king. Bring forth the crown."

Mr. Gates advanced with a gilded crown, bowed low to the burglar and placed it upon his brow. The king shook it off angrily, whereupon Mr. Gates picked it up again and jammed it on with such vigor that the royal one said "Ouch" and winced. "You behave and be a nice, quiet king," admonished Mr. Gates, severely.

"Now let the sceptre be brought," said Mr. Wilson. Mr. Fanshawe advanced and placed a dainty wand in the monarch's hand.

"Now, gentlemen," continued the master of ceremonies, "who is this person we see before us?"

"He's a king," yelled the club.

"What's his name?"

"King Foozle the First."

"And what is he king of?"

"He is king of all the burglars," answered the chorus.

"Let his royal insignia be brought," said Mr. Wilson. Mr. Jackson advanced with a tin pie plate, through which a hole had been bored and a string run. He hung it around the king's neck and as he stepped back the club read upon it, painted in white letters: "I am king of all the burglars."

"Good," said Mr. Wilson, "Now, what are King Foozle's gifts to his loyal subjects?"

"These," said Mr. Gates, pointing to the burglar's clothes.

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Wilson. "I will inspect them, with the royal permission. In the right-hand coat pocket I find a watch and fob, which I recognize. I will keep them. I further find a dozen silver spoons and seven silver forks. These I also recognize. The king is bountiful to his humble subject. In the trousers pocket I find the sum of \$38.50. Of this amount I recognize \$7.80 as my own. The balance will be turned over to the club. Here is a scarfpin which I do not recognize. With the king's permission, it will be presented to the steward. This knife, bunch of keys, revolver and cold chisel are presented to the club museum. The clothing will be turned over, with the king's blessing, to the Salvation Army. The king has no more to give away."

"Now," announced Mr. Wilson, "the king desires to entertain us with feats of strength and agility in the gymnasium."

"Hooray!" yelled the club. "Come on, old boy," and they led him from his chair and escorted him downstairs. First they put him on the parallel bars and beseeched him to do many push-ups, prodding him gently to further exertion when he showed signs of fatigue. The king flunked miserably on the tenth and hung helplessly. On the horizontal bar he was persuaded to chin himself twelve times and was disrespectfully hooted when he failed on the thirteenth. In skinning the cat the royal pie plate and gorgeous cape became entangled in his legs and the king fell head down upon the mat. Then there was royal broad jumping, high jumping, club swinging, weight lifting, pulley manipulation and other feats of which the members of the Greenlawn Golf Club were fertile in invention. The king panted, perspired and became wobbly, but he endured it silently. The Com-

mittee on Persuasion had a wonderful knack of getting the royal consent.

Finally they dropped him on the throne again and the master of ceremonies addressed him.

"Your Royal Highness, King of All Burglars," he said, "we are about to return you to your kingdom. You came to us in the humble garb of the peasant and you go away in the imperial robes of state. You will tell your people that we treated you right royally. You will even condescend to explain to them the beauties of the Gardendale system of burglar alarms, the excellence of the armament of its citizens, the watchfulness of their dogs and the unfailing hospitality of their club. You will tell them all these things in order that they may come and see, if they so wish. Now, sire, you may go."

"Where's me clothes?" asked the king.

"They have been given to the Salvation Army," said Mr. Wilson.

"Am I goin' in these things?" asked the king, surveying his pink tights in dismay.

"Sure you are, Foozle, old scout," cried Mr. Gates.

"I ain't a-goin'," said the king, resuming his seat, sullenly.

"It's getting near daylight," said Mr. Wilson comfortingly, "and if you're sensitive about the kingly robes you'd better mosey along while it's still dark."

One by one, the club shook hands with the king and bade him good-by.

"Now, king," said Mr. Wilson, "if you feel any hesitation about going, I may as well tell you that the Gardendale hounds will be unleashed in about five minutes. Are you fond of dogs?"

The king gave him a mournful look and took the highway. As he disappeared in the gloom they heard a crashing in the shrubbery and when daylight came they found his crown, which they took as a sign of abdication.



I don't hold with cleverness in a woman myself; it has always ended in mischief, from the time when the woman ate a bit of the Tree of Knowledge, and there was such a to-do about it.—*Ellen Thornycroft Fowler, "The Farringdons."*

A Worthy Foe

ANONYMOUS.

Her hair is red as red kin be—
I called her "red-head," too;
An' when I did she sed t' me,
" 'f I had a nose like you,
'At blew my hat off when I sneezed,
I'd turn it up some more!"
She's "smarty" when I git her teased—
Th' girl 'at lives next door.

She had a doll-house in her shed—
When I upsetted it,
An' dumped her ol' dolls on their head,
She never squalled one bit;
But she jest locked me in there, then,
She made me sweep th' floor
An' fix 'at doll-house up again—
Th' girl 'at lives next door!

An' wunst I took a toad I'd found
T' scare her up a lot,
She screeched right out an' fussed around;
But when I'd clean forgot
'Bout 'at ol' toad, she played a trick
I wuzn't lookin' for.
She dropped it down my neck as slick—
Th' girl 'at lives next door!

She's always doin' things t' me,
An' actin' so's 'at I
Git mad at her as I kin be,
An' want t' make her cry;
But she don't never run an' tell
If things gits broke or tore—
I guess I like her pritty well,
Th' girl 'at lives next door!



See that all the hours of the day are so full of interesting and healthful occupations that there is no chance for worry to stick its nose in.—*Luther H. Gulick.*

March of the Suffragettes

BY GEORGE ADE.

Wondrous things will come to pass
On that warm and fateful day,
When throughout this fair domain
Lovely woman has her way.
You can scent it in the breeze,
You can feel it in the air,
Suffragines and suffragettes
Countermarching everywhere.
See the amazonian host
Swinging proudly down the street,
Sundry feathers on their heads,
High-heeled slippers on their feet.
Hear the shrill, defiant cries,
See the waving parasols.
Heaven help the men who sit
In the legislative halls.

REFRAIN:

The worm has turned,
It will keep on turning.
They've burned their bridges,
And will keep on burning.
They yearn for ballots,
And will keep on yearning
In the year of jubilee.



The most discouraging thing about our fashionable society is that so few people know it. If there were only a bigger crowd peering over the railing it would be more fun to be inside. Where is the good of being exclusive when so few realize that they are shut out?—*Frank Moore Colby, "Imaginary Obligations."*

In Our Curriculum*

BY WALLACE IRWIN.

("Why should not Latin and Greek be discontinued in the universities?" some advanced scientists are inquiring.)

Hear the new professor speak,
"No more Latin, no more Greek.

"Homer's merely meant to play with—
Classics must be done away with.

"No more foolish lectures on
Socrates and Xenophon.

"We can easily forego
'*Arma virumque cano.*'

"Students have no time to lose—
Teach them something they can use.

"Books like these before 'em thrust:
'How to Build and Run a Trust,'

"'How a Senate May be Bought,'
'How to Steal and Not be Caught,'

"'Easy Steps to Shearing Flocks,'
'Irrigating' Common Stocks.'

"Teach the thoughtful theolog
'Memoirs of a Pious Hog.'

"Have a sociologic course
Called 'Respectable Divorce.'

"Life is short and time is fast—
Wherefore monkey with the past?

*From "Random Rhymes and Odd Numbers." Copyright, 1906, by The Macmillan Company.

"Make the student fit, I say,
For this grander, larger day.

"Mould and train him so he can
Learn to skin the other man.

"Thus he'll be a power with men,
And a model citizen.

"And some day when he is greater
He'll enrich his Alma Mater."



The United States Senate: An Appreciation*

BY WALLACE IRWIN.

Again the great Senate in session
We'll view with a spasm of pride,
Bright angels of Solon's profession,
With waistcoats cut piously wide;
Strong pillars on which a great nation
May lean with prosperity decked.
(If you don't admire this ovation,
Pray what are you led to expect?)

Hear all those mentalities humming
O'er many a weighty affair—
That the Beef Trust may have all that's coming,
That Railroads shan't want for their share,
That the lordly insurance promoters
Shall take what they choose to select.
(If this doesn't tickle the voters,
Pray what are you led to expect?)

*From "Random Rhymes and Odd Numbers." Copyright,
1906, by The Macmillan Company.

There's Senator Hush in the lobby
 (He represents Land Frauds and Coal),
 There's Senator Rebate, whose hobby
 Is Stockyards (they purchased his soul),
 There's Senator Tariff, whose thunder
 Proclaims he has steel to protect.
 (Do *you* get protection? you wonder.
 Pray what are you led to expect?)

The fact which makes pessimists scoff is
 The fact that the flocks are all geese;
 They hurry the wolves into office,
 Then popular interests cease.
 When bribes run as high as the steeple
 And laws come by railroad direct,
 If the Senate won't speak for the People,
 Pray what can the People expect?



A Bass Solo*

BY WALLACE IRWIN.

The Basso Pr-r-ro—fundo, in evening dress,
 He tackles the ro-ho-ho-ho-ling sea,
 Boom, boom!
 And in subway staccato attempts to express
 The mar-r-riner's ag-o-nee,
 Boom, boom!
 'Tis the song of the anvil, asleep in the deep,
 In a dar-r-rk br-r-rown, mino-r-r key,
 And he swings as he sings, and he sings as he swings,
 To the depths,
 To the depths of the

X
 Y
 Z.

*From "Random Rhymes and Odd Numbers." Copyright, 1906, by The Macmillan Company.

The Speaker

See! a ship in dis-tr-r-ess, with tattered shroud!
Is there none who will su-hu-hu-hu-cor bring?
Boom, boom!
But the stor-r-rm r-r-rocks long, and the surf beats loud,
While the Basso continues to sing,
Boom, boom!
Lo! the vessel r-r-reels and is sinking fast,
But the vo-cal-ist, what cares he?
For he frowns as they drown, and they drown as he
frowns,
In the depths,
In the depths of the

$$\begin{matrix} \mathbf{x} \\ \mathbf{y} \\ \mathbf{z} \end{matrix}$$

There's many a b-r-r-rave, br-r-rave, gallant soul,
Who sank with a gur-hur-hur-gling throat,
Boom, boom!
In the cr-r-ruel, cr-r-ruel sur-r-rge and deadly roll
Of the Basso's lower note,
Boom, boom!
He's the Stor-r-rm King's pal, and he laughs ha! ha!
His mur-r-rderous work to see—
Let them howl as he growls, let him growl as they howl,
In the depths,
In the depths of the

$$\begin{matrix} \mathbf{x} \\ \mathbf{y} \\ \mathbf{z} \end{matrix}$$

Oh, the Basso Profundo is r-r-reckless of life
When he sings on the co-ho-ho-honcert stage,
Boom, boom!
Yet he's kind to his childr-en and meek to his wife
When she asks for his weekly wage,
Boom, boom!
And it's str-r-range that this happy, domestic man
Such a ter-r-rible fiend can be,
When he growls as they howl, and they howl as he
growls.
To the depths,
To the depths of the

$$\begin{matrix} \mathbf{x} \\ \mathbf{y} \\ \mathbf{z} \end{matrix}$$

Mending the Clock

BY J. M. BARRIE.



It is a little American clock which I got as a present about two years ago. Since I got it, it has stood on my study mantelpiece, except once or twice at first, when its loud tick compelled me to wrap it up in flannel and bury it in the bottom of the drawer. Until a fortnight ago my clock went beautifully, and I have a feeling that had we treated it a little less hardly it would have continued to go well. One night a fortnight ago it stopped, as if under the impression that I had forgotten to wind it up. I wound it up as far as was possible, but after going for an hour it stopped again. Then I shook it, and it went for five minutes. I strode into another room to ask who had been meddling with my clock, but no one had touched it. When I came back it was going again, but as soon as I sat down it stopped. I shook my fist at it, which terrified it into going for half a minute, and then it went creak, creak, like a clock in pain. The last thing it did before stopping finally was to strike nineteen.

For two days I left my clock serenely alone, nor would I ever have annoyed myself with the thing had it not been for my visitors. I have a soul above mechanics, but when these visitors saw that my clock had stopped they expressed surprise at my not mending it. How different I must be, they said, from my brother, who had a passion for making himself generally useful.

"Why, what do I need him for?" I asked, irritably.

"To mend the clock," they replied, and all the answer I made to them was that if I wanted the clock mended I would mend it myself.

"But you don't know the way," they said.

"Do you really think," I asked them, "that I am the kind of man to be beaten by a little American clock?"

They replied that that was their belief, at which I coldly changed the subject.

"Are you really going to attempt it?" they asked, as they departed.

"Not I," I said; "I have other things to do."

Nevertheless the way they flung my brother at me annoyed me, and I returned straight from the door to the study to mend the clock.

The annoying thing, to begin with, was that there seemed to be no way in. I examined the clock carefully round and round, but to open the thing up was as impossible as to get into an egg without chipping the shell. My mother came in about that time to ask me how I was getting on.

"Getting on with what?" I asked.

"With the clock," she said.

"The clock," I growled, "is nothing to me," for it irritated me to hear her insinuating that I had been foiled.

"But I thought you were trying to mend it," she said.

"Not at all," I replied; "I have something else to do."

"What a pity," she said, "that Andrew is not here."

Andrew is the brother they are always flinging at me.

"I'm sure it opens," my mother said.

"Why should you be sure?" I asked, fiercely.

"Because," she explained, "I never saw or heard of a clock that doesn't open."

"Then," I snarled, "you can both see and hear of it now."

She shook her head as she went out, and as soon as the door shut I hit the clock with my clenched fist (stunning my fourth finger).

On the following day we had a visit from my friend Summer, and he had scarcely sat down in my study when he jumped up, exclaiming, "Hullo, is that the right time?"

I said to him that the clock had stopped, and he immediately took it on his knees. I looked at him sideways, and saw at once that he was the kind of man who knows about clocks. After shaking it he asked me what was wrong.

"It needs cleaning," I said at a venture, for if I had told him the whole story he might have thought that I did not know how to mend a clock.

"Then you have opened it and examined the works?" he asked, and not to disappoint him, I said yes.

"If it needs cleaning, why did you not clean it?" was his next question.

I hate inquisitiveness in a man, but I replied that I had not had time to clean it. He turned it round in his

hands, and I knew what he was looking for before he said:

"I have never taken an American clock to pieces. Does it open in the ordinary way?"

This took me somewhat aback, but Summer, being my guest, had to be answered.

"Well," I said, cautiously, "it does and it doesn't."

He looked at it again, and then held it out to me, saying: "You had better open it yourself, seeing that you know the way."

"It is a curious little clock," I said to him; "a sort of puzzle, indeed, and it took me ten minutes to discover how to open it myself. Suppose you try to find out the way?"

"All right," Summer said, and then he tried to remove the glass.

I sat watching with more interest than he gave me credit for, and very soon he had both the feet out; then he unscrewed the ring at the top, and then the clock came to pieces.

"I've done it," said Summer.

"Yes," I said, "but you have been a long time about it."

He examined the clock with a practiced eye, and then—

"It doesn't seem to me," he said, "to be requiring cleaning."

"Oh, yes, it does," I said, in a decisive tone.

"Well," he said, "we had better clean it."

"I can't be bothered cleaning it," I replied, "but, if you like, you can clean it."

He put it together again, and then wound it up, but it would not go.

"There is something else wrong with it," he said.

"We have not cleaned it properly," I explained.

"Clean it yourself," he replied, and flung out of the house.

After he had gone I took up the clock to see how he had opened it, and to my surprise it began to go. I laid it down triumphantly. At last I had mended it. When Summer came in an hour afterwards he exclaimed—

"Hullo, it's going."

"Yes," I said, "I put it to rights after you went out."

"How did you do it?" he asked.

"I cleaned it properly," I replied.

As I spoke I was leaning against the mantelpiece, and I heard the clock beginning to make curious sounds. I gave the mantelpiece a shove with my elbow, and the clock went all right again. Summer had not noticed. He remained in the room for half-an-hour, and all that time I dared not sit down. Had I not gone on shaking the mantelpiece the clock would have stopped at any moment. When he went at last I fell thankfully into a chair, and the clock had stopped before he was half-way down the stairs. I shook it and it went for five minutes, and then it stopped. I shook it again, and it went for two minutes. I shook it, and it went for half a minute. I shook it, and it did not go at all.

The day was fine, and my study window stood open. In a passion I seized hold of that clock and flung it fiercely out into the garden. It struck against the trunk of a tree, and fell into a flower bed. Then I stood at the window sneering at it, when suddenly I started. I have mentioned that it has a very loud tick. Surely I heard it ticking! I ran into the garden. The clock was going again! Concealing it beneath my coat I brought it back to the study, and since then it has gone beautifully. Everybody is delighted except Summer, who is naturally a little annoyed.



"THE philosophy of sunshine and smiles means the sowing of seeds of kindness. You must not look for the results when you sow. Just keep on being good, cheerful and kind. Do all the good you can, whenever and wherever you can, and keep on smiling. There is a fine sporting flavor in this sowing seeds of kindness that should appeal to the dash that is in our blood. Attack the hardness and indifference of the world from all sides. It is the general result that must be looked for, not each particular result. Just do good morning and evening and keep on smiling."—*Dr. Chas. F. Aked.*

The Vermin in the Dark

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

In storied Venice, down whose rippling streets
The stars go hurrying, and the white moon beats,
Stood the great Bell Tower, fronting seas and skies—
Fronting the ages, drawing all men's eyes;
Rooted like Teneriffe, aloft and proud,
Taunting the lightning, tearing the flying cloud.

It marked the hours for Venice; all men said
Time cannot reach to bow that lofty head:
Time that shall touch all else with ruin must
Forbear to make this shaft confess its dust.
Yet all the while, in secret, without sound,
The fat worms gnawed the timbers underground.

The twisting worm, whose epoch is an hour,
Caverned its way into the mighty tower;
And suddenly it shook, it swayed, it broke,
And fell in darkening thunder at one stroke.
The strong shaft, with an angel on the crown,
Fell ruining; a thousand years went down!

And so I fear, my country, not the hand
That shall hurl night and whirlwind on the land:
I fear not Titan Traitors who shall rise
To stride like Brocken shadows on our skies:
These we can face in open fight, withstand
With reddening rampart and the sworded hand.

I fear the vermin that shall undermine
Senate and citadel and school and shrine—
The worm of Greed, the fatted Worm of Ease,
And all the crawling progeny of these—
The vermin that shall honeycomb the towers
And walls of state in unsuspecting hours.

Conspiracy Against Ireland*

BY WILLIAM CONYNGHAM PLUNKET.



LET me ask you, how was the late rebellion put down? By the zeal and loyalty of the gentlemen of Ireland rallying around—what? A reed shaken by the winds, a wretched apology for a minister who never knew how to give or where to seek protection? No! but round the laws and constitution and independence of the country. What were the affections and motives that called us into action? To protect our families, our properties and our liberties.

I thank the administration for attempting this measure. They are, without intending it, putting an end to our dissensions. Through this black cloud which they have collected over us, I see the light breaking in upon this unfortunate country. They have composed our dissension; not by fomenting the embers of a lingering and subdued rebellion; not by hallooing the Protestant against the Catholic, and the Catholic against the Protestant; not by committing the north against the south; not by inconsistent appeals to local or to party prejudices. No! but, by the avowal of this atrocious conspiracy against the liberties of Ireland, they have subdued every petty and subordinate distinction.

They have united every rank and description of men by the pressure of this grand and momentous subject. And I tell them that they will see every honest and independent man in Ireland rally around her constitution, and merge every consideration in his opposition to this ungenerous and odious measure.

For my own part, I will resist it to the last gasp of my existence, and with the last drop of my blood. When I feel the hour of my dissolution approaching I will, like Hannibal, take my children to the altar and swear them to eternal hostility against the invaders of their country's freedom. I shall be proud to think my name may be handed down to posterity in the same roll with those dis-

*From a speech in opposition to the abolition of the Legislature of Ireland, in the Irish Parliament—(1800).

interested patriots who have successfully resisted the enemies of their country.

I shall bear in my heart the consciousness of having done my duty, and in the hour of death I shall not be haunted by the reflection of having basely sold or meanly abandoned the liberties of my native land. Can every man who gives his vote on the other side this night lay his hand on his heart and make the same declaration? I hope so! It will be well for his peace. But if he cannot, the indignation and abhorrence of his countrymen will accompany him through life, and the curses of his children will follow him to the grave.



The Protection of American Citizens

BY WILLIAM P. FRYE.



WE hear a great deal of the duty the citizen owes the government and too little of the duty the government owes the citizen. American citizens should be protected in their life and liberty wherever they may be, and at any cost.

I think one of the grandest things in the history of Great Britain is that she does protect her citizens everywhere and anywhere, under all circumstances. Her mighty power is put forth for their relief and protection, and is admirable. I do not wonder that a British citizen loves his country.

About twenty years ago the king of Abyssinia took a British citizen by the name of Campbell, carried him to the heights of a lofty mountain to the fortress of Magdala, and put him into a dungeon without cause. It took Great Britain six months to learn of that, and then she demanded his immediate release. The king of Abyssinia refused to release him. In less than ten days after

that refusal 3,000 British soldiers and 5,000 sepoys were on board ships of war, sailing for the coast. When they arrived they were disembarked, were marched 700 miles over swamps and morass under a burning sun, then up the mountain to its very heights, in front of the frowning dungeon, and then they gave battle. They battered down the iron gates, they overturned the stone walls. Then they reached down into that dungeon with an English hand, lifted out from it that one British citizen, took him to the coast and sped him away on the white-winged ships to his home in safety. That expedition cost Great Britain \$25,000,000.

Now, sir, a country that has an eye that can see across an ocean, away across the many miles of land, up into the mountain heights, down into the darksome dungeon, one, just one of her 38,000,000 people, and then has an arm strong enough and long enough to reach across the same ocean, across the same swamp and marshes, up the same mountain heights, down into the same dungeon, and take him out and carry him home to his own country, a free man—where will you find a man who will not live and die for a country that will do that?

Mr. President, our country ought to do it. All that I ask of this republic of ours is that it shall model itself after Great Britain in this one thing—that wherever the American citizen may be, whether in Great Britain, Cuba, Turkey or China, he shall be perfectly assured of the fullest protection of the American government.



No action, whether foul or fair,
Is ever done, but it leaves somewhere
A record, written by fingers ghostly,
As a blessing or a curse, and mostly
In the greater weakness or greater strength
Of the acts which follow it.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, *The Golden Legend*.

The End of the Task

BY BRUNO LESSING



HE sewing machines whirred and roared and clicked and the noise drowned every other sound. You have no idea what a noise thirty machines will make when they are running full speed. Braun finished garment after garment and arranged them in a pile beside his machine. When there were twenty in a pile he carried the garments to the counter, where the maker gave him a ticket for them. Then he returned to his machine. This was the routine of his daily labor from seven o'clock in the morning until seven o'clock in the evening.

The only deviation from this routine occurred when Lizchen, his frail, young sweetheart, laid the twentieth garment that she had finished upon her pile. Then in two strides Braun would be at her side, and with a smile he would carry the garments to the counter and bring her the ticket for them. Lizchen would smile at him, and sometimes, when no one was looking, she would seize his hand and press it tightly against her cheek. Poor Lizchen! A feeling of wild, blind rage overwhelmed Braun for an instant; his heart and soul, racked almost beyond endurance, cried out against the horror, the injustice, the wanton cruelty of his brown-eyed, pale-cheeked Lizchen wasting away to death before his eyes. If he could send her to the country, where the air was warm and dry, perhaps her days might be prolonged. But he could not, he had to work and she had to work, and he had to look on and watch her, toiling, toiling, day after day, without end, without hope.

The day's work was done. Braun and Lizchen were walking slowly uptown, hand in hand, attracting many an inquiring, half-pitying glance. She was so pale; he so haggard and wild-eyed. They came to a place Braun had heard of, and before them rose a huge placard announcing that admission to the exhibition of paintings was free.

"Come, Lizchen, let us go in. It is free," said Braun. Lizchen drew back timidly. "They will not let people

like us go in. It is for nobility." But Braun drew her forward. Lizchen found herself in a large hall, brilliantly illuminated, walled in with paintings whose gilt frames shone like fiery gold in the bright light of numerous electric lamps. For a moment the sight dazzled her and she gasped for breath. Braun saw her eyes sparkling, dancing with a joy that he had never seen in them before. Somewhat startled by this transformation, he followed her gaze. Lizchen was looking at a painting.

"What is it, dear?" he asked.

"The picture! The green fields and that tree! And the road! It stretches over the hill! The sun will set, too, soon. Then the sheep will come over the top of the hill. Oh, I can almost hear the leader's bell! And there is a light breeze. See the leaves of the tree; they are moving. Can't you feel the breeze? Oh, darling, isn't it wonderful? I never saw anything like that before."

"Ah, Lizchen, if I were rich I would take that picture right off the wall and give them a hundred dollars for it, and we would take it home with us, so that Lizchen could look at it all day long."

But Lizchen did not hear. She was walking down that road herself; the soft breeze was fanning her fevered cheeks, the rustling of the leaves had become a reality.

Finally an attendant approached them, and, tapping Braun lightly upon the sleeve, said, "I think you have made a mistake."

Braun understood. "Come, Lizchen, let us go."

On the homeward journey Lizchen walked lightly, all her spirit elated over the picture she had seen. It had been but a brief communion with nature, but it had thrilled the hidden chords of her nature. But for that brief moment of happiness Lizchen was to submit to swift, terrible punishment. Within a few steps of the dark tenement, which Lizchen called home, a violent fit of coughing racked her frail body, as though it would rend it asunder. Braun gathered her in his arms and carried her up four flights of stairs to the apartment where she lived.

Then the doctor came, and Braun hung upon his face for a verdict. It's near the end, my friend. A few days, perhaps a week. But she cannot leave her bed again."

The old woman with whom Lizchen lived came out and motioned him to enter the bedroom. Lizchen was whiter than the sheet, but her eyes were bright and she was smiling. "You must go now, Liebchen. I will be all right to-morrow. Kiss me good-night, and I will dream about the beautiful picture. Liebchen, if I could only see the picture once more."

"I will go and ask them, darling," he said. "Perhaps they will let me bring it to you."

The next evening he walked to the picture gallery. And now a strange thing happened. Braun walked straight to the painting of the woodland scene that hung near the door. There was no attendant to bar his progress. Without a moment's hesitation Braun approached the painting, raised it from the hook, took it under his arm and walked out of the place. He brought it straight to her room. She was too weak to move, too worn to express emotion, but her eyes looked unutterable gratitude when she saw the painting.

"Did they let you have it?" she whispered.

"They were very kind. I told them you wanted to see it, and they said I could have it as long as I liked. When you are better I will take it back."

"I will never be better, Liebchen."

Braun hung the picture at the foot of the bed, where Lizchen could see it without raising her head. She was weary. But her eyes were glad, and when Braun looked in them he saw love and happiness beyond all description. He held her hand and stroked it mechanically. Then she fell asleep and he sat there hour after hour, heedless of the flight of time. Suddenly Lizchen sat upright, her eyes wide open and staring.

"I hear them," she cried. "I hear them plainly. Don't you, Liebchen? The sheep are coming. They are coming over the hill! Watch, Liebchen; watch, precious."

"Lizchen, Lizchen," he cried. But her head fell upon his arm and lay motionless.

It is written in Israel that the rabbi must give his services at the deathbed of even the lowliest. The coffin rested upon two stools in the same room in which she died; beside it stood the rabbi.

The sweat-shop had been closed for an hour; for one hour the machines stood silent and deserted. The toilers were gathered around the coffin. They were pale and

gaunt, but not from grief. The machines had done that. Some were still breathing heavily from the morning's work. After all it was very pleasant to sit quiet for an hour.

Someone whispered the name of Braun and they looked around. Braun was not there. "He will not come," whispered one of the men; "it was in the newspaper. He was sent to prison for three years. He stole something. A picture, I think."

They felt no surprise, no shock. He had been one of them. He had drunk of the same cup with them. They knew the taste. What mattered the one particular dreg that he found? Probably something more bitter than gall. And three years in prison? Yes, to be sure. He had stolen something.

It is an old story in the ghetto, one that lovers tell to their sweethearts, who always cry when they hear it. The machines still roar and whirr, and many a tear is stitched into the garments, but you never see them. No, gaze as intently upon the garment as you will, you will see nothing—the tear has left no stain.



Still wheresoever pity shares
Its bread with sorrow, want, and sin,
And love the beggar's feast prepares,
The uninvited Guest comes in.

Unheard, because our ears are dull,
Unseen, because our eyes are dim,
He walks our earth, the wonderful,
And all good deeds are done to him.

—John Greenleaf Whittier, *Saint Gregory's Guest*.

The Prince of Illusion*

BY JOHN LUTHER LONG.



FIRST you must be told why and how he became a prince, for he was only a poor little boy living in a tenement. The doctors said that he would always be blind and lame, and that if he had no sorrows, not one, he would almost certainly live ten years. But those who are born blind, the doctors warned his mother, are born with fancies, illusions. These must be made real, no matter how strange, how impossible. Of the existence of ugliness and squalor he must not know at all. His familiarity with things of a princely nature came first with her reading to him, and presently she understood that he conceived himself one with those she read about.

Then she remembered the warnings of the doctors, and she resolved that he should be a prince, an emperor if he wished, if it gave him pleasure.

Her room had only one window, facing the wall, so that it gave no sunlight. All day a lamp burned, all day she sewed. A dun-colored curtain closed the door to the other room. Facing the door was a dainty, canopied bed. Its occupant was a boy of nine years, but looking tragically older. Not a feature of his face was tolerable. He was ugly.

Jack's wants were modest enough. His mother managed to keep them so. But he ordered royally.

"This morning I shall have nothing but fruit for my breakfast. An orange and a banana, please, mamma dear."

She went to a closet in the outer room, and opened the door so that he should hear it. Then she called as if down a stairway, "Donald, Donald." She waited a moment.

*The story from which this cutting is made was published in "The Century," September, 1900, and in book form in "The Prince of Illusion," 1901. Copyright, The Century Company, 1900. Reprinted by special permission of the author. The stories of John Luther Long are popular as public readings, especially "Madam Butterfly," "Miss Cherry-Blossom Tokyo" and "Naughty Nan."

"Yes," she said, "you will bring the prince a simple breakfast. An orange and a banana will be sufficient, and hasten." She softly procured a plate and the fruit from a shelf in the closet, waited a moment, and then said: "Thank you, Donald; you are very good." She closed the door to the closet so that he might hear it, and took the fruit to the little boy.

"I like Donald, mamma," he said; "he always answers at once and so very quietly. I shall promote him. Mamma, will you please tell Celeste that I shall want to wear my new blouse."

The mother again went to the outer room and she called the girl who in the Palace of Fancy had charge of the prince's wardrobe. She had a long conversation with Celeste and the other servants beyond the closet door. She repeated to them Jack's message—very kind and loving, but imperially autocratic.

"Tell them, mamma, that they need not be afraid. For the moment I get my sight each one of them shall have money in a purse, and, perhaps, to those who have been good, a ring. And what do they say, mamma?" For he never heard more than one side of these conversations.

"They give you their most humble service, and they hope that it will not be much longer till your highness will come to rule over them."

To keep up illusions, Dan, the good coachman downstairs, had learned to speak in a number of voices. And when Jack could not be kept from contact with his retinue, Dan would be produced to his touch and hearing. Dan drove a shabby hack during the day, and in the evenings it was his delight to drive the Prince and his mother through the parks of the city.

One day Jack said to her, "Everything you have read me about and told me about has been beautiful, splendid, gorgeous. Of course, I'm glad; but, mamma, dear, there must be something dreadful, ugly?"

"No, sweetheart, the world is all beautiful."

"But, mamma, darling, isn't there one thing in all the world that is dreadful. Sometimes I get tired—just a little, mamma, dear, of everything being beautiful, and wonder whether ugly things wouldn't be nice for a change."

A great weariness showed in her eyes, and a hunger

for the truth that was so hard to quell. She did not quite vanquish it to-day.

"Yes, there is one sad thing in the world."

"What is it, mamma?"

"Death."

"Death? It doesn't sound dreadful, mamma, dear."

For a little while he was silent, then he said, "Don't you think it funny—to tell your little boy all about the world, and everything in it but himself?"

"Jack, why are you so strange?"

"Mamma, darling, can it be that you are afraid—to tell me? Am I ugly—like death, mamma?"

"No."

"Oh, mamma, is it true? Am I beautiful like all the rest? For a moment I was afraid. Mamma, dear, if I were ugly, like death, I should never wish to see."

"No, nor—should I wish it."

"God must have made me beautiful because I was lame and blind; and all the lame little princes are beautiful. Go on, mamma, and tell me about myself."

She looked long into the thin elf-like face before her, then she closed her eyes. She wished to know only the tender pressure of the small arms.

"You have long and splendid locks, my darling: yellow and shining and silken."

"And my eyes?"

"They are blue, and there are long, curling lashes that lie on your cheeks as you sleep. And your mouth, oh, Jack, my beautiful, is like a rosebud, and more sweet—more sweet to kiss."

"Mamma, darling, it is better than seeing to hear you tell. But why do you cry, mamma, dear?"

"Oh, don't you know, Jack, my sweet one?"

"No, I don't know much about crying. I have never cried. Maybe I don't know how."

"God grant you may never learn. You never shall if I can prevent it. Oh, you shall be the happiest being that ever lived. You shall know no sorrow, regret, or care—only joy, joy, joy."

One night, under the glare of electric lights, by the side of a river, Jack heard his first orchestral music. The great orchestra was throbbing the story of Siegfried's death when Jack gasped sobbingly and put his hands up to his eyes. His mother saw it; but he put

his head under her arm, not like a prince, but like a simple little boy, and she was reassured. That night as she watched him in his sleep he seemed more pinched and shrunken than before. Once he sobbed: it was the first time.

They drove every day now. But Jack's eyes were always straight ahead, and always his head was tucked under her arm in that sweet, new fashion. Often she took him to hear the music, and though he said it was beautiful he always listened with his eyes closed.

And day by day he grew more tired, so that one day he said: "Mamma, darling, I am tired to-day before we start. Let us not go out, but stay at home all the whole long day."

The next morning Jack was strangely, fearsomely ill. Dan brought a doctor and she held him on the stairs afterwards.

"What has happened?" he asked.

"Nothing."

"No shock, no heart-breaking disappointment?"

"He has been absolutely happy. He has been a prince. He has lived in the kingdom I gave him more happily than any earthly prince ever did. He has been more princely than any earthly prince ever was. And he will be to the end."

"But if he should pay for it with his life? Doctors do not always know—if he should regain his sight. It would be difficult for him to understand—forgive. Think of his understanding, seeing everything—himself, yourself."

At the last words he looked at her standing in the radiance of the lamp, like a white goddess. "Ah, yourself. Seeing you. That might mend it all."

She went back to the immaculate bed. She put her arms about Jack, and put his about her.

"Oh, my brave, my darling. You have been the prince all through, you have fought with me—fight now."

"I am brave, mamma, darling. So are you brave, mamma."

Suddenly terror and pity filled her soul. Silent, God-sent tears flooded her eyes. And Jack, forgetting, put up his little hand and brushed them away.

"Don't cry, mamma, dear; I am brave."

Then she understood. And he saw that she knew.

For a minute neither spoke. Then it was Jack. "You will forgive me, mamma, darling, will you not? I did not mean to let you know. I thought a prince would not do that—not let you know—not hurt you."

"You are my prince."

"I wished you would say that. Mamma, dear, I have not been blind since I saw the music. It is sixty-seven days. And, mamma, dear—this I do not like to tell—one night when you were sleeping I looked in the mirror and I saw myself. But first of all, mamma, darling, I saw you. And all the sixty-seven days—I have seen you."

The mother's arms closed avariciously about him. Their eyes spoke each to the other for the first, the last time.

"Mamma, darling, there is only—one thing—as beautiful—oh, more beautiful—than you said—and—that—is you—mamma."

Two tears, the first he had ever shed, came into his eyes, and then they lingeringly closed, looking into hers.



Prompt Action Followed

A member of the peace committee saw two youths fighting. He pushed through the crowd and appealed to the combatants to desist. "My good young fellows, settle your disputes by arbitration. Each of you choose half a dozen friends to arbitrate."

"Hurrah!" yelled the crowd. "Do as the gentleman says."

Having seen the twelve arbitrators selected to the satisfaction of both sides, the man of peace went on his way rejoicing.

Half an hour later he returned that way and found the whole street in an uproar.

"Good gracious! What is the matter, now?" asked the peacemaker.

"Shure, sor," said a bystander, "the arbitrators are at work."

A Bird in the Hand*

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.



It was the Wilburs' first Thanksgiving day in their new home on Long Island, and the first they had spent away from the old home of one or the other of them, and when they first realized that they were to be unable to go down to Vermont, or out to Ohio, they decided that they must have some lonely city friend out to eat Thanksgiving dinner.

"Well, Arthur, why don't you invite Mr. Foster? He is all alone. His family is all in Europe and he is too old, I am sure, to have any fathers or mothers in New England, and I think it would be nice to ask him."

"Heavens, Amelia!" her husband exclaimed. "Ask Mr. Foster? Why, he would be the last man I would think of asking."

"Just because he is your employer, and lives in a big hotel, is no reason why you should not take pity on his loneliness, and try to make his Thanksgiving day a happy one."

"All right," said Arthur. "If you are not afraid to have him, I am not. But you know he is—well, he is a real New Yorker. I will warrant that he was born and raised right here in New York, and that he knows no more about what a real Thanksgiving day is than a Frenchman would. You will have to bear your own disappointment, young lady, if he doesn't fall into the spirit of the thing."

"Fudge!" exclaimed little Mrs. Wilbur, lightly, "I guess no man can fail to enter into the spirit of a good dinner, no matter on what day it is served to him, and I will have a dinner that will make him wish he did not live in a hotel. I will write to father that we are to have company for dinner, and have him send down his best turkey, and what Anna and I can do to one of father's turkeys will surprise Mr. Foster."

So the next day Arthur Wilbur invited Mr. Foster to

*From the story by this title in "The American Magazine."

eat Thanksgiving dinner with them, and Mr. Foster agreed!

Thanksgiving day morning was fine and cold. Mr. Foster was to arrive on the 12.10 train, and Amelia and Anna had everything ready but the turkey by the time the clock struck nine. The turkey had not arrived, but it was on the way. Anna, the servant, was a Polack, and it was unfortunate that she could speak little English. The expressman had brought the turkey the day before Thanksgiving, but Anna had been alone in the house and had no money to pay the express charges, so the man had told her he would come back. Anna tried to tell all this to Mrs. Wilbur by signs, but the attempt was a failure, and Mrs. Wilbur was upset. When it comes to ten o'clock on Thanksgiving day and dinner set for one o'clock and no turkey in the house and none left in the town, it is a matter that would make any housewife nervous.

"On time, eh?" asked Mr. Foster, as he stepped from the train. "I didn't want to keep that famous dinner waiting. Great little town you have here, Wilbur. I'll eat you out of house and home—didn't get up in time for breakfast this morning—I'll demoralize that turkey for you."

He was as happy as a child on a Saturday holiday. He felt that he was doing something unusual and daring in coming so far from Broadway. He was a good-natured man at all times, and he felt especially fatherly, coming out like this to eat with one of his young men, and he meant to have a good time of it.

"This is a pretty town," he said, as he walked toward the Wilburs' little cottage. "Hope that turkey is a big one, Wilbur. You don't know what a hungry New Yorker can do to a turkey. The way I feel I believe I could almost eat one raw."

"I—I hope you won't have to wait long, Mr. Foster," said poor Wilbur. "Ah, dinner wasn't just ready when I left home, but I hope——"

"Now, that's all right," said Mr. Foster, reassuringly. "I was joking. I guess I can wait a few minutes as well as the next man can. I know all about these turkeys. They have to cook just so long. Wife won't let them out of the oven until they are just so brown—oh, is this where you live? Pretty place, Wilbur."

Little Mrs. Wilbur met them at the door with a welcoming smile that was so pleasant that Wilbur was sure the turkey must have arrived, and he looked into the dining-room to see if it was already on the table. What he saw was a beautiful array of white linen and flowers and cut glass and silver, but no turkey. He led Mr. Foster into the small parlor and put him in the chair that was supposed to be the most comfortable, and gave him a cigar and lighted one himself, saying a few words about the time it took to get a big dinner ready, and that it took more time because it was necessary to make signs to the servant, and just then Mrs. Wilbur came to the door and said:

"Arthur, will you come here one minute?"

He excused himself to Mr. Foster and stepped into the kitchen. Mrs. Wilbur closed the door behind him.

"Arthur," she said, and I cannot describe the tone in which she said it, "the turkey has not come!"

"Amelia," said Arthur, sadly, "this is the saddest occasion of my life. To get a born New Yorker out into what he calls 'the woods' on the pretense of giving him a good dinner, and then to tell him that the dinner is postponed, is awful! That man has had no breakfast, Amelia! I—I—O, well, I suppose I have to do it, but I'd rather be licked. How would you go at it? Would you try to make a joke of it, or would you appear as sad about it as we really are?"

"You know best, dear," she said, sweetly. "I—What was that?"

It was unmistakably a wagon drawing up at the front of the house. It was also unmistakably the expressman dragging a heavy case up on the tiny front porch, and ringing the bell, and as they opened the kitchen door to look out Amelia and Arthur saw Mr. Foster go to the front door and open it. He was trying to enter into the spirit of suburban life and be useful.

"Well, here's your turkey," said the expressman; "eighty-nine cents charges. Sorry I couldn't get around any earlier, sir."

Mr. Foster looked around doubtfully and caught the eyes of Amelia and Arthur upon him. They immediately stepped out of the kitchen and came to his rescue, but what they saw on the front porch made them gasp. It was the turkey, but it was a living turkey in a cage

made of a good-sized dry goods case, and at the first startled view the turkey looked as large and brave as an ostrich.

"Well! well!" he exclaimed. "I never would have believed that a turkey could get as big as that! Do you know, Mrs. Wilbur, I always had an idea that a turkey was killed and dressed weeks before Thanksgiving day. I suppose that is the way with those we get in town, isn't it? But to think that you can have one arrive like this, and then have him ready to serve in a few minutes, makes me begin to think that I have never eaten turkey as it should be eaten. Well, good-bye, old bird," he said, jovially, "I'll see you soon—stuffed!"

It gave Mrs. Wilbur a pang to hear Mr. Foster running on in this happy way, as if he expected to hear the dinner bell ring in about ten minutes, but it made a good opening for her, and she burst into an explanation of why the turkey had been delayed, and that it would be necessary to have dinner in the evening, instead of at noon, and she assured Mr. Foster that it would not be necessary for him to go without eating on that account, for there was plenty to eat in the house.

"That's all right!" he assured her. "It suits me all the better. The only thing that made me hesitate at all about coming out here for dinner was that dinner was to be in the middle of the day, and I am accustomed to take mine in the evening. Now I am perfectly happy, and glad I came, and you can just give me a small bite of something for lunch, and then I will be all right until dinner is ready, and whether it is at seven or eleven to-night makes no difference to me."

It is no wonder that when Arthur dragged the cageful of turkey around the house and Amelia came out to take another look at it she should tell him that she was absolutely in love with Mr. Foster, and that she thought him the nicest real New Yorker she had ever met.

The lunch was good, as it should have been with all the trimmings of the Thanksgiving dinner to choose from, and when Mr. Foster settled himself in the big chair in the parlor with a good cigar between his teeth he felt like a boy. So when Arthur said that while he would like to sit and smoke with him, but that he really thought he ought to go out and get that turkey ready to

cook, Mr. Foster jumped up and asked if he could not go along. He said he had never seen any one get a turkey ready to cook, and he would feel better if he stood up and went out doors, anyway.

"What do you do first?" asked Mr. Foster, with interest.

"Well, the first thing to do is to kill it," said Arthur. "First catch your turkey and then kill it, and then——"

"How do you kill it?" asked Mr. Foster.

"Oh," said Arthur, absently, for he was examining the cage carefully to see where it was most assailable, "you cut its head off, or wring its neck——"

"Wring its neck!" pleaded Mr. Foster. "Go on and wring its neck. I'd like to see how you wring its neck."

The turkey was so much like an ostrich in size that even Arthur laughed. The idea of wringing the neck of a turkey that looked as if it might be able to wrestle with a full grown man on even terms pleased Mr. Foster, and he laughed heartily.

"The first thing," said Arthur, "is to open this cage some way. Anna, get me the hammer."

Anna looked at Mr. Wilbur a minute, and then at Mrs. Wilbur.

"Hammer," explained Mrs. Wilbur. "*Hammer, hammer.*" She made the motions that accompany the driving of a nail, and Anna smiled and went cheerfully into the house.

She came out with the potato masher and a self-congratulatory smile.

"No!" exclaimed Arthur, and then, before she could turn back, he changed his mind. "Never mind," he called, "bring that. That will do as well as the hammer."

He took the potato masher from her and then hesitated.

"By George!" he cried. "I never thought of that! We have no hatchet! No, sir, we haven't a hatchet or an axe in the place! I wonder——"

"How do you chop your wood?" asked Mr. Foster, who was having the best time he had had for years.

"We use coal and gas," said Arthur, seriously. "We heat with coal and we cook with gas. I wonder—I wonder if I could use a carving knife?"

He walked around the cage and looked at the turkey critically.

"I don't believe you could kill that gentle creature with

a carving knife," said Mr. Foster. "I don't believe you would dare attack it with a hatchet."

"Well, that is a fact," admitted Arthur, frankly. "I shouldn't unless it was a very sharp hatchet. And then I should want the three of you to hold the turkey while I wielded the weapon."

"The idea!" cried Mrs. Wilbur. "Me hold that turkey, indeed! When you kill it I am going into the house. I don't want to be around."

"And you know, Wilbur," said Mr. Foster, "you can't expect your guest to do anything like holding a poor defenceless turkey while it is being meanly assassinated. Why don't you shoot it?"

Arthur cheered up immediately.

"I'll do that!" he cried. "Just wait until I go up and get my revolver and I'll be right down."

He disappeared into the house. The turkey calmly poked its head between the slats of the cage and picked a bite of something from the ground. Arthur returned with his revolver.

"Now," he said, cocking it. Then he walked up to the turkey and looked at it. "I wonder where this bird's heart would be, anyway?" he said, anxiously. "I don't want to rouse the whole neighborhood and have the police down upon us for cruelty to animals. I don't want to shoot this bird full of holes, and then only half kill it. If I knew where the heart was——"

"Its heart is in the highlands," quoted Mr. Foster, cheerily. "Shoot it in the highlands, Wilbur."

Arthur got on his knees beside the cage and pointed the revolver at the side of the turkey. The turkey stuck its head between the slats and looked at Arthur with curiosity. Mrs. Wilbur covered her ears with her hands, and Arthur closed his eyes and pulled the trigger. Nothing happened. He opened his eyes and looked at the revolver. There were no cartridges in it.

"I tell you what!" he said, getting up, "I can't shoot that turkey. I can't shoot it that way. I feel like a murderer. If I could let it out of the cage, and give it a fair start, I shouldn't feel so much like an assassin, but I couldn't hit it then. I feel like a man who would load a cannon and then lead a helpless squirrel up in front of it. I can't shoot that turkey."

"Well, Arthur," said Amelia, "you will have to kill

it some way, and soon, too. It has to be picked and cleaned and stuffed after you kill it, and it is now about two o'clock. And a bird that size will have to cook for three hours. That will make it seven o'clock, at least, if you kill it this very minute, before we have dinner. If we are to have dinner at seven I shall have to get the turkey in the oven——"

She stopped speaking and looked at Arthur aghast.

"Why! Why!" she faltered. "Why! We can't get that turkey in our oven! Our oven will only hold a twelve pound turkey!"

Arthur sat down on the steps and twirled the revolver around on his thumb. He said nothing, but the way he looked at the gravel walk was enough.

Mr. Foster stood up. It was evidently no moment for a born New Yorker to intrude on the privacy of a suburban family. "Oh, by George!" he exclaimed. "You have a telephone, haven't you, Wilbur? I just this moment thought of a man I want to telephone to."

"You are not going home, are you?" asked Arthur, without spirit.

"Home?" laughed Mr. Foster. "I live in a hotel. I have no home. No, sir, I am having the time of my life—I am going to stay here and eat turkey if I have to stay until Christmas. I am going to see this thing through."

"Isn't he fine?" said Mrs. Wilbur, ecstatically, which is next door to hysterically.

"He is," answered Arthur, without a smile; "but what are we going to do about this turkey? Can't you cut it up in pieces, someway, and broil it, or stew it, or something?"

"You silly!" she laughed. "And it isn't dead yet, anyway!"

They were still thinking hard, and Anna was looking on with wide open eyes and thinking how different are the customs of Poland and America, when Mr. Foster came out, dropping his watch into his vest pocket as he came.

"Wilbur," he said, "do you mind walking over to the station with me?"

"Oh! You are not going?" cried Mrs. Wilbur. "I can get up something for dinner. We have a steak and
——"

"Steak on Thanksgiving day!" exclaimed Mr. Foster. "No, indeed! You see, I don't mean to go back to town. I just want to walk over to the station and be there when the next train pulls in. I telephoned over to the hotel in New York, and Stickley, he's the manager, is sending over a roast turkey."

So the two men walked over to the station, and Mrs. Wilbur turned to Anna and told her to go in and lay the tablecloth for dinner.

Anna smiled her ever fatuous smile and hesitated.

"Ain't you not goin' kill the big goose?" she asked.



The War Game in the Choir

The high soprano started out
With naught her rush to stem,
And with a battle-cry advanced
Upon Jerusalem.

The alto met her on the road,
Engaged her in a "scrap;"
The tenor on the double-quick
Came up to fill the gap.

Around the theater of war
The steady basso boomed;
Then all of them fell to at once:
Jerusalem was doomed.

The city was about to fall,
Her glory proud to doff,
When higher powers intervened
And called the fighters off.

A Case of Fits

BY PARKER H. FILLMORE.

Abridged from "Everybody's Magazine," by special permission of the author.



IF I had my way," said Aunt Allie, emphatically, to Margery's father, "not a child should be allowed an animal for a pet. All they do is torture them. It's an outrage! Yesterday morning Margery rushed in and, in the greatest excitement, dragged me out to see—what do you suppose? That unfortunate little cat in a fit! She and that Jones boy were dancing about, clapping their hands and shouting. In good faith the little Jones villain confided to me, 'Gee whiz! it was the best fit Pinkie ever throwed.' Such grammar, too. And think of their glorying in the poor creature's fits!"

Breakfast over, Margery was left alone with her aunt. She stole out of the house as soon as she could and, with her kitten in her arms, climbed the old cherry tree in the back yard and settled herself comfortably in a high crotch. There Aunt Allie spied her—the very embodiment of a dear, gentle little girl who could not possibly get into mischief for several hours at least. Aunt Allie looked at the clear sky, sniffed the fresh morning air, took one more glance at Margery, who, crooning softly to her kitten, looked safer than ever, and then went quietly out the front gate and away to the woods.

Timing its arrival nicely with Aunt Allie's departure, Willie Jones's head popped over the back fence and gave out a shrill, "Hoo-hoo!" which was answered in kind from the cherry tree.

"Huh!" he began, at sight of Margery's kitten. "I thought she said Pinkie was going to be sick after that fit! Much she knows about it! Just listen to him purring!"

"What'd your Aunt Allie say if she could hear him now? Aw, rats! She needn't think she can fool us 'cause she can't! Say, Margery, you know Butch?"

"Well, I was tellin' Butch about Pinkie's fit yesterday, and he says 'tain't nothin' at all. Kittens always have fits. And he says the easiest way is to give 'em a hunk

o' raw meat. So if Pinkie's got to have fits anyhow, we might just as well have the fun of seeing them."

There was something in that, and after urging Margery went so far as to say that if she were only sure that Aunt Allie would not find out——

In the ice-chest they found a large piece of lean beef, from which it was a pleasure to hack off two nice juicy hunks.

"You mustn't feed 'em to Pinkie, Butch says," admonished Willie, when they were once more under the cherry tree ready to open the circus. "You must get him real excited and then let him swallow 'em whole."

This program being carried out, Pinkie swallowed the hunks in a manner that could not have failed to win the approval of Butch. So ended the first act.

The second act opened with a brilliant high jump and a blood-curdling *yowl*, which gave unmistakable notice that the fit was on. Backward and forward leaps, double somersaults, looping-the-loops, hardly describe the wonderful gyrations with which Pinkie entertained them. Up the cherry tree he went like a flash, down he fell with a thud, and then whirled round and round and over and over until Margery cried out: "Oh, Pinkie, Pinkie, be careful! You'll hurt yourself!"

But Pinkie was not to hurt himself much longer. There was one last convulsion that tossed the little creature high up in the air, and then the performance was over.

"He's hurt! I'm sure he's hurt! Poor Pinkie, poor Pinkie! I don't care what Butch says, I won't let him have a fit again!"

She picked him up tenderly and, as she did so, the little head rolled limply back.

"Willie!" she gasped. "I believe—I believe he's—he's dead! And it was the fit that killed him! I know it was! Oh, dear—oh, dear—oh, dear!" she sobbed, in a transport of grief.

Willie Jones, poking a cautious finger here and there into Pinkie's soft fur, could offer no word of hope. But he did what he could to comfort, adding:

"But see here, Margery, hadn't we better bury him before Aunt Allie gets back?"

Willie was right. They had better bury him before Aunt Allie got back. Margery roused herself from her grief to make ready for the funeral.

The preparations were simple. They made a pretty casket by lining a shoe box with pink tissue paper. ("Pink always was Pinkie's color," Margery sniffed.) Then, while they were selecting a site for the grave, Margery thought of a new detail.

"Before we bury him, I think we ought to put some crape on the door, don't you? They always do for real people."

Willie agreed enthusiastically.

In Aunt Allie's room they found a long white motor veil, and also a straw hat which Aunt Allie was trimming for a garden party. This was to have lavender strings, one of which, Margery saw at once, would be just the thing with which to tie the crape. So they borrowed it also.

They draped the veil and the lavender net over the front door-bell, soiling both as little as possible, and then stood off to see the effect. It was simply lovely.

"And now let's sit down under the syringa bush, near the gate and see what happens," Willie suggested. "And if anybody says anything to you, you've got to cry like the dickens. Don't forget."

The first passerby was Butch, who came by driving the grocery wagon.

"Oh, gee!" he exclaimed, checking his horse at sight of the crape. "Who's dead a'ready?"

"Margery's Aunt Allie," Willie replied, with the greatest dignity.

"Oh, Willie!" Margery gasped.

"Boo-hoo," Willie whispered.

"Boo-hoo!" Margery wailed, obediently. "Aunt Allie! Poor Aunt Allie!"

"Why, you don't say so!" Butch exclaimed in candid surprise. "I thought I seen her this morning."

"Spect you did. She died very sudden."

"You don't say so!" Butch exclaimed again. "What'd she die of?"

"Fits," said Willie Jones, primly.

"Fits!" repeated Butch. "You don't say so!"

"Say, Butch."

"Well?"

"Give us a ride?"

"Sure."

So Willie and Margery climbed into the grocery wagon

and accompanied Butch on a short round of deliveries. Butch asked further details until he was able to tell a connected story in the various kitchens where he stopped.

The servants, and sometimes the members of the family, came out to question Willie and Margery, who had the pleasure that morning of furnishing a quiet neighborhood a startling sensation.

"Why, I never *heard* of such a thing!" Gladys Bailey's mother declared, as, in kimono and bedroom slippers, she hurried out to the street. "A fit?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Willie Jones, firmly.

"What did it come from? Did the doctor say?"

"From eating raw meat, the doctor says."

"Eating raw meat! Why, I never *heard* of such a thing! Did your aunt eat raw meat, Margery?"

"Boo-hoo!" wailed Margery.

"Of course she did," Willie Jones answered. "She used to eat it right down in hunks without chewin' it. Butch used to bring her raw meat every day, didn't you, Butch?"

Butch, who, by this time, was beginning to think that he himself had witnessed the fit, gave ready assent. "Sure I did, Mis' Bailey. Why, just this morning on my first trip I took her a big piece of lean beef. 'Be sure it's lean,' she says to me. 'I'm particular about havin' it lean.'"

"Why, I never *heard* of such a thing!" the Bailey mother again informed them. "I suppose I ought to go right over and see if I can be of any help."

Willie Jones earnestly assured her that this was unnecessary. "Everything's been done, ain't it, Margery? All the neighbors rushed in and fixed up everything. She's all ready to be buried this afternoon."

"Buried this afternoon! Why, I never *heard* of such a thing! Are you sure?"

"Of course I am. Ain't the coffin all ready? It's a white one with pink lining, ain't it, Butch?"

Butch swore it was white with pink lining and that he had seen it with his own eyes, as, no doubt, he supposed he had. The Bailey mother again declared she had never heard of such a thing and would have questioned on had not Butch driven off, suddenly remembering that, fits or no fits, people had to have lunch on time.

After Butch had made his last delivery and, on his way back, had deposited them in front of Willie Jones's house, Margery looked apprehensively at her companion.

"O-oh! But I bet she gives *us* fits now!"

"Let's sneak into the house and get something to eat and then skip out to the woods," suggested Willie.

They climbed the Blair fence, reconnoitered the kitchen, and, when they were sure that no one was yet about, slipped in. By searching the pantry diligently they found some crackers and milk. The crackers were few, but the milk was plentiful. After that they ate some sliced cucumbers which Effie had soaking in salt water. They had just finished the cucumbers when Effie, coming downstairs to get lunch, broke in upon them, followed by Aunt Allie holding some ferns and wild flowers in one hand and in the other a tangled, knotted mass of white and lavender.

"Ho!" Aunt Allie cried, at last, with a great explosion of breath, tossing upon the kitchen table the veil and the wild flowers. "How dare you little villains touch my belongings!"

Heavens! Was that all? The culprits exchanged a glance of astonishment and relief.

"I can't turn my back that you aren't in some new mischief! I've stood much, but I won't stand this! Listen to me, Miss Margery: *To-night, if your father does not give you the spanking you deserve, I will.*"

"In the meantime, bed is the safest place for you. Effie, put Margery to bed. I'll attend to Master Jones. Come, sir, we'll see what your mother says about it."

"My mother ain't home," Master Jones protested very politely. "She's gone to town. I was to eat lunch here. My mother wrote you a note about it, and if you leave go one of my arms a minute I'll give it to you."

Carefully clutching him elsewhere, Aunt Allie gave him the freedom of one arm. Willie pulled forth the note, and Aunt Allie, opening it with one hand, read:

"My dear Miss Gibbs:

"May I impose upon you to the extent of asking you to keep Willie to lunch? I am suddenly called to town and will not be back until afternoon.

"I trust he will give you no trouble. If he does, punish him in any way you see fit. . . ."

"'Punish him,'" repeated Aunt Allie, "'in any way you see fit.' Do you hear that, my young gentleman? Well, I'll give you exactly what Margery's getting, and I shall ask your mother to give you what she's going to get later. Effie, put Margery in her mother's room. I'll put Master Jones in her room."

Aunt Allie locked Willie Jones in Margery's room with the significant warning that, if he kicked the doors, she would not wait for his mother's return. From the expression of her mouth, he rather thought that she hoped he would kick the doors. Margery, amid most doleful outcries, was quickly undressed and put to bed. It was not deemed necessary to lock her in, so she was able to slip out to the hall and, hanging over the banisters, to hear something of the excitement which shortly ensued downstairs.

"It's Gladys Bailey's mother," she squeaked through the keyhole of Willie's temporary prison. "And she's so surprised! She says she never *heard* of such a thing! Oh, I wish they hadn't shut the library door so quick."

The Bailey mother was merely the first of a number of callers that noon hour who kept Margery on a constant scamper between banister and keyhole. It was as though Aunt Allie were holding a reception, a rather boisterous one, too, for every one seemed to be talking and shouting at once.

"And he told it with a face just as straight——"

"And there she sat crying and crying, and when I said——"

"And every detail of the funeral, too! Good gracious! How——"

"And they bamfoozled that lout of a grocery boy until he swore——"

"I could simply see your writhings, the way they described them. Your lips drawn——"

And then fat little Mrs. Berry began to laugh, and she laughed and laughed as though unable to stop. But no one joined her.

"Oh, dear—oh, dear—oh, *dear!*" she shrieked, leaning against the front door for support. "I never knew of anything so funny!"

"To think of two small children throwing a whole neighborhood into such an uproar! I was baking cakes

myself and I got so excited that I let them burn to a crisp! Oh, dear—oh, dear—oh, *dear!*”

“I’m glad you think it so amusing,” Aunt Allie remarked, icily, voicing, it was evident, the prevailing sentiment.

“Amusing, Miss Gibbs? Why, I think it screamingly funny! I don’t know when I’ve laughed so hard. What *do* you suppose put it into their heads?”

“The devil, Mrs. Berry! The devil.”

What! If Margery had not heard it with her own ears she would never have believed it possible. If her father knew about it, Margery wondered, as she slipped back into bed, would he still consider Aunt Allie a proper person to take care of them?

Soon after the departure of the neighborhood ladies, Margery began to feel faint pangs of what she supposed at first was hunger. They grew worse and worse until she felt that death from starvation would soon be staring her in the face. Finally, when she tried to sit up, she fell back with the worst pain in her stomach she had ever had. Suddenly she heard a groan, long-drawn and full of suffering as dreadful, apparently, as her own. Then another, and another. Was Willie Jones dyin’, too?

“Willie!” she called, weakly. But he did not hear.

She slipped painfully out of bed and half crawled, half rolled across the floor.

“Willie!” she said again, close to the keyhole.

This time he answered, with a groan.

“What’s the matter, Willie?”

“I guess—ugh! ugh!—I guess I’m—dyin’.”

“Where at, Willie?”

“Stummick,” groaned Willie.

So he had it, too. It? What was it? In the instant of acute vision brought on by a new paroxysm of pain, Margery seemed to divine the truth.

Slowly and painfully she worked her way out to the stairs. Every movement was torture, but, gritting her teeth, she pushed on. Half-way down the stairs she could go no farther. The pains had grown excruciating, and a cry, agonized and tremulous, formed itself into, “Aunt Allie! Aunt Allie!”

“What is it, Margery?” As she caught sight of her niece, with more concern she added: “Is there anything the matter?”

By this time Margery was rolled into a tight ball, and she could not unroll if she would. She was moaning and whimpering, too, and only with great effort able to speak at all.

"I'm sorry—oh! oh!—what I did—this morning."

"My child, what is it? Tell auntie."

"I've got a—a fit—I guess. Willie Jones, too. Oh! Oh! I guess we—oh! oh!—caught it from Pinkie—this morning—when he—died. Oh! Oh! Fits is—awful! I didn't know they—hurt—so."

A light was breaking on Aunt Allie. "Was it Pinkie?" she began.

She was interrupted by a titter from Effie, who had come up behind her. "Fits!" tittered Effie, "I guess it's cucumbers and milk!"

"You poor child!" said Aunt Allie, lifting Margery gently in her arms. "Is it your stomach, dear? There, just a minute and 'auntie'll have you in bed. Effie, get some boiling water. Quick!"

Now, Aunt Allie never showed to such advantage as when there was sickness in the family. It was surprising how soon she had Margery comfortable in one bed—that is, as comfortable as Margery could be before the peppermint was ready—and Willie Jones in another. And short as the time was until Effie brought up the hot water, it was long enough to think out several things. To begin with, Aunt Allie suddenly lost all feeling of anger and animosity. Suffering had somehow changed a brace of young monsters into two poor children whose instant relief was, at that moment, her greatest concern in life. Perhaps she had been too severe, too dictatorial with Margery. No matter about that now. She was to have another chance. In the softened mood which would come with convalescence, Margery would be exquisitely responsive to the right words. And Aunt Allie had tried so many wrong words that now she knew, as though by a process of elimination, what the right ones were.

Then Effie came with the hot water, and, before you could say Jack Robinson, Aunt Allie had the peppermint and sugar mixed, and, my! didn't it feel good going down!

The twins had spent the afternoon at Gladys Bailey's. As they sat down to dinner they glanced from Margery to their father significantly.

"Gladys Bailey's mother says," began Katherine, "that she never *heard* of such a thing. What Margery and Willie Jones did to Aunt Allie, you know."

The Blair father gave a mental groan. But a surprise was in store for him and for Katherine as well.

"Katherine," Aunt Allie said, firmly, "there is no need of bothering your father with everything that happens. If Margery did something she should not have done, it was because she did not quite understand. But there is no need of talking about it any more, because she understands now. Don't you, dear?"

Margery looked at her aunt with shining eyes. She had hoped Aunt Allie in her sweet new kindness would go so far as not to tell her father, but she had not dared ask so great a favor. And here, unasked, Aunt Allie was granting it.

"And I won't tell him, either, Aunt Allie!" she cried, impulsively, and, in a lower voice, intended only for her aunt's ear, "What you said to Mrs. Berry!"



A Recipe for Sanity

BY HENRY RUTHERFORD ELLIOT.

Are you worsted in a fight?

Laugh it off.

Are you cheated of your right?

Laugh it off.

Don't make tragedy of trifles,

Don't shoot butterflies with rifles—

Laugh it off.

Does your work get into kinks?

Laugh it off.

Are you near all sorts of brinks?

Laugh it off.

If it's sanity you're after,

There's no recipe like laughter—

Laugh it off.

What Does Graft Mean?

BY WILLIAM H. LANGDON.



WHAT does it mean? What does it mean when the military commander turns over a national defense to the enemy? What does it mean when the police, created to represent the people, are turned over to the violators of the law to protect their vice? It means treason! Just what it meant in San Francisco when the District Attorney, calling upon the officials for a squad of police to raid a gambling den, found that the offenders had been warned before the District Attorney could get there. Just what it meant when, during the trial of Mayor Schmitz, the municipal detective force was sent out to gather evidence on talesmen for the defense as against the prosecution! Just what it meant when the Machine Sheriff and the Machine Coroner, after days of alleged search, said they could not find the refugee Boss Ruef, whereas Detective Burns, guiding a specially appointed Elisor, found the criminal within thirty minutes! The graft which thus delivers government to its foes is treason to democracy.

When men in office take a bribe and give away what does not belong to them, it is more than the double crime of extortion and stealing: it is treason! It is a crime against government itself. It is different from ordinary military treason in one respect, that it is the long befriended citizens within our own ranks who accept the betrayal, and not some openly hostile foreign foe. It is worse, because the grafter stays among us and continues to corrupt government, while the traitor goes across the border where he can do little further harm. Graft, like a parasite, attacks not only the body politic, but it finally cripples the very organs of political repair. To be stamped out it must be viewed as a treason more horrible than a selling out of arms, for it is a selling out of the fundamental ideas of right and wrong which control the moral use of arms.

There they stand in opposition to each other—democracy and graft! One upholds the human and the constitutional rights of all; the other would betray them to

the corrupt few. One affirms an everlasting belief that the whole people may ultimately govern wisely and justly; the other sneers at the idealistic faith of men and would give government over to the unscrupulous. The struggle between them is on. One must go down. It is for you, fellow-citizens, to decide whether the heavy investment in suffering made for humanity by the common people through the long centuries of struggle for popular suffrage has been in vain! It is for you to determine whether the honor of democratic government is worth fighting for; whether the ancient sanctities of governmental righteousness are worth the combat! Or whether, in the face of the enemy and under fire, we shall commit the horrible treason of retreat!



The Home Road ✓

BY FRANK L. STANTON.

De home road, de home road! You know it high an' low;
It goes whar goes de heart er you—de birds sing roun'
it so!

To de fur off rosy gyardens de worl'-win's seem ter call,
Dar's someone in de do'way, an' yo' heart's a-lookin'
'em all!

De home-road, de home-road! No light dat road'll
lack,

Dar's some one in de do'way, an' yo' heart's a-lookin'
back!

De wide worl' beckon—beckon; de big work is to do,
But the home-road in de life race is a-runnin' 'long wid
you!

De home-road, de home-road! I'll know it we'n de day
Is leadin' ter de res' place—we'n it shines itse'f away!
An' night like light'll lead me an' de weary ones dat roam
Ter outstretched arms o' welcome an' a sweet voice
singin' "Home!"

Thou Shalt Not Steal*

BY WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.



INSIST that the commandment "Thou shalt not steal" applies as much to the monopolist as to the highwayman; and we shall not make any material progress in the protection of the people from private monopolies until we are prepared to obliterate the line that society has drawn between the ordinary thief and the larger criminal who holds up society and plunders the public through the instrumentality of private monopoly. The man who stands by the wayside and, holding a revolver to your head, demands your money or your life is no more a criminal, measured by every moral standard, than the man who, obtaining control of a nation's fuel, collects a tribute from every householder, offering him the alternative of payment or suffering from lack of fire.

And it is not sufficient that we appeal to the conscience of the monopolist alone. If a highwayman were to engage a lawyer to follow a few rods behind him with a horse in order that he might have a ready means of escape after having committed an act of robbery, we would call the lawyer a party to the crime, and we would visit upon him the same punishment visited upon the principal in the robbery. And so if some one living near the spot where the robbery was committed furnished the robber with a change of clothing or, in return for a part of the booty, conspired with him to conceal the booty until suspicion was past, such a one could not escape legal responsibility for the crime. And yet it is considered quite respectable to-day for the legal representatives of predatory wealth to visit state capitals and national capitals and prevent the enactment of laws intended to protect the public from private monopolies; and it is even more respectable for the salaried attorneys of these monopolies to follow close after the offenders and furnish them horses, in the way of legal technicalities, upon which to escape from punishment.

*An address delivered before The Civic Forum in Carnegie Hall, New York City, February 4, 1908.

And some of our metropolitan newspapers are in the same class with the unscrupulous lawyer. Is it not time to raise the moral standard and to insist that our laws shall be made for the enforcement of human rights and not for the protection of those who violate these rights? Shall we continue to be horrified at housebreaking and the picking of one's pockets, and yet view complacently and without concern these million-dollar raids upon the earnings of the entire population? Surely we are justified in applying to the trust question the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal."

In our haste to make money, we have cultivated the impression that life is to be measured by its income, and that men are worthy of respect in proportion as they have accumulated. If I were delivering a religious address, I would insist that life should be measured by its overflow rather than by its income. I would insist that it is what we put into the world, and not what we take out of it, that determines the success of a life.

The commandment, "Thou shalt not steal," will not have the weight that it ought to have among men until it is so construed as to bring the feeling of guilt and shame to those who draw from the common store more than they add in service. If we can but create a sentiment which will make men ashamed, not only of wrong doing but of idleness as well, and fill them with an earnest desire to make generous return to society for all the blessings that society confers, it will be easier to prevent those varieties of larceny which are so difficult to define and which the officers of the law find it hard to detect and punish.



Nothing is lost in this world of ours.)-
Honey comes from the idle flowers;
The weed that we pass in utter scorn
May save a life by another morn;
Wonders await us at every turn,
We must be silent and gladly learn.
No room for recklessness or abuse,
Since even the burdock has its use.

Drums of the Fore and Aft

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

Greatly abridged from the story of this title.

They were the most finished little fiends that ever banged drum or tooted fife in the band of a British regiment. They ended their sinful career by open and flagrant mutiny and were shot for it. Their names were Jakin and Lew—Piggy Lew—and they were bold, bad drummer-boys of the Fore and Aft regiment. When not looked after they smoked and drank. They swore habitually and they fought religiously once a week.

The other drummer-boys hated both lads on account of their illogical conduct. Jakin might be pounding Lew, or Lew might be rubbing Jakin's head in the dirt; but any attempt at aggression on the part of an outsider was met by the combined forces of Jakin and Lew, and the consequences were painful.

The rumor went abroad that the regiment was to be sent on active service. The regiment had been put by for many years. They wanted to go to the front—they were enthusiastically anxious to go—but they had no knowledge of what war meant. Wherefore they cheered lustily when the rumor ran, and the colonel wrote with delight that the temper of his men was excellent. The major smiled with sober joy, and the subalterns nearly shot themselves at revolver practice. But there was consternation in the hearts of Jakin and Lew. What was to be done with the drums? Would the band go to the front? How many of the drums would accompany the regiment?



T'S more than a bloomin' toss-up they'll leave us behind at the depot with the women. You'll like that," said Jakin, sarcastically. "'Cause o' Cris, y' mean? Wot's a woman, or a 'ole bloomin' depot o' women, 'longside o' the chanst of field-service? You know I'm as keen on goin' as you," said Lew.

"Wish I was a bloomin' bugler," said Jakin, sadly. "They'll take Tom Kidd along, that I can plaster a wall with, an' like as not they won't take us."

"Then let's go an' make Tom Kidd so bloomin' sick 'e can't bugle no more. You 'old 'is hands, an' I'll kick him," said Lew.

"That ain't no good, neither. We ain't the sort o' characters to presoom on our rep'tations—they're bad now. But, Lew, there's the colonel coming. Colonel's a good old beggar. Let's go an' talk to 'im."

That officer was aware of two small boys charging

down upon him. They halted at twenty yards, walked to the regulation four paces, and saluted together, each as well set-up as a ramrod and little taller.

"Well! Are you going to pull me down in the open? I'm sure I never interfere with you, even though you have been smoking."

"Beg y' pardon, sir," began Jakin. "The regiment's ordered on active service, sir?"

"So I believe."

"Is the band goin', sir? We're goin', sir; ain't we?"

"You! you! You'd die in the first march."

"No, we wouldn't, sir. We can march with the regiment anywheres; p'rade an' anywhere else. If Tom Kidd goes, 'e'll shut up like a clasp-knife; Tom 'as very close veins in both 'is legs, sir."

"Very how much?"

"Very close veins, sir. That's why they swells after long parade, sir. If 'e can go, we can, sir."

"Yes, the band is going. Have you any parents, either of you two?"

"No, sir. We're both orphans, sir. There's no one to be considered of on our account, sir."

"You poor little sprats! Well, if you're passed by the doctor, I dare say you can go. I shouldn't smoke if I were you."

* * * * *

Jakin and Lew were attached to the band as supernumeraries. The Fore and Aft marched nine hundred and sixty strong, and every soul in cantonments turned out to see them go. They marched northward, ever northward, past droves and droves of camels, armies of camp followers and legions of laden mules.

"Hurry up; you're badly wanted at the front," was the message that greeted the Fore and Aft everywhere. At the end of their third march they were disagreeably surprised by the arrival in their camp of a hammered iron slug which flicked out the brains of a private seated by the fire. This robbed them of their peace for a night, and was the beginning of a long-range fire carefully calculated to that end. At every march the hidden enemy became bolder, and the regiment writhed and twisted under attacks it could not avenge. Sullen, discontented, cold savage, sick, with their uniforms dulled and unclean, the Fore and Aft joined their brigade.

"Can't say I think much of the Fore and Aft," said the brigadier in confidence to his brigade-major. "A more fagged-out set of men I never put eyes on."

The Fore and Aft were in a thoroughly unsatisfactory condition, but they believed that all would be well if they once got a fair go-in at the enemy. The Fore and Aft would like some rifle practice at the enemy—all seven hundred rifles blazing together.

Three days later the brigadier arranged a battle according to the rules of war and the peculiarity of the Afghan temperament. It was to be a glorious battle. The three regiments, debouching from three separate gorges, were to converge from the center, right and left upon the Afghan army, then stationed toward the lower extremity of a flat-bottomed valley. Very early in the morning the bugles began to blow, and the Fore and Aft, filled with enthusiasm, turned out. But there had been a mistake in time, and the Fore and Aft came out into the valley ten minutes before the proper hour.

"Good God!" said the brigadier, sitting on the rock, high above it all. "That regiment has spoiled the whole show. Hurry up the others."

The Fore and Aft continued to go forward, but with shortened stride. Where were the other regiments? Each man felt himself desperately alone, and edged in toward his fellow for comfort's sake. Then the crack of his neighbor's rifle at his ear led him to fire as rapidly as he could. Five volleys plunged the files in banked smoke, impenetrable to the eye, and the bullets began to take ground twenty or thirty yards in front of the firers. The company commanders peered helplessly through the smoke, the more nervous mechanically trying to fan it away with their helmets.

"High and to the left!" bawled a captain until he was hoarse. "No good! Cease firing and let it drift away a bit."

Three or four times the bugles shrieked the order, and when it was obeyed the Fore and Aft looked that their foe should be lying before them in mown swaths of men. A light wind drove the smoke to leeward and showed the enemy still in position, and apparently unaffected. A quarter of a ton of lead had been buried a furlong in front of them, as the ragged earth attested.

Then the foe began to shout with a great shouting,

and a mass—a black mass—detached itself from the main body and rolled over the ground at horrid speed. It was composed of perhaps three hundred savages, who would shout and fire and slash with their long, keen knives. When they rushed the British fire ceased, and in the lull the order was given to close ranks and meet them with the bayonet.

The Fore and Aft strove to stay where they were, though the bayonets wavered down the line like the oars of a ragged boat. Then they felt body to body the amazing physical strength of their foes; a shriek of pain ended the rush and the knives fell amid scenes not to be told. Their front crumpled like paper and the foe passed on. Then the rear ranks were bidden to close up, and the subalterns dashed into the stew—alone. The rear rank heard the clamor in front, the yells and the howls of pain. They were not going to stay there. Let their officers go to hell, if they chose; they would get away from the knives.

"Come on!" shrieked the subalterns, and their men, cursing them, drew back.

"You've killed me, you cowards," sobbed the commander, and dropped, while a fresh detachment of his men retreating, always retreating, trampled him under foot.

A quarter of a mile had the Fore and Aft retreated, and now, jammed in the pass, was quivering with pain, shaken and demoralized with fear, while the officers, maddened beyond control, smote the men with the hilts and the flats of their swords.

"Get back! Get back, you cowards—you women! Right about face—column of companies, form—you hounds!" shouted the colonel, and the subalterns swore aloud. But the regiment wanted to go—to go out of the range of those merciless knives.

The Fore and Aft band had fled at the first rush. Jakin and Lew would have fled also, but their short legs left them fifty yards in the rear.

"Get back to that rock," gasped Jakin. "They won't see us there. Here's a nice show for us; a bloomin' fine show for British infantry! Oh, the devils! They've gone an' left us here alone! Wot'll we do?"

"I'll die game," said Lew.

"'Old on! I know something better than fightin',"

said Jakin. "Tip our bloomin' cowards yonder the word to come back. Come on, Lew! We won't get hurt. Take the fife an' give me the drum. The Old Step for all you're worth! There's a few of our men coming back now. By your right—quick march!"

The two boys marched out of the cover into the open, making a hideous hash of the first bars of the "British Grenadiers." The tune settled into full swing, and the boys kept shoulder to shoulder, Jakin banging the drum as one possessed. The one fife made a thin and pitiful squeaking, but the tune carried far, even to the Fore and Aft.

"Come on, you dogs!" muttered Jakin to himself. "Are we to play on forever?"

There was a far-off clapping of hands and a roar, but never a shot was fired by British or Afghan. The two little red dots moved forward in the open, parallel to the enemy's front.

The men of the Fore and Aft were gathered thick at the entrance into the plain. The brigadier on the heights far above was speechless with rage. Still no movement from the enemy. The day stayed to watch the children. Jakin halted and beat the long roll of the assembly, while the fife squeaked despairingly.

"Here they come!" said Jakin; "go on, Lew."

The Fore and Aft were pouring out of the valley. What officers had said to men in that time of shame and humiliation will never be known, for neither officers nor men speak of it now. But at that moment the first volley had been fired by the enemy, and Lew dropped on his face. Jakin stood for a minute, spun round, and collapsed as the Fore and Aft came forward. Half the men had seen the drummers die, and they made no sign. They did not even shout. They doubled out straight across the plain in open order and they did not fire. The Fore and Aft held their fire till one bullet could drive through five or six men, and the front of the Afghan force gave on the volley. They then selected their men and slew them; they were killing on their own account now. The battle was soon over, and but for want of fresh troops the Afghans would have been wiped off the earth. As it was, they counted their dead by hundreds, and nowhere were the dead thicker than in the track of the Fore and Aft.

But some say that that battle was won by Lew and

Jakin, whose little bodies were borne up just in time to fit two gaps at the head of the big ditch-grave for the dead.



Vanished Dangers

BY S. E. KISER.

He used to hate the idle rich,
And often spoke with dread
About the fearful dangers which
Were looming up ahead;
He saw a time when blood would flow,
And anarchy be rife;
But that was when his funds were low,
He had the luck a year ago
To get a wealthy wife.

He used to say the millionaires
Were blinded by their greed;
He thought the world and its affairs
Were managed wrong, indeed;
He saw the time when class and mass
Would wage a bloody strife,
When chaos would prevail. Alas!
Since then a change has come to pass—
He has a wealthy wife.

He cannot understand to-day
Why those who toil complain;
The ills he feared are cleared away,
No signs of strife remain.
Content to let things drift along,
He lives an easy life,
Forgetting, if sometimes the strong
Oppress the weak, that it is wrong—
He has a wealthy wife.

The Floating Balance

BY LLOYD OSBOURNE.



WAS a typical "trusted employee"—thirty-one years old, popular, zealous—and living up to every cent of my hundred and fifty a month. For several years I had been in charge of the bill discounting department, and very little oversight was kept on me or my books, which, though I do say it myself, were models of what such things should be. I had married into my own class—the "trusted employee," well-dressed, living-up-to-the-last-dollar class. No savings on either side, a little flat in Harlem furnished on the hire system, and the dearest, tenderest, sweetest woman in the world, who, whatever my faults, I have always been true to and loved devotedly.

Then after a year the baby was born, and we were supposed to be very proud and happy; though little Ben, poor mite, arrived in a snowstorm of bills. Heavens! how they piled up, then and afterward! And you cannot economize on a baby, or on the baby's mother. You just have to grit your teeth and plunge into debt.

It took a long time to bring me to it; but I was horribly pressed—driven half crazy. We began to go down hill the moment little Ben appeared, and slid faster and faster into the gulf. Grace made a slow recovery, and had to undergo two operations, one of them very serious. God knows but we tried to pinch and scrimp! I cut my lunch to fifteen cents, and gave up cigars—gave up everything I could do without. There never was anybody less of a thief than I was. But we simply couldn't overtake our debts; they kept swelling and swelling till we owed nearly eight hundred dollars and were dunned by every storekeeper in the neighborhood.

I should not have stolen then if I had not banked on a certainty. You see, I knew it was a certainty, for I was in the way of meeting some very important men—"trusted employees" of great Wall Street houses. From a hint here, a confidential word there, and the knowledge of a two million-dollar loan we were making to one of Merriman's dummies, I landed straight on the inside

*From the "Sunday Magazine."

track, and I got into the secret of Merriman's operation when there were hardly six men who knew why U. P. was at 360 and still rising from somewhere around 87.

Imagine my situation, harassed to death, and yet with the means of making millions. Merriman was determined to control the United Pacific if he had to sky the stock to 2,000. All I had to do was to watch the market and add up sales—provided I could get into the game. The others were only gambling; I could play a certainty.

I ended by taking three thousand dollars and getting a good report on Forder & Rice, "outside" brokers, I entrusted them with the precious money. The firm had very fine offices, and Mr. Rice, whom I met personally, was an attractive man who inspired confidence. To him three thousand dollars was hardly more than a Lincoln penny. I had no awkward questions to answer, except my occupation, which I gave as an insurance agent, telling him besides I had just sold a lot I owned in the Bronx.

It was all as easy as falling off a log, though in spite of myself I could not help acting a little nervous and constrained, and I felt that Rice, in spite of his pleasant manner, stared at me rather oddly.

As for the stock, it went up and up. It took courage to juggle that three thousand in the floating balance when all I had to do was to call a cab and cash in at Forder & Rice's. At thirty thousand dollars I could hardly keep myself from breaking away. At forty thousand dollars I couldn't see straight, and had to order myself, swear at myself, to hold on.

I had gone in with no more ambition than to clear my feet of debt, and pull out enough to put us back where we had been before little Ben came—with maybe a trifle over to send Grace and him to Virginia Hot Springs for a month. But now I had a fortune by the tail—independence—ease for myself and Grace—college for the boy! I couldn't let that slip through my fingers.

Fifty thousand dollars! Fifty-five thousand dollars! Sixty thousand dollars! The stock still skying; Merriman still short of control! But he was fast reaching the mark. With U. P. at 622 $\frac{5}{8}$ I was too near the deadline to monkey with my chances. I got away from the bank and telephoned Mr. Rice to sell.

I telephoned him again at noon, and had the inexpress-

sible satisfaction of hearing that he held sixty-six thousand, one hundred and eighty-seven dollars and fifty cents to my order, less commission.

The next morning I went to get my money.

It was not I who was nervous this time; it was Mr. Rice. He hemmed and hawed before I knew what he was coming at, and his face grew whiter and whiter.

"It's too bad you didn't sell at the top," he said at last. "I was hoping to receive your instructions all yesterday."

"Instructions?" I screamed out. "Why, I told you to sell at 622 5-8!"

He shook his head. "You're mistaken," he said, eying me coolly. "We got no instructions."

"Why, I telephoned to you personally!" I cried. "I telephoned to you twice—I talked with you five minutes. How dare you say I did not?"

"Don't make a scene," he said, touching the bell for help, and becoming visibly bolder as a big man appeared in semi-police uniform. "If you cannot moderate your voice or your extremely insulting manner, I shall have to ask you to leave my office."

"Not without my money!" I protested furiously. "You owe me sixty-six thousand dollars and I'm going to get it!"

"I don't know what you are talking about," he said. "Your margin has run off, and we don't owe you a cent. You may see the books, if you like—it's all down in black and white. Would you care for a memorandum of the transaction?"

"I want my money!" I roared, hammering the table with my fist. "You rascal, you sharper, you thief, give me my money!"

But he could shout as loud as I could, and threaten worse. "You'll stop that!" he yelled back. "You stop that, or I'll put you where you belong!! We're onto you, Mr. Benjamin Haswell! You are an eighteen hundred-dollar clerk in the Metropolitan City Bank, and live at 84 West 108th street, and it was all a lie about your selling any lot in the Bronx. You sell anything, you deadbeat, you tinhorn gambler, you bogus insurance agent! Where did you get that three thousand dollars from? Answer me that, will you? Answer me that, or take your medicine!"

Take my medicine—yes, that was all I could do. One rogue had outmatched another. I had stolen from the bank, and this cold-blooded rascal had ferreted it out and held it over me like a club. I had won him sixty-six thousand dollars, and he would not even give me back my stake, though I pleaded and pleaded for it. I stumbled out into the street again and I stood there in the jostle wondering what to do. I could not run. I was all in, anyway. Ten days of living on a powder mine, and now this smasher at Forder & Rice's had just about settled me. Confess—yes, nothing left but that! I don't claim any praise for it. Nerves and brain had given out.

Andrew Eldridge, president of the bank, was a stern, cold man, genial to customers, but severe and sharp where we were concerned. I knew I should get no mercy from him.

But I was not looking for mercy. I was at the end of my rope and willing to be hanged. If he could do a little to spare Grace and the kid, I should be satisfied. In return I would plead guilty and make no trouble.

"Well, what do you want, Haswell?" he inquired, motioning me to advance.

"I took three thousand dollars of the bank's money, sir," I said, "and have lost it in speculation."

All he did was to raise his eyebrows a little and kind of draw in his breath. Then he got up, went to the door, and locked it. "When did you take it?" he asked in his usual sharp away.

"Ten days ago, sir," I answered.

"How?" he went on.

"By faking the books, sir, and keeping the deficit in the floating balance," I said.

"Why?" he demanded.

I told him the whole story as briefly as I could. By this time I was crying. No prison could be worse than that—to sit there and explain why you stole to a man who had always respected you.

"Then you're ready to face the music?" he asked. "Ready to go to jail?"

"Yes, sir," I said.

He stayed silent for a long while, sometimes looking at me; sometimes looking at the ceiling.

"I shall not prosecute you, Haswell," he said at last.

"I am not going to ruin a man body and soul for three thousand dollars."

"It's just this, you have punished yourself far more than any judge or court could ever do. Now as to the future. I will square the shortage; but of course you will have to repay it to me personally."

You may imagine with what eagerness I assented.

"It will not be difficult," he went on. "I had already intended to put you in charge of the new Cleveland branch at six thousand dollars a year, and I mean to let the appointment stand."

I could have fallen to the floor. Promotion! Six thousand dollars a year! The room swam for a moment while I gasped and tried to realize what it all meant.

"And you can still believe in me—a thief?" I said. "I didn't know there was in the whole world a man like you. If you could stoop so far as to shake hands with me, it—it would help me to go on, sir, help me to be worthy of your trust."

He not only grasped my hand, but he took it in both his own, pushing back his chair and rising as he did so. "Haswell, I'm going to tell you a secret," he said, "a secret that I have locked in my heart for thirty-four years. When I was a boy in a little Ohio town, employed in the local bank, *I did what you did*. The circumstances were much the same—so much the same that as I looked at you just now I seemed to see myself. The deficit was never discovered, and I managed to repay it dollar for dollar; but for eight months the sword hung over me, and even now I sometimes wake up in a nightmare of terror. I should have got no mercy; people were as hard as iron in those days; yet, as my whole life has shown, I was an honest man in spite of that one false step. I am willing to bank that you are the same—that in the floating balance of life you will retrieve the past and retrieve it manfully. You will never make me regret this confidence, will you?"

"No, sir," I blurted out. "Of all your kindness I shall always cherish this the most. It's more than the promotion or letting me off my punishment—it gives me heart to go on with."

"Then you may return to your desk," he said.

For All These

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.

I thank Thee, Lord, that I am straight and strong,
 With wit to work and hope to keep me brave;
 That twoscore years, unfathomed, still belong
 To the allotted life Thy bounty gave.

I thank Thee that the sight of sunlit lands
 And dipping hills, the breath of evening grass—
 That wet, dark rocks and flowers in my hands
 Can give me daily gladness as I pass.

I thank Thee that I love the things of earth—
 Ripe fruits and laughter lying down to sleep,
 The shine of lighted towns, the graver worth
 Of beating human hearts that laugh and weep.

I thank Thee that as yet I need not know,
 Yet need not fear, the mystery of end;
 But more than all, and though all these should go—
 Dear Lord, this on my knees!—I thank Thee for my
 friend.

**Mothers** ✓

BY EDWIN L. SABIN.

Mothers are the queerest things!
 'Member when John went away,
 All but mother cried and cried.
 She just talked, and seemed to be
 Not the slightest bit upset—
 Was the only one who smiled!
 Others' eyes were streaming wet.

But when John came back again
 On a furlough, safe and sound,
 With a medal for his deeds
 And without a single wound,
 While the rest of us hurrahed,
 Laughed and joked and danced about,
 Mother kissed him, then she cried—
 Cried and cried like all git out!

The Fourth of July

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

Day of glory! Welcome day!
Freedom's banners greet thy ray;
See! how cheerfully they play
 With thy morning breeze.
On the rocks where pilgrims kneeled,
On the heights where squadrons wheeled,
When a tyrant's thunder pealed
 O'er the trembling seas.

God of armies! did thy stars
On their courses smite his cars;
Blast his arm, and wrest his bars
 From the heaving tide?
On our standard, lo! they burn,
And, when days like this return,
Sparkle o'er the soldier's urn
 Who for freedom died.

God of peace! whose spirit fills
All the echoes of our hills,
All the murmur of our rills,
 Now the storm is o'er.
O let freemen be our sons,
And let future Washingtons
Rise to lead their valiant ones,
 Till there's war no more!



What then—your little candle-flame blown out
And all the world in darkness for a minute?
Why, even so? The stars still shine, no doubt,
Enough to strike a match by—and God's in it.

Our Country

BY JULIA WARD HOWE.

On primal rocks she wrote her name;
Her towers were reared on holy graves;
The golden seed that bore her came
Swift-winged with prayer o'er ocean waves.

The forest bowed his solemn crest,
And open flung his sylvan doors;
Meek rivers led the appointed guest
To clasp the wide-embracing shores;

Till, fold by fold, the broidered land
To swell her virgin vestments grew,
While sages, strong in heart and hand,
Her virtue's fiery girdle drew.

O exile of the wrath of kings!
O Pilgrim Ark of Liberty!
The refuge of divinest things,
Their record must abide in thee!

First, in the glories of thy front,
Let the crown-jewel, Truth, be found;
Thy right hand fling, with generous wont,
Love's happy chain to farthest bound!

Let Justice, with the faultless scales,
Hold fast the worship of thy sons;
Thy commerce spread her shining sails
Where no dark tide of rapine runs!

So link thy ways to those of God,
So follow firm the heavenly laws,
That stars may greet thee, warrior-browed,
And storm-spiced angels hail thy cause!

O Lord, the measure of our prayers,
Hope of the world in grief and wrong,
Be thine the tribute of the years,
The gift of Faith, the crown of Song!

Andre's Request to Washington

BY N. P. WILLIS.

It is not the fear of death
That damps my brow,
It is not for another breath
I ask thee now.
I can die with a lip unstirred
And a quiet heart—
Let but this prayer be heard
Ere I depart.

I can give up my mother's look—
My sister's kiss;
I can think of love—yet brook
A death like this!
I can give up the young fame
I burned to win—
All—but the spotless name
I glory in.

Thine is the power to give,
Thine to deny,
Joy for the hour I live—
Calmness to die.
By all the brave should cherish,
By my dying breath,
I ask that I may perish
By a soldier's death!

Though deeply moved by this appeal, Washington refused it. The country demanded a victim to redeem Arnold's treachery; the British needed a lesson in the exercise of American sovereignty; and Washington remembered the inhuman treatment of Nathan Hale. André was hanged October 2, 1780. In 1821 his body was removed to Westminster Abbey and buried near a monument there erected to his memory many years previously.

De Leon

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

There came to DeLeon, the sailor,
Some Indian sages, who told
Of a region so bright that the waters
Were sprinkled with islands of gold.
And they added: "The leafy Bimine,
A fair land of grottos and bowers,
Is there; and a wonderful fountain
Upsprings from its gardens of flowers.
That fountain gives life to the dying,
And youth to the aged restores;
They flourish in beauty eternal
Who set but their foot on its shores!"
Then answered DeLeon, the sailor:
"I am withered, and wrinkled, and old,
I would rather discover that fountain
Than a country of diamonds and gold."

Away sailed DeLeon, the sailor,
Away with a wonderful glee,
Till the birds were more rare in the azure,
The dolphins more rare in the sea;
Away from the shady Bahamas,
Over waters no sailor had seen,
Till again on his wondering vision
Rose clustering islands of green.
Still onward he sped till the breezes
Were laden with odors, and lo!
A country embedded with flowers,
A country with rivers aglow!
More bright than the sunny Antilles,
More fair than the shady Azores.
"Thank the Lord!" said DeLeon, the sailor,
As he feasted his eyes on the shores.
"We have come to a region, my brothers,
More lovely than earth, of a truth;
And here is the life-giving fountain—
The beautiful fountain of youth."

Then landed DeLeon, the sailor,
 Unfurled his old banner and sung;
 But he felt very wrinkled and withered,
 All around was so fresh and so young;
 "This is Easter," exclaimed the old sailor;
 His heart was with rapture aflame;
 And he said: "Be the name of this region
 As Florida given to fame.

'Tis a fair, a delectable country,
 More lovely than earth, of a truth;
 I soon shall partake of the fountain—
 The beautiful fountain of youth!"
 But wandered DeLeon, the sailor,
 In search of that fountain in vain;
 No waters were there to restore him
 To freshness and beauty again.

* * * * *

One day the old sailor lay dying
 On the shores of a tropical isle,
 And his heart was enkindled with rapture,
 And his face lighted up with a smile.
 He thought of the sunny Antilles,
 He thought of the shady Azores,
 He thought of the dreamy Bahamas,
 He thought of fair Florida's shores.
 And, when in his mind he passed over
 His wonderful travels of old,
 He thought of the heavenly country,
 Of the city of jasper and gold.
 "Thank the Lord!" said DeLeon, the sailor,
 "Thank the Lord! for the light of the truth,
 I now am approaching the fountain—
 The beautiful fountain of youth."



It seems selfish, you say, to enjoy your blessings when there aren't enough to go round among all your fellow-beings. Why, my dear fellow, that's the only way to make them go around.

—*Samuel McChord Crothers; The Pardoner's Wallet.*

Alonzo's Silver Wedding

BY FRANCES R. STERRETT.

Alonzo Romanzo Sebastian Meakins

MARRIED

1879 1904



HIS card, embossed with half a dozen silver bells, tied in the corner by a bow-knot of white ribbon, which trailed aimlessly in and out through the inscription, roused the inhabitants of Meakinstown to curious wonder.

Alonzo Meakins was not an ordinary child, and he had raised himself in an extraordinary fashion which kept the villagers in a state of expectation. When he finally married Mary Green his relatives were relieved. But their congratulations were short-lived, for Mary died in less than a year. It was ten years before Alonzo told his friends that he had found another bride.

"I hope you'll all come and see her," he said, anxiously. "She's a stranger and don't know the folks around here. If Mary had lived, she'd have introduced her; but I doubt she'll have to do the best she can for herself."

Which she did, and instituted tidy, saving ways in the careless household, and made Alonzo appear twice the man he was.

"She's jes' like an iron to him," mused old Mr. Otter, "a-pressin' out first one crotchet an' then another."

"I had a thought while I was feedin' the chickens this mornin', mother," said Mr. Meakins one day. "It came to me all of a minute that it's jes' twenty-five years since I began my married life. I built that chicken-coop the spring I married Mary. I've most decided"—he shot a quick glance from under his heavy eyebrows before he continued—"to hev a silver weddin'."

"Why, Alonzo Meakins," she gasped, "we hain't been married but fifteen years this June!"

"I know that," he said, testily; "I al'ys get married in June. That's you. But I had ten years the start, an'

it'll be twenty-five years next month, an' I'm goin' to celebrate."

"An' what am I to do?"

"You can help get the supper an' sech things," he said, kindly. "Of course, it ain't as if you were d'rectly in it. I expect we can manage to have somethin' of a time. Got any fried cakes? I do like a doughnut about this time of the mornin'."

* * * * *

It was the day of the silver wedding.

The grassplot in front of the house had been swept until it lay smooth and green. The front door stood hospitably open, and above it hung a piece of white calico bearing the word "Welcome" in ferns.

In the parlor the decorations were even more elaborate. On one wall "A. R. S. Meakins, 1879-1904," was written in asparagus tops, while on the opposite side was a portrait of the first Mrs. Meakins, with an enormous wreath of immortelles hanging over the corner of the frame.

Mr. Meakins, in his best clothes and a white tie, which he had bought as particularly appropriate to the occasion, stood beneath the inscription with the father and mother of his first wife. Mrs. Meakins hovered restlessly behind them. She began to realize that she had no part in the celebration. It was Mr. Meakins and the Greens who held the center of the stage.

A string of neighbors, all in their rustling best, shook hands with Mr. Meakins and then stood awkwardly about the room. Mr. Meakins remained smilingly in his place, with an eye on the small table at his side on which were placed such offerings as the guests brought. A silver-plated butterknife, a syrup pitcher, a pair of spectacles, and quite a pile of silver coins already lay there, and warmed the heart of the recipient.

In spite of the lavish preparations an air of constraint hung over the company, and when Mrs. Meakins opened the door into the dining-room there was a sigh of relief. There was little conversation during supper and Mrs. Meakins and the half dozen women who assisted her were kept busy. There was a hush as Mr. Moore, the minister, rose at the close of the feast and held high a glass of lemonade.

"Friends," he said, with a benevolent smile, that fell

on the young and old alike: "let us drink a long life and many celebrations to Brother Meakins."

There was a loud response, and then Mr. Meakins struggled to his feet to express thanks.

"Neighbors," he said, in a choked voice, and he wiped his eyes before he could continue, "you overpower me. I—I—I thank you for your kind thoughts and gifts. It is especially affectin' to me to have Brother Moore with us, for he has always married me. He has been with me in my joys an' in my sorrows. You remember, brother, how you came to me when Mary died, and said I wasn't to be discouraged; and I said I wasn't, an' I ain't ever been.

"An', neighbors, don't you believe all the stories the editor of the *Gazette's* been printin' 'bout marriage bein' a failure. He don't know what he's talkin' about—he's a bachelor—but I do. I've tried it, an' I *know*. Come here, mother." He beckoned to Mrs. Meakins with his long, bony finger.

She came slowly forward, her thin face tremulous with feeling, her hands moving restlessly beneath the white apron she wore over her best black silk. He put his arm around her waist and filled another glass with lemonade.

"I've felt kind of selfish," he said, slowly, looking into her face, "a-havin' this celebration an' leavin' mother out, for she's taken as much int'rest in it as if it had been her own. So we'll drink a long life an' a silver weddin' to her, too, neighbors, an' may I live to celebrate it with her!"



Ash-cake allus gits ez brown w'en Februrary's hyeah
 Ez it does in bakin' any othah time o' yeah.
 De bacon smell ez callin'-like, de kittle rock an' sing,
 De same way in de wintah dat dey do it in de spring:
 Dey ain't no use in mopin' 'round an' lookin' mad an' glum
 Erbout de wintah season, fu' hit's des plumb boun' to
 come. —Paul Laurence Dunbar: *Faith*.

Washington's Birthday

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

The bells of Mount Vernon are ringing to-day,
And what say their melodious numbers
To the flag-blooming air? List! what do they say?
"The fame of the hero ne'er slumbers."

The world's monument stands the Potomac beside,
And what says the shaft to the river?
"When the hero has lived for his country and died,
Death crowns him a hero forever."

The bards crown the heroes, and children rehearse
The songs that give heroes to story,
And what say the bards to the children? "No verse
Can yet measure Washington's glory!"

For freedom outlives the crowns of the earth,
And freedom shall triumph forever;
And time must long wait the true song of his birth,
Who sleeps by the beautiful river.



The Pilgrim Fathers

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

The Pilgrim Fathers—where are they?
The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay and throw their spray
As they break along the shore;
Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day
When the Mayflower moored below,
When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.

The mists that wrapped the Pilgrim's sleep
Still brood upon the tide;
And the rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,
To stay its waves of pride.
But the snow-white sail, that he gave to the gale
When the heavens looked dark, is gone;
As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

Columbus

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

Give me white paper!
 This which you use is black and rough with smears
 Of sweat and grime and fraud and blood and tears,
 Crossed with the story of men's sins and fears,
 Of battle and of famine all these years,
 When all God's children had forgot their birth,
 And drudged and fought and died like beasts of earth.

"Give me white paper!"
 One storm-trained seaman listened to the word;
 What no man saw he saw; he heard what no man heard.
 In answer he compelled the sea
 To eager man to tell
 The secret she had kept so well!
 Left blood and guilt and tyranny behind—
 Sailing still west the hidden shore to find;
 For all mankind that unstained scroll unfurled,
 Where God might write anew the story of the world.

**The Gospel of Labor**

BY HENRY VAN DYKE.

Hewing wood and drawing water, splitting stones and
 cleaving sod—
 All the dusty ranks of labor in the regiment of God
 March together toward His triumph, do the task His
 hands prepare:
 Honest toil is holy service; faithful work is praise and
 prayer.

This is the gospel of labor—ring it, ye bells of the kirk—
 The Lord of Love came down from above to live with
 the men who work.
 This is the rose that He planted here in the thorn-cursed
 soil—
 Heaven is blest with perfect rest, but the blessing of
 Earth is toil.

Finerty on Woman's Rights

BY CHARLES D. STEWART.



W AIT till I light me pipe. Do I belave a woman can amount to as much as a man? No, I do *not*. How can she, whin a man has got a wife to help him? Do I think she c'u'd be Prisidint? Betwixt ye an' me, I niver voted for a queen an' so I dunno is there anny difference in the two kinds av work.

W'u'd she be honest, ye say? Wouldn't *anny* woman rather be good-lookin' than rich? The throuble wid us min is, we don't care. The paper can say we come of wealthy an' dishonest parents; an' we are proud of it. 'Tis no disgrace to be rich. The papers are all talk. But they w'u'd tell a woman some mornin' that they don't like the looks of her character. A checkered career does not become ye, says they; and *thin* what might happen to politics!

And I think this. Last iliction I was a watcher fer our parthy. In comes Miles McGee to vote—the big, sthrong bye that throws the pig-iron into the furnace wid the hair scorchin' on his chist. And in comes the Lally bye that has been away to the music college; an' *he* votes *ag'inst* him. They say he has to take exercise wid pullin' a pair av suspinders nailed to the wall or he w'u'd not be wantin' annything to ate fer dinner. He voted against Miles. An' 'twas the first time I iver got to thinkin' av horsepower in the franchise. Man is sthronger than woman, ye say. But don't say it. His own sishter c'u'd throw him over the back fince. Kape quite about it all. W'u'd ye be wantin' thim to rob anny av the min av the franchise? An' 'tis the same wid her bein' weak in the head. Isn't that the very kind we are lookin' fer in our ward? That kind are the stren'th av th' organization. There is *no* argymint that is safe.

D'ye know, Halloran, I have been sittin' here till all hours av the mornin' whin I ought to be at home. I hate to go home. The rayson is that Marg'ret is away on a visit. The house has got itsilf all dirthied up and no one in it at all. I laid me pocket-knife somewheres in the house, an' in one minute it was gone. An' no one there

but me. I wish't she w'u'd come back an' p'int her finger at it fer me. I'm that neglected me shirt is one solid mass av holes. Me buttonhole has been annexed to iverlastin' space, an' *everything* is gone back on me. I niver knew before how manny things a woman is used fer.

I was r'adin' in the papers that over in Englan' the women are goin' on a sthrike—ag'inst the *min*. They are intherruptin' the political spaches with questions there is no answer to, an' are gettin' arristed fer it. But that is in Englan'. Well, I belave if I was over there, an' in the female parthy, I w'u'd ask the min: "If a woman is good enough fer a queen, why isn't she good enough to vote? An' a queen's husband not a king at all, but only a married man. Answer me that." But we have a Prisidint.

Do I belave a woman c'u'd be Prisidint? As I told ye once, I don't know is there anny difference in the two kinds av work. But there is manny things she c'u'd do. There is the mother's congress to address. There is the family politics to be attinded to. All thim things w'u'd be in her line—an' who knows but we will yet have a Mother av our Country. Ye can't tell what will happen now.



A Spring Feeling

BY BLISS CARMAN.

I think it must be spring. I feel
 All broken up and thawed.
 I'm sick of everybody's "wheel;"
 I'm sick of being jawed.

I am too winter-killed to live,
 Cold-sour through and through,
 O Heavenly Barber, come and give
 My soul a dry shampoo!

The Man on the Hilltop

BY IRVING BACHELLER.

An Extract, from "Harper's Magazine."



WAS touring through New England. We were near the top of a hill overlooking a great valley. We stopped to look about us. On the up-hill side of the way was a field of rye standing on its edge, steep as a Dutch roof. Near by a white-haired old man sat on the steps of a little house, far older than he.

"Happy New Year!" said he, as I greeted him.

It was a June day and I returned his salutation rather tardily.

"Ye know, a new year begins every day," he said.

I agreed and remarked that it was a fine morning.

"Best in the history o' the world," said he.

"How did you manage to get your seed into that side-hill?"

"Shot it in with a musket," said he.

"Is that a fact?"

"No; it's conversation."

"Lived here long?" I asked.

"Couldn't have lived here any longer if I'd tried," was his answer. "Born and grew and ripened right here."

"You must have seen some changes?" I remarked.

"Changes! Say, mister, you've opened the pickle-jar, an' now ye can help yerself. Changes! I recollect when 'twas all woods down there in the valley. I recollect when my father got his land cleared as fur as the turn-pike, an' we used to stan' here an' see the ol' stage coach go by. That was when I was 'bout knee-high to a johnny-cake. They set us right to pickin' up things soon as we got on our feet, those days—stun or potatoes or somethin'. If we didn't 'tend to business we suddenly got acquainted with one Doctor Birch, or maybe two. Sunday we had to go down to the meetin'-house and be yelled at for hours. Things lasted so, those days. Nothin' was less than an hour long, an' ran from that to for ever and ever. The minister gave us fair warnin', an' as we understood it, I tell ye, we clung to life, hard

as 'twas. It tried to shake us off, but we hung on. I got such a grip on it those days that I ain't let go yit. After all, 'twas a grand good thing or we wouldn't have cared whether we lived or died. No cards, no story books, no dancin', no music. Our fun was work—the huskin'-bee, the quiltin', the apple-parin', the raisin'. My mother would knit a sock leg in the course of an evening's frolic.

"The young folks didn't see much o' one another, an' were 'bout as scary as a deer in the woods. Why, if a boy had been very bad, the teacher would make him sit with one of the gals, an' after that he was careful. The boys were 'fraid o' the gals, an' the gals were 'fraid o' the boys, an' both were 'fraid o' their parents, an' everybody was 'fraid o' the minister, an' the minister—he was worse off than any of us. We were all scairt.

"Say! I don't wonder that Miles Standish engaged a deputy to pop the question. We felt so low an' sinful it took some courage to offer ourselves to anybody. A good many never did. There's more old maids an' old bachelors here in New England than anywhere else in the civilized world. I'm one myself. Live here all 'lone with my sister. Ye see, we didn't have a very good idea o' man, those days. We were 'shamed of ourselves. We used to hear the minister read: "I have said to Corruption, Thou art my father, and to the worm, thou art my mother, and the stars are not pure in His sight; how much less than that is a worm." Oh, we had to look out for the early birds, I can tell ye!

"Now, when I met an angel I just naturally hesitated about offering her a worm. I knew it was a doubtful kind of a compliment. I guess my wormwood was greater 'n my manhood. We didn't understan' that the worm referred to was a caterpillar, an' nobody had told us 'bout the butterfly.

We went as slow as the worm crawls—the ox, the scythe an' the sickle. We had only four things to talk about—the sky, the ground, the neighbors—an' they wa'n't many—an' ourselves, and we wa'n't much; weather, crops, scandals, rheumatiz, indigestion, an' all kinds o' trouble. Ye know, the less folks have to talk about, the more they talk. By-'n'-by, a railroad tore through the hills, an' cut across the valley. Say! 'twas like a pipe from the big reservoir o' the world. It im-

proved our conversation—kind o' switched us on to a new track. We stopped talking 'bout our neighbors an' our complaints. It puffed along slow at first; then more cars an' more speed. An' the folks began to move faster all over the valley. Farmers changed their oxen fer horses, an' the sickle fer the reaper, an' the scythe fer the mowing-machine. They began to put two days in one. Time increased in value and became a highly important part of eternity.

"Changes! Why, trains had begun to roar through the valley with the speed o' the wind. Buildin's were crowding together on the shores down there! Papers came every day from the big cities, an' folks began t' read them—folks who had never read anything but ancient history. They began to transfer their interest from the Israelites to the Americans, from death to life. Then Longfellow an' Burns, an' Tennyson, an' Holmes, an' Whittier got into the school books an' the houses. They began t' teach us the power of love. Then came the fiddle an' the dance, an' the boys got acquainted with the gals, an' they spent the evenin's together, an' say! how they'd laugh! I've stood here winter nights when they were out straw-ridin' an', my land! the whole valley rang like a bell. I tell ye, I was glad t' hear that. The worm had gone into his cocoon, an' come out a butterfly.

"See the grand houses down there on the knolls? They're owned by men who went West long ago, an' got rich, an' come back an' bought the farms o' their fathers, an' built mansions on 'em. Cur'ous lot o' folks. Some of 'em have gone 'round the world two or three times in pursuit o' happiness. Seems so they never could get hold of it. Jim Perkins is one of 'em. Jim has one child, thirty-seven dogs, twenty-two hosses, six cats, an' a hired husband for the gal—b'lieve they call him a Lord somebody or other. The hired husband got drunk one day an' kicked one of his employers, an' I b'lieve they discharged him an' he's suin' for his salary. Ev'ry fall Jim an' his friends an' his dogs go tearin' an' bellerin' over the hills an' fences in pursuit o' happiness, an' say! he hain't ketched her yit, with all his dogs an' hosses t' help him. They're like a puppy chasin' his own tail—if he got it he'd be sorry.

"Ye know, the Indians used to say that it took seven ordeals to make a man—ordeals o' hunger, fatigue, pain

an' endurance. We got seven a week in the ol' days. Yes, 'twas hard, but I guess 'twas kind o' good for us. Wonderful how we loved our homes an' all that lived in 'em, an' our sweethearts! We never pursued happiness. Why, happiness pursued us, an' if a boy loved a gal, I tell ye, the thought o' her was happiness. Hired husbands! Heavens an' earth! how we're gittin' along! But still I think it's the best mornin' in the history o' the world."



High Life at Christmas

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

When the turkey's on the table
 And the mince pie's on the way,
 An' my plate is filled with fixin's
 Thet belong to Christmas Day,
 I fergit I'm over eighty
 An' about my rheumatiz,
 An' it seems to me that livin'
 Is the best thing that they is.

Every year the time gets shorter
 'Twixt the Promise Land and me,
 An' perhaps the oyster stuffin'
 Ain't jest what it used to be.
 But I've made my peace with Heaven,
 An' I ain't a word to say
 When the turkey's on the table
 An' the mince pie's on the way.

Columbus in Chains

(August, 1500.)

BY PHILIP FRENEAU.

Are these the honors they reserve for me,
 Chains for the man who gave new worlds to Spain?
 Rest here, my swelling heart!—O kings, O queens,
 Patrons of monsters, and their progeny,
 Authors of wrong, and slaves to fortune merely!
 Why was I seated by my prince's side,
 Honor'd, caress'd, like some first peer of Spain?
 Was it that I might fall most suddenly
 From honor's summit to the sink of scandal?
 'Tis done, 'tis done!—what madness is ambition!
 What is there in that little breath of men,
 Which they call Fame, that should induce the brave
 To forfeit ease and that domestic bliss
 Which is the lot of happy ignorance,
 Less glorious aims, and full humility?—
 Whoe'er thou art that shalt aspire to honor,
 And on the strength and vigor of the mind
 Vainly depending, court a monarch's favor,
 Pointing the way to vast extended empire;
 First count your pay to be ingratitude,
 Then chains and prisons, and disgrace like mine!
 Each wretched pilot now shall spread his sails,
 And, treading in my footsteps, hail new worlds,
 Which, but for me, had still been empty visions.



A Prayer

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

If beams from happy human eyes
 Have moved me not; if morning skies
 Books and my food, and summer rain
 Knocked on my sullen heart in vain;
 Lord, thy most pointed pleasure take
 And stab my spirit broad awake.

Song of the Soldier

BY CHARLES G. HALPIN.

Comrades known in marches many,
Comrades tried in dangers many,
Comrades bound by memories many,

Brothers ever let us be.

Wounds or sickness may divide us,
Marching orders may divide us,
But, whatever may betide us,

Brothers of the heart are we.

Comrades known by faith the clearest,
Tried when death was near and nearest,
Bound we are by ties the dearest,

Brothers evermore to be.

And, if spared and growing older,
Shoulder still in line from shoulder,
And with hearts that thrill no colder,

Brothers ever we shall be.

By communion of the banner,
Crimson white and starry banner,
By the baptism of the banner,

Children of one church are we.

Creed nor faction can divide us,
Race nor language can divide us,
Still, whatever may betide us,

Children of the flag are we!



It ain't no use to grumble and complain,
It's jest as cheap and easy to rejoice;
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
Why, rain's my choice.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Conservation of Natural Resources

On February the 24th, 1911, the debating teams of Cornell, Columbia and Pennsylvania, discussed the following question: "*Resolved*, That the forest and mineral lands now belonging to the United States in the several states should be retained by the Federal government."

Cornell was successful in both of her contests. Columbia's team won from Pennsylvania in Philadelphia; and her affirmative team lost to Cornell in New York. Pennsylvania suffered a double defeat.

The speeches of the Columbia teams were as follows:

FIRST AFFIRMATIVE.

AMOS J. PEASLEE, 1911 LAW SCHOOL.

Conservation is a word in some ways like the word "Liberty." It has been applied to ideas from the extremities of absurdity to the extremities of wisdom.

The policy which has filtered out of three years of public discussion, and which has been adopted practically as a whole by the Federal government, is for the United States to retain its present holdings of forest and mineral lands.

The reasons for this rest in the case of the forest lands primarily on their location, and in the case of both the forest and mineral lands upon the abnormal monopolistic conditions extant in the privately owned supplies. Mr. Harris and Mr. Hunter will discuss the latter aspect. Let us look at the location of the government forests.

The areas shaded in the green on this map represent what are called the "National Forest Reserves." About 25 per cent. of this is not actually forest land. About 5 per cent. of the forest land owned by the Federal government is not included in them. They represent, therefore, a net excess of 20 per cent. over the requirements of our question.

It is scarcely necessary to point out that the national forest lands follow very closely the two great western watersheds. Therein lies the secret of their national importance.

We cannot overestimate the importance of the network of waterways in the United States. Twenty-five thousand miles of them are used for commercial navigation at present. Furthermore, you are familiar with the generally accepted estimates that the potential power in these streams, which can readily be harnessed, exceeds the total power now employed to operate every wheel, shaft and piece of machinery in the country. You are also cognizant of the fact that seventy millions of dollars have been spent in the last eight years by the United States in irrigation projects and of the vast possibilities contained in this movement.

Commerce, waterpower, irrigation and to a large extent agriculture, depend for their efficiency upon a more or less regular flow of streams. Every farmer, every merchant, every enterpriser knows that fact.

A regular flow of streams is dependent upon many factors. We have no desire, and it is not necessary, to exaggerate the influence of forests protecting the watersheds whence these rivers have their sources. It is, however, well recognized that forest-protected watersheds are the greatest factor tending to equalize this flow.

The scientific principle involved is simple. Forests with the spongy soil, which they retain on the hillsides, act as natural reservoirs of moisture. They surrender this gradually and automatically prevent alternative raging torrents and long droughts.

A significant warning, it seems to us, exists in the fact that in the past ten years, during which times lumbering operations have passed acutely upon the more inaccessible supplies on the watersheds, the losses caused by floods in this country have increased 700 per cent. In 1910 the physical damage to property alone, excluding depreciated realty values, filled streams and permanent irreparable erosion, amounted to a third of a billion dollars.

In that same year the government spent a quarter of a billion dollars on rivers and harbors largely in dredging out what the work of erosion had filled in.

It seems to us, therefore, that it was only a matter of common sense to create the present national forest reserves out of that part of the public domain which is located on the western watersheds. That was not a

one-man fantasy. Mr. Ballinger, who is not generally quoted as an ardent conservationist, in his report for 1910, says: "The national policy regarding the public domain has been uniformly as follows: To reserve out of the public domain such parcels of lands as may be necessary for the common defence or the general welfare. . . Under this policy Congress has established military and naval reserves, forest reserves, Indian reservations, etc. . ."

It is this same recognition of a national interest which has led the bill passed a week ago by Congress to buy up large areas in the eastern watersheds and establish the proposed Appalachian Reserve.

That is going to cost money now.

It seems to us it would have been a piece of business common sense to have forestalled the damage we have already suffered by originally retaining reserves in these mountains, and we hesitate to characterize that suggestion, which, in the face of this experience, proposes to sell off now the reserves which we have created in the West.

I know of no more eloquent presentation of the affirmative's case than that which is silently exposed by this map—the Columbia, the Snake, the Colorado, the Missouri, the Platte, the Arkansas—the greatest river systems of the world—reaching for their sources in those green patches which we all own. Think of their present tremendous importance. Think of their untold possibilities. Think of the trifle which the sale of those green patches would net us as a nation and think of their inestimable value in our hands.

Why should it matter to us if the Federal ownership of these reserves were an impediment to settling in those areas—which it is not. Why should it matter to us if Federal ownership of these reserves did mean, which it doesn't, a hindering of the development of a particular number of square miles which has been carved out arbitrarily and called the State of Idaho or the State of Wyoming?

Why should we be cowed at the appearance of the old bogey with the many names of paternalism, feudalism, bureaucracy—that old fellow who bobs up as regularly as the sun every time a new national interest be-

comes apparent, and whom I venture to prophesy will arise here to-night?

The United States is an economic entity. The man in Louisiana is vitally interested in the operations of the man who cuts a tree in Montana. The State of Louisiana cannot help him. The State of Montana will not. We have never hesitated before to use the nation to protect national interests, and why should we now? Indeed, that is but in accordance with our foundation principles of government—free individual enterprise to the point where social rights are interfered with, local and state jurisdiction over local and state matters, national jurisdiction over national matters. Can there be any doubt but that the forest protection of watersheds is a national matter?

Your Honors, the negative have come here to-night with the burden of convincing you of the unsoundness of that national policy of retaining from the public domain land needed for purposes of the common welfare, phrased in the exact words of Mr. Ballinger, a policy which is urged in many utterances of President Taft, which is embodied in the Appalachian bill approved by the Senate, which has been heartily supported by the governor of every state from Maine to California, which has been adopted by every leading civilized nation in the world, which has the endorsement of scientists and patriots and which is opposed by special interests. We are glad that we are lined up with the affirmative.

SECOND AFFIRMATIVE.

RALPH S. HARRIS, 1911 COLLEGE.

The first speaker on the affirmative has shown with inexorable logic the necessity for the retention by the Federal government of its forest lands in order to protect the great interstate rivers and irrigation projects. I have failed to hear a single convincing argument against this proposition. But even if we grant that there is no necessity for retaining forests to protect the flow of rivers, there is a still greater reason why the Federal government should retain its forest lands, and as powerful an argument may be made in favor of the retention of mineral lands. I refer to monopolies.

For more than a century the Federal government has followed a policy of giving away and selling at a ridiculous price the domains of the people, and with what result? At the present time, the 1,800 largest holders of timber own practically eighty-nine million acres of land. During the past thirty years there has been a steady concentration of interests in the lumber industry. Small companies have been absorbed by larger corporations, and these in turn by gigantic trusts, until to-day three huge corporations, the Southern Pacific Company, the Northern Pacific Company and the Weyerhaeuser Lumber Syndicate, together own 238 billion feet of timber, or 8.8 per cent. of all the standing forests in the United States. Eight gigantic companies own 15 per cent., while 195 companies own 48 per cent., or nearly half, of all the privately owned timber in the country. In the State of Wisconsin, 96 holders have three-fourths of all the timber; in Minnesota, six holders have 54 per cent. of the pine. In a single county in the State of Washington, two or three companies, including the above-mentioned Weyerhaeuser Lumber Company, own 75 per cent. of all the land, which in the words of our opponents is securely "bottled up," is closed to settlement and development, and pays taxes on a small percentage of its valuation.

These and hundreds of other like instances, ladies and gentlemen, and not National Reserves, are evidently what our opponents refer to when they speak of bottling up land from settlement and development.

Since 1850 the United States has granted to railroads practically 165 million acres of land, equal in area to every state on the Atlantic seaboard from Maine to Carolina. This was granted with the express provision that it be parcelled off and sold in small blocks at a moderate price. These gigantic railroads have violated their contract, have continued to hold the majority of this land bottled up from development, in the very face of Federal regulation itself. And this is what comes of granting these lands to corporations and individuals. It shows, we admit, the inefficiency of Federal regulation, and that, ladies and gentlemen, is what we are trying to prove, in connection with the futile efforts of the States.

And this is not all. The majority of these great cor-

porations have pooled their interests, and by a network of alliances now control the bulk of the timber of the United States. They fix the prices; they dictate terms to every manufacturer and consumer in the country; they withhold timber from the market to take advantage of monopoly prices. Said the head of the National Lumber Manufacturers' Association, recently, "The day of cheap lumber is passing, and will soon be gone, but the men who will make the money are those who own timber and can hold it until the supply in other parts of the country is exhausted. Then they can ask and get their own price." These, ladies and gentlemen, are the cold facts derived from the Official Survey of the Lumber Industry in the United States, as issued by the Federal government ten days ago.

In the face of these facts, how can any sane man, who does not regard his country as a special prey for private interests, propose that the policy which has led to such results be continued? The Federal law against combinations in restraint of trade has been on the statute books for more than twenty years, and yet in spite of that law and the innumerable petty prosecutions brought under it, these gigantic trusts continue to own our forest and mineral resources. For more than a quarter of a century the states have been leading a crusade against combinations in restraint of trade, and this is the result. How can any man argue that the same policy should be adopted with regard to the lands not yet handed over to private interests? Private ownership with Federal regulation has failed to prevent monopolies; private ownership with state regulation has not protected us from trusts. The only alternative with regard to the lands in question is Federal ownership.

While our opponents admit the possibility of monopolies, they suavely remark that at least one advantage will result from the Federal government surrendering its land, to wit: settlement and development. But this is a weak and invalid conclusion when judged in the cold light of practice. In a recent letter to this team, Senator Poindexter says, "Experience shows that private ownership does not necessarily mean use and development; the greatest waterpower in the northwest, such as Kettle Falls in the Columbia, Albany Falls, Chelan Falls, and many others, have been owned for years by great private

interests, but remain to-day as undeveloped as when they were first created. Seventy-five per cent. of the entire area of Pacific county, Washington, is in the hands of monopolies, is not subject to entry by homesteaders, is shut off entirely from development and pays taxes in no degree proportionate to its valuation. This is but a fair illustration."

We might similarly trace the concentration of interest in the minerals of this country, for they have undergone the same operation. Let it suffice to see some of the results. The Anthracite Coal Trust owns $87\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of all the known anthracite coal beds in the country; the Steel Corporation owns 80 per cent. of the now discovered iron deposits; the Copper Trust controls 33 1-3 per cent. of the copper in the United States; the Standard Oil Company monopolizes that product.

The gentlemen of the negative will point out that there is little anthracite coal on government land, therefore the government cannot control that monopoly by retaining its mineral lands. They will show that there are rather small known iron deposits on reserves, consequently the United States cannot hope to restrain thereby the Steel Corporation. We admit that the government owns little anthracite coal, and only a little more iron. But our statistics are to show the real condition of the nation as regards the vise-like grip of trusts on us. Then, too, the government owns one-third of all the bituminous deposits in the country. Thereby it can check the growth and prevent the maturity of that embryo, hydra-headed trust, the bituminous coal trust.

Finally, if our opponents waive the question of forest and likewise the question of bituminous coal and base their whole case on metallics and anthracite coal, we believe no judges will award them the decision. Thus to mutilate, to divide and subdivide the question is outrageous. Furthermore, it is outside the purpose of the debate, which is to decide a great national issue fairly and squarely, not a puny technicality by sheer chicanery. For metallics and anthracite coal occupy only a few thousand out of a total of 195 million acres in our mineral and forest reserves. For the negative to grant 99.9 per cent. of our case and then ask the decision is absurd.

Ladies and gentlemen, if we are not actually in the hands of inexorable monopolies, and if we are not ac-

tually being throttled by these huge trusts, and if we do not need some protection from them, and if we do not need to check their further growth, I would like gentlemen of the negative to tell me why.

But, our opponents say, let the states regulate. We have been showing, and it is generally conceded, that the states are absolutely powerless and inefficient in endeavoring to solve this question by their own authority. Imagine the immediate result of the transference of these lands to the states. Every powerful corporate pressure would be brought to bear in the legislatures, which have already notoriously abused the public welfare, to surrender these timber and mineral lands to the great lumber and mining companies. Even if we admit the absolute integrity of the legislatures, there is another fact to be remembered, namely, that if a single one of the states fails to uphold a high and uniform standard of conservation and allows the free exploitation of these natural resources, the result will be an immediate reduction in the prices of lumber, coal and iron, that will force the neighboring states to sink to the same level and adopt the same policy. The whole chain of conservation will be only as strong as the weakest link in that chain; and should one state desert the community of conservative interests, the others would be bound to follow, and the whole scheme of conservation would be precipitated economically. In the next place it is to be remembered that the interests of conservation are national, not local in scope, as my colleague has pointed out. If the state legislatures should control conservation, no outside state or individual could possibly participate in the regulation, no matter how great its interest. But in the Federal government each state has its proportionate representation; all are equally placed, all have equal voices. Thus each section and each state is equitably and justly represented in caring for conservation as a national issue. Otherwise, we would arrogate to states powers which do not belong to them by any natural or historical virtues, but which do belong to the Federal government, as the representatives of the whole people.

Our opponents frequently show with much eloquence the dissatisfaction of the Western States with the present regime. Unfortunately they misrepresent things. The

Utah State Conservation Commission for 1909 endorses heartily Federal Conservation of the 95 per cent. of the forests which the Washington government holds in that state. Senator Chamberlain, of Oregon, says, "I believe that the people of Oregon are patriotic enough to prefer that that portion of this magnificent wealth of lands which lies in Oregon shall remain in the Federal government to be utilized under wise regulation and legislation, consistent with present needs and the needs of generations to come." Last fall's elections in Oregon, Washington and other western states clearly evinces the feeling of the people of those states as regards National Conservation, for in each case the candidate elected by a large majority stood flat-footed for National Conservation.

Indeed, this is what we should have expected, for there is nothing new in this doctrine of national conservation. It is based on a principle as old as the Federal government itself, namely, that when an interest is truly national in character it should be controlled by the Federal government. This principle has been defended not only by such strong nationalists as Alexander Hamilton and Theodore Roosevelt, but it has been equally defended by such warm champions of states rights as Thomas Jefferson and Grover Cleveland.

THIRD AFFIRMATIVE.

R. C. HUNTER, 1911 LAW SCHOOL.

Before showing that the same national reasons apply to Federal ownership of mines and forests that my colleagues have advanced as regards water supply, we want to explain that our position in advocating government retention of ownership is no innovation, but is entirely a defense of the established policy of the United States.

From the formation of the United States government until 1862 the public lands were regarded as a source of revenue by sale. In 1862 the homestead measure was adopted. The intention of this radical change in policy was to populate the West with an agricultural people. The measure was intended to create homes. But it developed that the mines and timber lands, instead of furnishing homes to independent landowners, had gone into

the possession of lumber, coal and iron monopolies. These were misusing the land by exploiting it for immediate profit, regardless of its future value to the nation, and when this condition was understood the government changed its policy as regards mineral and forest lands.

In 1892 the first National Forest Reserve was established, embracing the Yellowstone National Park. Since then about 144,000,000 acres have been added in the United States to the Forest Reserves, and in respect to mines chapter 70, Pub. Stat. 60th Cong., provides that where land containing coal deposits is homesteaded that the government reserves to itself the power of disposal over the coal. Thus our position on the affirmative is practically the position of the United States to-day. We are defending the status quo, and it is a powerful argument for our case that the United States government, after fifty years of distribution of land, has seen the evil in the policy as applied to forests and minerals, and in spite of the united opposition of the great private interests has reversed its former policy in favor of conservation.

There is no question of states rights involved. The government is the proprietor of land and it must make public use of this land. Because it was good to distribute to farmers the agricultural lands of Illinois, it is no reason at all why the government should pursue the same policy with the forests or mines of Montana.

Even the gentlemen of the negative favor conservation in the sense of the intelligent and careful as opposed to careless and wasteful use of our natural resources.

We want these resources used in a proper manner so that there is a minimum of waste and so that monopoly control is prevented, and we propose that the simplest and most effective method of securing this proper use is to retain ownership of these public lands and then permit private development on conditions, probably in the case of mines by a leasing system. Let me read you what President Taft says in his message to Congress in recommending retention of ownership and leasing mineral lands.

President Taft further urges retention of forests as strongly as he urges retention of minerals, and here you

have a conservative president recommending to Congress the whole affirmative case.

If the land be sold to private parties and then attempted to be regulated, there will be no means to reclaim the land if it gets into the hands of the wrong kind of owners.

The inevitable tendency of private ownership is toward monopoly control. This has certainly been the result of our past policy, as my colleague has amply demonstrated. Great lumber, iron and coal monopolies have secured more and more of it until now the anthracite coal trust owns 87 per cent. of the anthracite deposits, and the steel trust 80 per cent. of the iron being mined.

It is always much easier to secure proper use by simply cancelling a lease and then issuing one to another party, who will observe its conditions, than it would be to sell the land and then, having parted irrevocably with the ownership, to attempt to impose conditions in the form of coercion by regulation. Gentlemen of the negative, the one great decisive argument which has decided me against your system of regulation is that the only resource of the government in case of violations is that of continual, protracted and often unsuccessful prosecutions in the courts. In case of violations of the law our system of ownership allows the speedy cancellation of all rights by the administrative department of the government, while your only recourse under your system of regulation is to subject the violator to the laboriously conducted process of the courts, where he may avail himself of every technical defense. Your only prospect is to see him fined a few dollars as a punishment for the spoliation of land to the extent of thousands of dollars, and then you must allow him to return to undisturbed possession of the land only to repeat his operations of misuse when he thinks your agents are not on hand to get the necessary evidence. Our plan means prevention. Regulation provides punishment.

If the states develop a fitness to control the matter properly, the retention of ownership by the United States would be equally highly advisable, for it would allow of giving control to the several states on condition of successful control. Then, if the experiment were unsuccessful, the control could be taken back by the United States. This would be a safe method, while if the land

be given outright to the state or to individuals, the nation as a whole parts with all chance of control. We believe in retaining ownership because then if one experiment or method of control is not successful the United States would still have the land to operate other methods on.

While we do not advocate retention of ownership as a commercial enterprise, but retention for the public purpose of securing conservation, we do not see how an immense revenue to the nation can fail to be an incidental result. The government cannot do otherwise than demand the revenue that would accrue to any proprietor for the privilege of cutting lumber or mining. To do otherwise would prejudice the interests of those who have paid millions of dollars for lands containing timber or mines, and the result would further be that the public lands would be mined first and then the lands now privately owned, which would mean an eventual return to the conditions we now complain of. As President Taft put it, in referring to the leasing of oil lands, "Why should not the government, as landowner, deal directly with the oil producer, rather than through the intervention of a middle-man to whom the government gives title to the land."

No system of selling these lands would secure to the government the value it ought to have. If the lands are sold now the government would lose the benefit of the inevitable rise in value in years to come. Then, too, sales would have to be made on the basis of the least probable quantity of minerals under the surface. When great and unexpected deposits are later unearthed the whole benefit would accrue to the individual buyer and be lost to the government. Besides we do not need one great payment of revenue during a few years which the sale method would result in, but a uniform and reliable volume of revenue through generations, which can only be secured by retaining ownership.

Conservation is a national need. These lands are national lands, acquired and cared for by the nation. The whole nation furnishes the markets for the products. The whole nation furnishes the means of transportation. The prosperity of the whole nation is vitally concerned, and we cannot see how the United States, owning these resources, can properly do otherwise than hold them as

a national asset. We must recognize as a strong inducement for conservation that population will increase rapidly, so that the need of future generations for the products of nature will be greatly intensified. This generation is indebted to past generations for the foundation of its advancement and progress, and in compliance with the mighty dictates of conscience and of the laws of progress and evolution, this generation, in its turn, must contribute all that its position enables it to contribute to the destiny of civilization. Natural resources are acknowledged to be the basis of our national prosperity. If they have that relation to this generation they will have the same relation to the next, and the best contribution that we can render posterity will be a sound material basis of natural resources—resources which have been protected from misuse, not from careful use, by the American people as a national duty.

FIRST NEGATIVE.

HARRY DAVENPORT, 1912 LAW SCHOOL.

We agree that certain standards should be observed in the use of our natural resources; but we maintain that every real advantage that can accrue under government ownership can be equally well gained under private ownership, whether it be conservation for future use or security against monopoly, or the protection of watersheds. Every argument that government ownership is necessary to secure these advantages is based upon the assumption that private property interests are antagonistic to, and can successfully defy, the public interest as expressed in state and Federal law. We take issue with the affirmative on this critical point.

It is necessary to correct two carefully nourished misconceptions. The first is that the Federal policy does not virtually bottle up the government owned mines and forests. That policy may contemplate a different result, as was claimed by the affirmative, but what actually happens is the vital thing. Last year the Federal forests, embracing 20 per cent. of the forest wealth, furnished almost exactly one-fifth of one per cent. of the timber cut in this country. It would take seven times that much to supply the new railroad ties used in one year. No

coal or iron whatever was mined under government ownership. The plan of the affirmative in respect to mineral lands has never even been tried in this country since the days of Polk and Fillmore, under whose administrations it was found to be a failure and abolished.

Such a wholesale restriction of industry retards the general prosperity. Much more severely does it check the development of those Western States in which these publicly-owned resources constitute a considerable portion of the wealth. One-fourth of Oregon, one-third of my own State of Washington and nearly one-half of Idaho have, by this policy of Federal ownership, been withdrawn from entry, denied to the use and jurisdiction of those states, in large measure dedicated to solitude, and rendered profitless except for purposes of scenery.

The second misconception is that our natural resources are soon to become exhausted. The facts are these:

With all our enormous consumption of coal, we have used, in all the years of our history, together, according to the 1909 report of the United States Geological Survey, but seven-tenths of one per cent. of our supply easily accessible, and but three-tenths of one per cent. of our total visible supply. At the rate of production last year the supply would last nearly three thousand years.

It is absurd to talk of the exhaustion of iron or any other metal. Iron can neither be consumed nor destroyed; therefore to mine it does not lessen the supply; it simply enables to be used what would otherwise lie idle. The only object ought to be to get it into use as quickly as there is any demand.

The timber situation is less encouraging. But the natural adjustment between supply and demand will guarantee us against any serious scarcity of wood. As the supply lessens the price will gradually rise. Certain economic results are sure to follow. The consumer will use his lumber more carefully and will find cheaper substitutes for it. The drain on the forests will be lessened. Lumbering men will be driven to more careful methods. It will be profitable to more carefully cultivate the young trees and even to plant and cultivate new forests. This is even now being done by the Pennsylvania Railroad and by many companies who require a particular kind

of wood. It is the natural response of supply to demand. The laws of economics guarantee us the growing of new supplies as soon as the price rises to the level of the cost of production.

I have endeavored to show that the government has actually bottled up the resources retained in its ownership, and that such restriction is not justified by any impending scarcity of minerals and timber.

We maintain that conservation correctly means two limitations upon the use of mines and forests: first, the elimination of waste; second, the protection of watersheds; and that these two advantages can be secured under private ownership.

Private owners, far from causing waste, use every possible means to prevent it. Are lumbermen and mine-owners different from other men of business? Are they peculiarly wasteful of their own property; peculiarly blind to their own interests? If a man had only a lease on land, as proposed by the affirmative, it would not be absurd to charge him with impairing the value of the land, but it is quite a different thing to charge an owner with deliberately destroying his own property. The worst form of waste is from forest fires, the danger from which is so great to every person, every business, every town, in a forested district that it is absurd to contend that the Federal government has a monopoly on the knowledge that fires are dangerous and can be prevented.

In so far as these natural inhibitions upon the extravagant use of mines and forests fail to secure a proper protection, state legislation is adequate to secure it. The supreme court of the United States has repeatedly affirmed the doctrine that when anyone undertakes a business that affects the public welfare he undertakes that business subject to the right of the state to legislate concerning it in any way that the general welfare may require. For example, in *Hudson Water Co. vs. McCarter* the Court said: "The state, as quasi sovereign and representative of the people, has a standing in court to protect the forests within its boundaries, irrespective of the assent or dissent of the private owners immediately concerned." Under this police power laws have been passed regulating the methods of lumbering; conservation commissions have been established; systems of fire protection have been organized, and the way made clear

for whatever control may be required over the use of natural resources.

The second purpose of conservation is to protect the flow of interstate rivers. In the first place, this argument applies to only a very small portion of the land involved in the question. It concerns only a part of the forests, and has not the slightest connection with mineral lands of any description. It therefore does not raise a determining issue in this debate. In the first place, this damage only occurs where forests are entirely destroyed by fire or by reckless lumbering, and every effort of owners to prevent the destruction of their forests operates at the same time to prevent impairment of stream flow. The mere cutting of merchantable timber in a forest in no appreciable way injures its usefulness as a protector of a watershed. Again, the owners of water power and irrigation rights on streams can, through the courts, prevent any impairment of their property resulting from the misconduct of timber owners further up the stream. This natural vigilance of property owners against injustice is one of the salutary characteristics of private ownership. There is yet a more direct and conclusive means of mastering the situation, namely, by Federal legislation. Congress can, under its legislative power over interstate waterways, regulate the use of every watershed that has a direct or even remote relation to the flow of streams. Thus we contend that if national regulation is necessary the Federal government can do it by statute without embarking in a new experiment of government ownership on a large scale. And we would say here, concerning the use of natural resources, that whenever Congressional legislation is in accord with the constitutional function of the Federal government, we are in favor of such legislation.

There is one phase of the general subject to which we would call your particular attention. Private ownership under legislative regulation is going to be the principal agent in the accomplishment of conservation whether we will or no, because only one-fifth of the timber and mineral wealth in the country is situated on public lands. The rest is in private possession. Therefore, we must make a success of conservation in privately owned forests and mines, or else abandon the policy of conservation in regard to approximately four-fifths of the timber, coal

and iron in this country. If we can succeed by private ownership and state legislation over these four-fifths, then government ownership of the remainder is not necessary. If we cannot succeed under private ownership, then we must let waste and monopoly run rampant in the bulk of our natural resources, and suffer all the streams east of the Rockies to spend their stores in the flood season of the year.

It has been my purpose to show that the Federal policy has virtually bottled up the resources on the government lands; that the visible supplies are so extensive as not to justify such restriction; that conservation requires only the elimination of waste and the protection of watersheds; that the very owners of the property are more vitally interested than anyone else in the accomplishment of these purposes; that where property interests clash with the general welfare the police power of the states, supplemented by Federal statutes and by remedies in courts of law, is adequate to protect the public good; finally, that our plan comprehends all the natural resources, while the plan of the affirmative is concerned with only a fraction. Our second speaker will show that government ownership is not necessary to guard against the evils of monopoly.

We do not demand nor want any hurried or reckless disposal of the timber and mineral lands. We want the government to retain these lands, just as it did the farming lands, until there is a valid call for their development. But when the growing needs of the West require it, then we insist that the government's stewardship is over, and that the timber and coal lands should be disposed of under restrictions as careful and laws as rigid as can possibly be devised, to the end that conservation may be made nation-wide on one comprehensive plan, and to the end that in America at least there shall be no harbor for that insidious policy which has for its foundation the humiliating confession that private property interests can successfully defy the majesty of the law.

SECOND NEGATIVE.

CARL F. HELM, 1911 LAW SCHOOL.

The resolution the gentlemen of the affirmative are supporting is that the Federal government should *retain*

the *ownership* of all forest and mineral lands now in its hands, or hereafter to be acquired.

There are but two alternatives under this resolution. The first, that the government itself develop these lands; the second, that it lease them to individuals for development. The first makes the government the owner and manager of a great industrial combination; the second creates a system of bureaucratic control; gives us a population of tenants instead of a population of proprietors in a territory as large as twenty average sized eastern states and lying solely in the western quarter of the country.

The burden is on our opponents to prove to you the *right* of the Federal government to do either of these and further to prove to you the *necessity* and *desirability*.

My first colleague has disproved any necessity for such radical changes and has proved that all the ends of true conservation can be efficiently secured by state and Federal regulation. My purpose is to show on a still more practical basis that such regulation will secure these ends more efficiently than would such government ownership.

Honorable judges, if any of you to-day were looking for a manager or trustee to take charge of such a vast estate you would require references showing his efficiency along such lines. The following are a few we submit to be considered by you in deciding upon the Federal government as manager of these enormous enterprises. In this connection, note that a few well-established facts bearing on either side of the controversy should outweigh the theory or assertions of our opponents.

Extravagance. The Federal government is extravagant. This can be seen by a reference to the very bureau conducting the present so-called national conservation work. The official report places the cost of administering the forest service, employing but 2,000 men, at over \$5,000,000 per year, and the actual deficit at over \$4,000,000. The Senate admits that out of every billion it spends, \$300,000,000, just a third, is wasted through extravagance. A good field for the national conservationist.

Income. The lack of business management in business affairs conducted by the Federal government is shown by the income it derives from the national reserves.

Within the 190,000,000 acres of national forests there are 60,000,000 acres of land available for agricultural purposes. The gross income the government derives from these lands is one-half a cent per acre per year, by its own figures, while right across the imaginary line which separates this conservation from use exactly similar land under private cultivation is yielding as high as \$500 an acre. Contrast the benefits to the community and the nation under these respective methods of utilizing our lands.

Non-use. This non-use, this dis-use, honorable judges, is our greatest source of waste to-day. Such dis-use is an extra burden on every man who buys the necessities of life. In the West, in my own State of Washington, where the people actually know what conditions are, they want these lands placed in the hands of the proper individuals, and properly developed by private capital. Every state in the Union will then receive its proportion of benefits therefrom in the only way you people in the East can ever benefit therefrom, through the regular commercial channels.

This same lack of good business policy causes the government to pay more than it should for its own necessities. The Geological Survey gives the coal supply, exclusive of Alaska, at three thousand billion tons—one thousand billion tons lying in the public domain. For its navy and other departments on the Pacific the government pays \$7 per ton f. o. b. for Virginia coal. Five dollars of this is represented by freight charges around the Horn, and the colliers burn an additional one-fifth on the trip. If the public coal fields of the Pacific were opened, \$2 per ton would be the cost to the government, by its own figures again.

Irrigation. The irrigation projects furnish another striking example of the Federal government's inefficiency to conduct other than governmental work. It paid twice the price it would have cost individuals. Its work has been so slow that settlers are waiting in distress for water promised long ago, and because estimates have been exceeded again and again and the cost of water rights raised thousands of the most vigorous citizens of the nation have been forced to seek cheaper land in Canada.

In appropriating the last additional \$20,000,000 Congress, was compelled to restrict the activities of the gov-

ernment to the thirty projects now going on, admitting its failure here also.

Politics. Furthermore, if our resources are to be developed by the national government, honorable judges, we must consider here that this work will be dominated by politics. While we would be the first to clash with anyone stating that our officials are generally dishonest, yet we must admit that the term politics has a bad ring to it. Temptation accounts for most of the dishonesty in politics as in private life, and we must accept as a fact that if these great industries are operated by Federal bureaus, the temptations for graft will be so great that an army of politicians throughout the whole country will be exclaiming as did Senator Tillman on the floor of the Senate: "If there is going to be any stealing done, I want my share."

Lands. The Public Lands Commission appointed by President Roosevelt, after an exhaustive inquiry, states that within the last fifteen years there has been stolen from the public domain not less than 150,000,000 acres—an area making thirty states the size of Massachusetts. This commission brands the sale of the public domain by the Federal government as a failure.

Honorable judges, if a man admits that he lacks the thrift to sell his land, can we expect him to possess the additional thrift and ability necessary to build up and administer vast industries on it? Well, the Federal government admits its inability to date to sell its lands properly or to enforce simple land laws. Why should we assume that it will suddenly evince the business ability possessed by a captain of industry and will furnish us with and watch over a field force necessary to conduct what would prove the greatest of our trusts to-day? This is too violent an assumption for a sane man to make.

Note, however, that we do not deny the efficiency of the Federal government when performing its governmental duties. But entering into the lumber and mining business is not one of the duties, and we deny its efficiency there. Its machinery is too distant, too slow, too cumbersome and too costly and too subject to political influence for any such business purposes. The result is always a maximum waste and a minimum use. There is nothing in the history of the national government indicating that it can or will administer in a proper

manner these matters of such intimate interest to the people of the state. The Federal government is *not* fitted to manage these industries, and we should just as strongly oppose state ownership.

Monopolies. But, it is argued, notwithstanding these unanswerable objections, we must yet have government ownership to prevent monopolies in these resources.

This is not true. Let the government first restrict the quantity to go to any one grantee to an amount only large enough to make development profitable, and then insert a condition subsequent in the patent that the title shall revert to the government in case there be any combination in title or management tending to create monopolies. This is the policy of the government to-day in Alaska.

But, setting aside this simple answer, the question of monopolies is after all a question of regulation, not of government ownership. Must we confess such a cowardly bankruptcy of our system of government as to acknowledge that we cannot control and regulate corporations and thus prevent the evils of monopolies by law.

In advocating government ownership to prevent monopolies our opponents must adopt one of two alternatives. They must either admit or deny that corporations can be controlled and the evils of monopolies prevented through regulation by law. If they admit that corporations can be so controlled, then government ownership furnishes no argument for retention to prevent monopolies. If they deny that they can be so controlled by law, then our opponents must argue for government ownership of every single commodity which is liable to be monopolized; a thing which even the wildest advocates of government ownership dare not maintain. No! Corporations can be controlled and the evils of monopolies prevented by law. It is the supreme test of any government that it be able to cope by regulation with such problems as this. And remember, we do not deny the efficiency of the Federal government in this, its proper government field. On the other hand, we are firm in the patriotic belief that our government can solve this problem without resorting to such a pitiful confession of weakness, such a cowardly subterfuge, as the adoption of government ownership to prevent the evils of monopolies.

My colleague has shown that conservation to us means a maximum use with a minimum waste. That the way to minimize the waste is by regulation, not by Federal or state ownership. Regulation by the state under the police power and regulation by the Federal government under the Interstate Commerce and Admiralty clauses of the constitution.

Therefore, let the Federal government increase its efficiency and not its field of action. Let it properly classify these lands. Let it then sell them to the proper parties at the actual value of the timber and minerals therein. The national government will now receive the same revenue as if they were operated on a royalty basis. The states will now and hereafter receive the revenue due them as taxes; at present denied them while a third to a half of their territory remains public lands. The agricultural lands, going immediately to the proper parties and the forest and mineral lands when development is assured, the Federal government will have done all it can do in its proper field of action, and the development of these vast industries will go on. The late investigations have aroused public opinion. The result is a definite organization between the states, the House of Governors. We have an absolute guarantee that waste will be minimized by strict regulation.

And we therefore fail to see the necessity or desirability for, but, on the other hand, condemn a policy urging the Federal government either to enter into industrial business, into unfair competition with its citizens, or to become a gigantic feudal landlord through a system of leasing. A policy which seeks to replace the individual initiative which has made this country great by a bureaucratic control which has forced many another into oblivion. A policy which looks forward to a population of tenants with a maximum waste instead of to a population of proprietors with a maximum use. A population of tenants whose interest is not to conserve the land, but naturally to get all they can out of their tenure. And such is the policy of the gentlemen of the affirmative.

THIRD NEGATIVE.

C. J. RUCH, 1912 LAW SCHOOL.

The last speaker for the affirmative has contended that we can not rely upon individual ownership to secure development, that frequently individual ownership means "bottling up" resources and throttling development. In answer to this argument let me ask my opponent whether the phenomenal development of the resources of the United States, a development which has been more rapid and thorough than that of any other country in the world, has been brought about through the operation of government ownership which, as he so enthusiastically maintains, means development or through the operation of individual ownership. We admit that some few cases can be found in which development has been checked under individual ownership, but we maintain that the history of our own development, based as it has been on individual and not on government ownership, disproves the contention of the affirmative that individual ownership means bottling up resources.

The whole argument of the affirmative as laid down in their three original speeches is devoted simply and solely to the question of efficiency. Their argument is "the United States should permanently retain its forest and mineral lands because the United States can use these lands more efficiently, in a way more conducive to the social welfare than can private individuals." But this is more than a mere question of efficiency. It is a question which touches the higher and broader grounds of social and governmental policy. We now contend that the United States should not retain its forest and mineral lands because such retention conflicts with two peculiarly vivid principles whose importance far outweighs any question of efficiency. These principles are: First, individual ownership as opposed to government ownership, and second, freedom of the states from Federal interference in local matters.

And first let me re-state the contention on which the affirmative have based their whole argument. It is this: "The United States should retain its forest and mineral lands because the United States can use these lands more

efficiently in promoting conservation and preventing monopolies than can private individuals."

Do my opponents realize what this means? It means simply this: that if it can be shown that the Federal government can handle an industry more effectively than private individuals then it is the proper function of the Federal government to take charge of such an industry. It means that if it can be shown that the Federal government can own and operate railroads and telegraph lines, etc., in a more efficient and practical manner than private individuals that then the Federal government should own and operate such railroads, telegraph and telephone lines.

Let me try to show that this principle is un-American and hostile to our fundamental conceptions of individual freedom and initiative. Of all nations this nation has always stood pre-eminently for the development of the individual. The constitutional guarantees of life, liberty and property; the right of every one to be free to work out his own destiny; the right of private capital to develop the resources of this country without government competition—these are cardinal American principles. We believe that the Federal government exists for the individual and not that the individual exists for the Federal government. We believe that it is the function of that government to govern; that that government ought not to transcend these limits and interfere with matters which do not pertain to such governing; that ownership of property on the part of the Federal government should be limited to that which is essential and desirable as a means for performing its governmental function.

However government ownership of property and industries may be regarded in other countries, the United States is so different from other nations in its political system that this fact alone precludes serious consideration of our adoption of this political heresy. It is a country whose every chapter of growth, progress and prosperity is a continuous narrative of the individual effort of its citizens.

The one apparent exception to this principle is the governmental ownership of the public lands. I say apparent because it is no real exception. The public domain was not acquired or has it ever been regulated

and administered with a view to permanent retention by the Federal government as a great feudal landlord. On the other hand, it has been acquired and held simply as a field for expansion, to be passed into the hands of private individuals and carved into independent communities of self-governing, land-owning states, as soon as practicable. In furtherance of these views the land has gradually been transferred into the hands of private owners to be developed by them. That the distribution has always been ideal, we do not maintain. But, nevertheless, the fundamental principle has always been kept in view that we are and always have been a nation of landowners, believing that the soundest policy is to leave development in the hands of private capital invested in private ownership of property.

To-day a portion of the forest and mineral lands remain; our opponents ask us to break with this time-honored policy of distribution, to break with this historical and American principle of individual ownership upon which our prosperity has largely been based; and they ask us to have the Federal government now become a permanent landlord. And why? Because such retention is necessary or even desirable from the standpoint of government? No! Simply and solely because, they say, the Federal government can use these lands more efficiently than private individuals. Simply and solely because of a paternalistic principle, which has been made an excuse by every tyrannical government in the history of the world for extending its long arms into the very web and woof of commercial life, checking and hampering the individual at every turn. We are asked to adopt government retention to prevent monopolies. Are we not also asked to help create that most odious, most dangerous form of monopoly, government monopoly?

Second. Permanent retention of these forest and mineral lands conflicts with the American principle of freedom of states from Federal interference in local matters. "To the states, local interests; to the nation, national interests." This is, in short, the basic principle embodied in our Federal system of government. One hundred and thirty years of the application of this principle have given us a government strong for national purposes and at the same time with sufficient flexibility to

allow for wholesome variety and individual development on part of the states. I need not point out the advantage of this dual Federal system of government. We are all familiar with its workings. We believe, as our forefathers believed, that one of the chief guarantees to the freedom of the individuals is the freedom of each state to work out its own ideals and shape its own development. We believe that when, as in France, the states are mere provinces, having no separate existence and the central government is all-powerful, all-pervading then the privileges and immunities of the individual are placed at the mercy of absolute power.

In accordance with this American principle of the separation of powers between the Federal government and the states, it has been held repeatedly that the Federal government has not the power to control by regulation the production and mining of the raw materials of industry even when such material afterwards becomes the subject of interstate commerce.

It has repeatedly been recognized that the power of the United States is limited to controlling interstate commerce, because that is national in its scope and that it does not extend to the production and development within a state of the resources of that state. Thus the United States cannot, through regulation by law, control the production of timber and the mining of minerals within a state because such matters are in their very nature local and not national. They are just as much local as the production of grain and wheat, the making of clothing and shoes, and just as much do they fall under the control of the state and not of the national legislature.

Now, what is the object of the proposed retention of these forests and minerals? The object is, confessedly, to secure control of these very things which are in their nature local, namely, the production of timber and the mining of minerals within the states. The object is thus to secure, indirectly, by proprietary rights of ownership, what cannot be secured directly through regulation by law, because the right to regulate by law is vested not in Congress, but in the legislatures of the several states. This is nothing more or less than evading by indirect means the principle "To the states, local interests; to the nation, national interests." It is an unwarranted interference by the Federal government in local matters be-

longing to the states, and this interference is none the less dangerous because it is indirect.

Now, what does this unwarranted interference lead to?

It saps the vitality of the state governments by transferring to the Federal government a legitimate state function. Two of the soundest and clearest thinkers in our great political parties to-day, Senator Root, of New York, and Governor Wilson, of New Jersey, unite in saying that what we imperatively need is to revitalize our state governments; that our greatest political danger is the slow decay of the constituent parts of our governmental system; that the strength of the nation is dependent upon the strength and vitality of its parts. Does this proposed stripping the state governments of one of their legitimate functions, namely, the control of the development of their own resources, does this make for revitalizing the state governments? Far from it. It saps their vitality, it lowers their dignity and belittles their importance in the estimation of the public.

The underlying motive of this proposed retention is a profound distrust of the capacity of these western state governments to manage their internal affairs with wisdom and justice, a distrust which is an insult to the intelligence of the people of these states, for this distrust means nothing more than that they are regarded as not yet fitted for the privilege of statehood, which from its very nature implies freedom from the tutelage of the central government in the management of internal affairs. Better erase their state lines and let these states lapse back into the condition of territories than give to them such a hollow mockery of statehood in which the privilege of exercising the fundamental right of that statehood is denied to them, as to one-third to one-half of their territory.

The position of the negative on the question this evening is simply this: First, from the standpoint of efficiency. The United States should not retain its forest and mineral lands because every desirable end proposed to be attained by such retention can be more effectively secured through the American system of individual ownership, sanely regulated by law. These desirable ends are two, conservation and the prevention of monopolies. True conservation means simply the elimination

of waste and the protection of watersheds. These can be secured and monopolies prevented more efficiently under individual ownership with state control than by Federal ownership. Second, from the standpoint of principle. The United States should not retain its forest and mineral lands because such retention conflicts with two peculiarly vital American principles, whose importance far outweighs any questions of efficiency. These principles are individual ownership as opposed to government ownership and freedom of the states from Federal interference in local matters.

REBUTTAL SPEECHES.

In the Cornell-Columbia debate, Cornell for the negative took the position that it sufficed that they prove that any part of the public forest or mineral lands should be disposed of. They granted practically the entire affirmative case as to the forest lands.

The Columbia-Pennsylvania contest was carried by Pennsylvania into a discussion of the sentiment in the Western States, Pennsylvania having been informed that two of Columbia's men were from the State of Washington.

Columbia's rebuttals indicate the trend of the arguments in each debate.

FIRST AFFIRMATIVE REBUTTAL.

R. C. HUNTER.

Mr. Hunter said in part:

The last speaker on the negative makes the surprising answer to our first speaker's argument as to watersheds that they will grant that Federal ownership and control of forests is necessary for the protection of watersheds. They admit our position as to forests and will confine themselves to the mineral side of the question. I submit that this admission closes the debate. The negative's main argument has been for individual enterprise—individualism, as they put it—against quasi-socialism or paternalism. They have based their case on the principle of individualism and now they abandon this principle of individualism as to the forests which comprise the greater part of the land we are discussing.

This effectually destroys their whole case as to the principle involved, and every word they have spoken as to the advantages of individualism should be eliminated from this debate. They have built their case on individualism and then undermined it by yielding the principle as to national forests.

SECOND AFFIRMATIVE REBUTTAL.

R. S. HARRIS.

The substance of Mr. Harris' speech was as follows :

Negative said Federal government could not carry on a business successfully. But the very opposite is true, as is evidenced by the collection of revenue, taxing, supervision of national banks, building of Panama Canal and hundreds of other business activities in which the government is successfully engaged.

Negative said there were no iron fields on United States reserves. As a matter of fact, they do not amount to a great deal, but a report of the Department of Agriculture of July 1, 1910, gives a number of iron deposits. There is also, by a government report, anthracite coal in Colorado. These figures are only to correct an error in a statement which the negative has made.

Negative said there was no bituminous coal trust. There is no such compact organization as the anthracite coal trust, but there is a strong network of alliances between a few giant companies which own a large part of the privately held bituminous coal. This trust is more insidious than any other, for it is multi-headed and deceptive. Besides, granting that there is no such trust, the retention of these lands will safeguard the American people against any such combination as the steel trust or the anthracite coal trust. For our government holds one-third of all the bituminous coal, and against just prices which the government would charge no monopoly can hold out.

The negative argument operates directly against their own position, anyway. They state that no coal or iron exists on government land. Suppose that be true. Monopolies exist, they grant, in those fields. Our inference must be that the very disposition of all of these lands has made this possible. Presto, what will happen if we dispose of the other minerals?

THIRD AFFIRMATIVE REBUTTAL.**AMOS J. PEASLEE.**

We submit that the interpretation which the gentlemen from Cornell have placed upon this question is unfair, and contravenes the plain intent of its framers. Do they mean to say that they can claim your judgment if they prove that one square inch of government land should be disposed of? Such is the logical result of their attitude. This resolution was stated to raise the issue upon a great public question. The disposition of both forest and mineral lands is at stake, and it is most significant that they have sought refuge behind this shallow technicality. If this were a court, we would place upon the stand the man who framed the question. He is in this audience and would testify that he contemplated no such interpretation as the gentlemen have made.

The negative has granted that the forest lands should be retained. They rest their opposition to the retention of the mineral lands upon the sole ground that "it tends toward a quasi-socialism." Such is their case. How much is it worth?

Do you believe, gentlemen, if you should go and tell that man out there in the street that the ownership of the public lands by the United States threatened a "quasi-socialism," he would think you were serious? Do you think the suggestion would be taken in other than a humorous light anywhere off of a college debating platform?

Since you have made the suggestion, however, we may well inquire whether your own alternative does not contain the germs of the very possibility which you deplore. You believe that "regulation" will attain all the desired ends of conservation. Regulation and economic laws will care for the ends which you have suggested. We have not maintained, however, nor has the government proceeded upon the hypothesis that it can mine more economically, or that it has a monopoly of fire-fighting ability. We have not been shivering over a possible timber or coal famine. Those were the muck-rake magazine absurdities which have been dismissed. You have shot well, but you have not hit the birds that are flying in this contest.

The government is seeking to protect watersheds and to check abuse of monopoly power. We earnestly hope that our government can regulate the new national economic giants which have arisen in the past few years. You cannot escape the fact that it is having difficulty in doing it. We have all witnessed with uneasiness the spectacle of \$5,000 Federal attorneys combating \$50,000 corporation counsel. We have witnessed \$500 a year legislators tempted by representatives of \$50,000,000 monopolies. This is food for reflection. We are still engaged in a "struggle to determine whether this nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure," and he is no friend of this nation who proposes unnecessarily to add to the already too onerous burden of regulation.

In conclusion we may submit these questions:

1. Is it tenable to eliminate the forest lands from this discussion?

2. Does not the United States, as an economic entity, have a peculiar interest in the forest and mineral lands remaining in its possession?

3. Would not the disposition of these lands seriously endanger the protection of watersheds, and add unnecessarily to the burden of regulating monopolies?

4. Do you consider that the case which the negative has presented warrants the reversal by the United States government of a policy which it has adopted after thorough scientific investigation and mature deliberation?

FIRST NEGATIVE REBUTTAL FOR COLUMBIA.

HARRY DAVENPORT.

The last speaker for the affirmative almost made us wish that we had not come from Washington, or else were back there to-night, but not quite. "It is unbecoming," he says, "for the gentlemen to come here from the West and try to teach us how to run the country." We don't think that it is any more unbecoming than it is for them to stand in Philadelphia and at long range try to dictate to the people of the Pacific Coast how to run the West.

It is insisted that the West is in favor of the Federal policy. I will read two brief quotations, which at least

are not evasive, nor indicative of a very hearty approval of government ownership. The first is from a speech by Mr. Taylor, of Colorado, in the House of Representatives: "I think I put it mildly when I say that the universal sentiment of the West is that the claim of reforestation of the Rocky Mountains is one of the most gigantic humbugs that was ever attempted to be foisted upon intelligent people." The other is from an address by Mr. Borah, of Idaho, in the Senate: "The western states will stand where the old states have stood, upon the theory that the patriotism and intelligence of our people are capable of dealing with those great resources which have been placed by Nature within the limits of our respective commonwealths."

And the affirmative persist in the declaration that Federal ownership does not mean non-use. Now upon this point at least there can be no question. Last year, as has already been pointed out, not one-hundredth of the timber used in this country was cut on national forests. Absolutely no coal or iron whatever was mined under government ownership. Those are the facts, and from them can be drawn but one conclusion.

But the affirmative say they want the resources to be used, and they propose to do it by a system of leasing. The leasing plan, they point out, is in successful operation in Pennsylvania. There is not an acre of government land in Pennsylvania, and whatever leasing is done there is the leasing of privately owned lands and has not the slightest connection with a plan of leasing by the Federal government. It is a very simple matter, they say, to arrange a lease, and a very difficult matter to arrange a deed of sale. They point out that it is impossible to codify a set of restrictions in a deed, nor to estimate the value of the land, but they say that it is perfectly easy to do this with a lease. We fail to see how it is easier in the one than in the other, and they have not told us how. They speak, for example, of "the enormous waste" in coal mining. But they have not shown how this waste occurs, nor how it can be eliminated under government ownership, nor, in fact, that it is avoidable at all. And there is no indication that the leasing system will be used, or that Congress regards it as desirable. Just yesterday that very plan was voted down in the House of Representatives, nor is there anything in the account

of the incident in this morning's newspapers to indicate that serene approbation of the policy which the affirmative have attributed to the western congressmen. I quote from this morning's *New York Times*: "The lie direct was passed on the floor of the House to-day, and a fist fight was only prevented by the timely interposition of the members. The trouble grew out of the Alaska Coal Land Leasing Bill. 'If this is all we have to offer the people as Conservation,' said Madison, of Kansas, 'God save us from Conservation.' The opponents of the bill then proceeded to denounce it from every standpoint. It was endeavored to swing the tide back by a fervid plea for the bill as a Conservation measure, but the effort was unsuccessful, and by a vote of thirty-two to one hundred and fifty-one the House killed the bill." That is what happened yesterday to the leasing bill of the affirmative.

The affirmative say that the states have never done anything toward Conservation. Nine states have an organized fire patrol. Washington and Idaho have associations of private owners spending on the aggregate \$100,000 a year in fighting fires. Practically every state has stringent laws prohibiting the use of fire in forests. Eight states have commissions to make a study of scientific forestry. Maine has a statute making it unlawful to cut trees less than ten inches in diameter, and the supreme court of Maine has affirmed the right of the state to pass such legislation. These are examples of what is being done. It is a beginning. The new House of Governors is a manifestation of the vigor with which the states have determined to work out a comprehensive plan of conservation.

To favor the government ownership of extensive tracts of land within the boundaries of the Western States it is necessary to assume that the people of those states lack the capacity and wisdom to care for their local industries; to sympathize with the right of the states to exercise dominion over the great resources placed within their borders requires only that you have faith in the intelligence, courage and capacity of their citizenship.

SECOND NEGATIVE REBUTTAL.

CARL F. HELM.

The last affirmative speaker has questioned the accuracy of my colleagues' figures which disproved any dire necessity for the extremely radical conservation measures of our opponents. We trust the official reports of the government, which we here hand the gentleman, giving the figures just as used by my colleague, will suffice to instruct him in this matter without further assistance from us.

The gentleman further questioned the necessity for the further opening of lands, stating there were more than 25,000 abandoned farms in my own section of the country to-day. Coming from the West and possessing a bit of personal knowledge of the conditions, I would suggest that our worthy opponent pluck a few feathers from the wings of his imagination and stick them in the tail of his judgment, which he evidently abandoned here. There is a dire need for the opening and development of every acre of land in the West. In this far western country, where the people actually know what conditions are, they can see little practical difference between a resource withheld from use and a resource dissipated or exhausted. It is absolutely necessary for the welfare and progress of these far western states that these lands, comprising from a third to a half of their territory, be placed in the hands of individuals for development.

Our opponents maintain that these states are now receiving 25 per cent. of the earnings as revenue from these lands and that this should be sufficient. I pointed out before that from one-half to one-quarter of a cent per acre per year is the gross income received from these lands. The grand total of this 25 per cent. fund amounted to \$440,000 last year. What an income to be divided between twenty great states, every one of them larger than Pennsylvania! What an income to derive from an area as large as twenty average-sized eastern states! Why, it is an insult! Twenty-five per cent. of one-half cent per acre per year, the gross sum to be paid into the state treasury for half of its territory. Such non-use, such dis-use we characterize as our greatest source of

waste to-day. The gentleman owes you an apology for such an argument.

Our opponents continue to attempt to justify the retention of these lands by the government on the ground that it is necessary to prevent the evils of monopolies in the timber and mineral industries.

If they wish to continue this argument further, we insist that they answer this question. Just how is government ownership of but 20 per cent. of the standing timber going to prevent monopolies in the product?

Mere ownership of but 20 per cent. of the total national supply of a resource cannot in itself prevent monopolies in the product. But the putting in cold storage, in reserves, of all the forests and minerals within a state not already held in private ownership will create a monopoly in those products within that state, and impose upon that state the burden of regulating such monopoly and preventing the evils thereof. This is the actual result in my own state (Washington) which our opponents have seemingly made an issue to-night. The Weyerhausers referred to by our opponents as the trust there own 1,200,000 acres of timber land in the state, while the Federal government has 12,000,000 acres in its national forests within our state. To all intents and purposes, these twelve million acres are just as much benefit to the Weyerhausers as if they owned them, because they offer no competition to the trust. The result is that the state is burdened with the regulation necessary to prevent the evils which may grow from such monopoly.

You who live in Pennsylvania should know that combinations of labor or of capital do not *per se* bring about extortions or oppression. You know also that the prevention of the evils of monopolies, arbitrary prices and the like, is a question of regulation and not of government ownership. And you will further abide with us in that patriotic conviction that our governments, state and national, can secure from our public service corporations service to all without discrimination, at reasonable rates and with adequate facilities, all that the law requires of them, and do this by regulation, without resorting to such a pitiful confession of weakness, such a cowardly subterfuge, as government ownership to prevent the evils of monopolies.

If a further safeguard through the selling of the lands is desired, we have shown that by selling upon a condition that title shall revert to the government in case there be any combinations in title or management tending to create monopolies we can render unnecessary even a resort to such regulation. There are positively no legal objections to such a conveyance upon condition, and it first not only gives the government all the protection against monopolies which a lease affords, but second, the inducements to take up and develop the lands are not done away with, and third, there is no objectionable departure from a land system which has been successfully used to develop every state west of the Alleghenies; each of which objections are vital, not fatal, to the leasing system of our opponents.

Our opponents may contend that the inducements to develop the land are not done away with by a leasing system. But who could in fact be so blind as to expect the capitalist to invest his funds on the same broad plans as he would invest them in his own lands, when he knows that some \$2,500 a year clerk, against whose politics he is working, can cancel this lease at will, and when he knows that he will be subject to political domination every day of his term, a political domination which looks like a scheme to form a source for campaign funds for the future; and further, when he knows that anyone who has not been put to the first great expense of breaking the ground and starting development can afford to outbid him when his term expires, for of course the lease will go to the highest bidder.

Obstruction to settlement and to all forms of public progress can alone result from such a plan, and we ask our opponents to take up and support the burden which is upon them; to answer these and the evidently unanswerable practicable objections and the question which we have raised throughout and to which they have not yet dared chance a reply.

THIRD NEGATIVE REBUTTAL.

C. J. RUCH.

The gentleman of the affirmative has just argued that our scheme of inserting a clause in the title deed of

mining land, whereby the title is to revert to the government in cases where there is collusion with monopolistic interests, will not work and is unconstitutional. His argument is conclusively answered by the fact that this scheme has been in use in the Alaska coal fields for almost ten years and was admitted by President Taft in his St. Paul speech to be effective in securing its object.

If we strip the argument of the affirmative of all sarcastic references to the fact that my colleagues come here "From my own State of Washington," which references are wholly irrelevant, we may analyze their position as follows: Their first speech may be summed up in the word Watersheds—argument: "We should retain our forest and mineral lands because that is necessary to protect watersheds." We have answered this argument by admitting the desirability of protecting watersheds and by maintaining that state and Federal regulation was not only fully competent but was more likely to do so than Federal ownership. Failing, therefore, to prove the necessity of retention to protect watersheds their argument on this point breaks down.

Their second speech may be summed up in the word Monopolies, and the excellence of their proposed leasing system in preventing them. This argument we have answered in three ways. First, by showing that Federal ownership will not be likely to prevent monopolies; cp. the \$2,500 clerk *vs.* the \$50,000,000 corporation. Second, by showing the folly of trying to deal with the question of monopolies, which is fundamentally a question of regulation, through Federal ownership of the commodity liable to be monopolized. Third, by showing that monopolies can be easily prevented by the simple expedient of inserting in the deed of sale a clause providing for the reversion to the government in cases of collusion.

The third speech of the affirmative was devoted to showing that the states are admittedly less efficient than the Federal government, and he has ended by saying that if it is a question of entrusting conservation to the hands of the states or Federal government, he is willing to let their records speak for themselves. In reply we have shown that the Federal government is not suited to the management of such a huge business enterprise, because this does not fall within the proper sphere of its duties and because it is too distant, too cumbersome and

too slow in its operation. We have shown further that the states can be trusted to accomplish the work of conservation because they are the ones vitally interested in the subject and cognizant of the peculiar needs of the local districts. We admit that the states will make mistakes in working out the problems of conservation, but we maintain that the remedy for these mistakes lies not outside the states but within them. The mistakes which they will themselves correct will make a deeper and more lasting impression on their consciousness than those which Congress may rush in to correct for them, thrusting upon them what they have not yet learned to desire.

Honorable judges, up to this point the gentlemen of the affirmative have not touched upon the question of principle. They have carefully avoided discussing it; in fact, they have by their silence tacitly admitted that their proposed method violates the American principles of individual ownership and freedom of the states. We are not arguing for the sake of abstract theoretical principle. We are arguing for principles which have demonstrated their practical efficiency in preserving freedom and safeguarding social welfare. The last speaker on the affirmative, whom we will have no opportunity to rebut, will no doubt try to sweep aside our argument on principles with glittering generalities and sarcasm, but that does not dispose of the question. Our argument on principle, so far unattacked, must stand unless the last speaker for the affirmative either disproves the soundness of these principles or proves that these principles do not apply. This he must prove! No mere reference to the bogey of paternalism, no mere specious plea that there is no question of states' rights involved will suffice! This he must prove or else grant us our argument on principle.

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The Speaker

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Diction

In a recent address given before the alumnæ of Wells' College, in New York, Samuel Arthur King, of Bryn Mawr, said: "Young women, why do you consider so deeply the shades which trim your new Easter bonnet? Young man, why take so much thought to the shading of your neckwear? Bonnets may come and go, scarfs may go and come, but the lights and shadows in your conversation, the shading of your diction, will go on forever, and make you as a cultured or uncultured man or woman." And Mr. King was right. There is no mistaking the value of bonnets and scarfs chosen with taste, for the outward appearance is all that the casual observer has by which to make the first unconscious judgment. But the minute the voice is heard, the secret is out, for, whether you will or no, you reveal your character in your voice.

Mr. Henry James has had much to say about the defects of the speaking voice in this country, and for his criticism America owes him a debt of gratitude. His book, "The Question of Our Speech" and the four articles in Harper's Bazaar on "The Speech of American Woman" have aroused heated controversy and have been invaluable in calling attention to our defects of speech, and in arousing people to the need for reform.

He says: "The voice of the American woman, enjoying immense exercise, is lifted in many causes, but the last it anywhere pleads is that of its own casual interest or charm." Mr. James is severe, and yet one has but to listen to a group of women in animated conversation in order to realize the truth of what he says. There are sharp voices and nasal ones, shrill voices and breathy ones, but a really beautiful-speaking voice is so rare as to occasion comment.

Katherine Jewell Everts, in "The Speaking Voice," gives some exceedingly good advice which, followed,

would produce another story when Mr. James writes again.

As a nation, we are accused of complacency, and of remaining unruffled by criticism. If this criticism be just, it may perhaps explain why we have been so slow in taking on culture in our speech.

One of the first characteristics of the man of culture is freedom from provincialism or philistinism, which is only another name for self satisfaction.

In some localities in America the idea prevails that it is an affectation to speak better than one's neighbors, and for those who shrink from being conspicuous the situation is often a difficult one. Yet if each one remains content to use the unpleasant intonation, the slovenly enunciation, the vulgar mispronunciation of the average person, we shall continue to be the target of satire and of ridicule by other English-speaking people.

Certain standards have been set up by fine speakers of English, and all people of culture seek to bring their own speech into harmony with them; to disregard them is but to argue our own ignorance, our own philistinism.

A young college girl, in conversation with a teacher, once remarked, "We was goin' down the street and—" The teacher interrupted her, saying, "Pardon me, just say that sentence again."

"We was goin' down the street—"

"Try it once more, thinking what you are saying." Another attempt, slightly colored with impatience.

"We was goin' down the street. What's wrong with that?"

Upon the suggestion that it is customary to say "We were going," this reply was elicited: "Oh, yes, I have heard people say it that way, but 'we was' sounds so much better!"

But another proof that truth remains unaltered by our acceptance or refusal of it.

We may choose to say that we do not like the Sistine Madonna, but the knowledge that the art critics of all countries have passed upon it and have found it good should at least hint to us that the lack may be in ourselves and not in Raphael.

The fact that certain structures of sentences, certain

pronunciations of words, certain shadings of sound, have been approved by people of culture should give us pause.

We should pray for the open mind, seek to find out what good speech is, and with simple sincerity set about acquiring it.

Schiller said: "It is a law of our nature that what we seek we shall in some measure find."

If we really desire to speak beautifully—and who does not?—it is only necessary to cultivate what some one—I think it is Hamilton Wright Mabie—has called "an attentive habit of veracious perception," and then, the ears being unstopped to hear the defects, to practice every day some few simple exercises, making sure to practice them correctly.

Wendell Phillips practically made his glorious voice, and by daily exercise saw that it lost none of its beauty and effectiveness.

Dora Duty Jones, in "The Technique of Speech," says that "the most approved pronunciation, the most finished elocution, or the most artistic, dramatic interpretation, combined with a faulty diction, is like a high shine on a shabby boot."

Surely no one would gainsay the fact that people who are careless in these matters seldom get credit for having even the degree of culture that they possess, and Henry Van Dyke says "without culture all scholastic learning is arid and all academic degrees known to man are but china oranges hung on a dry tree."

That the most perfect English is spoken by the cultured Irish is generally conceded to be true. Their speech is without the exaggeration of the English or the carelessness of the American.

Absolute perfection does not exist, and the English have their faults of speech as we have ours, but it is probably true that they speak on the whole much more correctly, certainly more distinctly, than Americans. Their criticism is not without grounds that we cannot pronounce even the name of our own country correctly. And of a surety one hears "Murika" said much more frequently than A-mer-i-ca, with the r ever so slightly rolled on the tip of the tongue, as it should be.

There are bound to be some differences in pronunciation, even among the purists, but there are certain standards that are absolute. There are certain faults,

too, that seem to flourish even as the green bay tree, growing equally well in eastern, southern or western soil (although the middle west usually receives the blame).

There is, for instance, the Italian *a*, that soft, musical sound that so lends itself to song. In all sections of the country may be found people who flatten it into short *a*, as *path* and *master*, often accompanying it with an nasal sound.

The long sound of *u*, which is said to be found in no other language, still suffers much on the tongues of the careless, in spite of the attention that is being given it by the best actors, lecturers and other public speakers all over the country. Duty still remains dooty, tune remains toon despite the old rule that when *d*, *t*, *l*, *n*, *s* and *th* precede the letter *u* the sound is always yew, not oo. People who would never think of saying foo for few continue to speak of the dew as doo, new as noo, and of a duke as a dook, not to mention the fact that they mutilate the "Constitution of the United States" into "Constooshun Nite States."

But the short *o* suffers even more abuse than the Italian *a* or the long *n*. How many people say cōffee or office or cloth or song? Do we not hear rather the broad *a* sound used, as cawfee, awfuss, clawth, sawng? But even this pronunciation is preferable to the affectation of cahfee, ahfuss, clahth and sahng.

As for the consonants, the most difficult of all is probably the *r*. The misuse of this sound is wellnigh universal, taking different form in different sections of the country. In the south we hear po'ch for porch, with the *r* left entirely out, thus robbing the word of character, of strength. In the west the *r* is made with a peculiarly hard sound, in such words as car, far, corn.

The fault in this case lies not in omitting or in rolling the *r*, but in producing it wrongly. The sound should be made at the front of the mouth, not at the back, with the tongue elevated at the tip, not in the middle and back. If we think an *h* before the *r*, as cahr, fahr, cohrn, the sound is softened without being carried to the point of affectation. Some people feel embarrassment in attempting to roll the *r* in the middle of a word, and this is just the difference and one of the most important ones between English and American speech,

It is the slight roll of the r in such words as cherry, very, clerical, America, etc., that gives the crisp, clean-cut speech of the Irish and English, and the omission of it that makes American speech appear slovenly and indistinct in comparison.

New York City has still another pronunciation of the r even more atrocious than the other two. While speaking very correctly the r, as in Arthur, farther, etc., they twist hopelessly the r after the letter i. In

“A little boid sat on the coib

And choiped and choiped and choiped,”
who would recognize

“A little bird sat on the curb

And chirped and chirped and chirped.”

Other choice bits are joinal, woild, thoity-thoid, Goity Moiphy, for journal, world, thirty-third, Gertie Murphy.

And the dropping of the final g in such words as going, walking, singing, is not a fault confined to the lower class in England. It may be heard even in drawing rooms in America, among people whose training has been otherwise superior.

Ly-ing is daily heard as lyng, be-ing as beeng, re-al-ly as reely, mountain as mounhn instead of moun-tin, window as winduh, when and which and white as w'en, w'ich, w'ite.

It is not an arduous task to improve slipshod speech or an unpleasant voice or imperfect inflections. The defects once recognized, and the desire aroused to correct them, the average person with even a fairly good ear, can, by the careful application of a few principles, and by intelligent daily practice, make surprising improvement.

As a beginning, make the acquaintance of the alphabet. You will be surprised to find how little you really know about it. Say each word and each consonant with exaggerated use of the lips and tongue, giving full value to each sound. Taste the pure joy of a distinct enunciation, get the good clean feeling in the mouth that comes from a clearcut production of the elemental sounds that form the language, and the distinctness will soon spread to syllables and finally to words and phrases.

The tip of the tongue is strangely connected with intellectual activity. The dull, the stupid, the indolent,

keep the tongue relaxed until it fills the entire mouth and makes the speech thick, while the person who is intellectually alert keeps the tongue more flat and pointed, and uses it nimbly against the teeth.

To acquire accuracy and grace of speech may not deeply interest the average individual, but for the professional it is essential. Surely a man who stands before an audience, whether in the capacity of actor, preacher, lecturer, reader or singer, should be required to speak the language that he is using as a medium of expression both correctly and beautifully. The secret of success in any art lies deeper than its technic, and one must love pure speech, one must love individual words and sounds in order to attain to the melodious use of them.

For the best example of beautiful speech to be found on the American stage, the critics by common consent have pointed out Edith Wynne Matthison. As students of the singing voice go to hear the acknowledged leaders in their profession, so students of the speaking voice should avail themselves of every opportunity to hear the highest exponent of their art. It is worth traveling many miles to hear her beautiful use of English, her rich, expressive voice, so soft in texture and so warm in color, and what is rarer than either of these, her faultless diction.

—*Theodora Ursula Irvine.*



Naughty Claude*

When Little Claude was naughty wunst
 At dinner time, an' said
 He won't say "Thank you" to his Ma,
 She maked him go to bed
 An' stay two hours and not git up;
 So when the clock struck Two,
 Nen Claude says, "Thank you, Mr. Clock,
 I'm much obleeged to you."

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

* From "Rhymes of Childhood." The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

The Piper*

BY JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY.

The beautiful poetic drama called "The Piper" won the Stratford-on-Avon prize in 1910, and since its first production in England has been played with great success at the New Theater, in New York, with Edith Wynne Matthison in the title role.

The entire drama, condensed, makes a charming evening's reading, and other single Acts are adaptable for shorter readings.

Introduction.—According to the old German legend a strolling Piper in the year 1284 rids the town of Hamelin of a pestilence of rats, and when the time for payment comes, the tight-fisted grasping burghers refuse to pay the thousand guilders they had promised. Indignant at this injustice, and feeling that such narrow souls are not worthy to be trusted as the guardians of childhood, the stranger pipes away with his bewitching melodies all the children to a spot inside the Hollow Hill.

Veronika—not Hamelin born—alone understands the bright miracle of childhood, and she alone braves the haunted wood that she may find her little lame Jan† and persuade the Piper to give him up.

Her voice is heard calling from a distance,

Jan! Jan!

[Veronika enters, on the road from Hamelin. She is very pale and worn, and drags herself along, clutching in her hand a herd-bell. She sits wearily down at the foot of the ruined shrine, and covers her face, with a sharp breath. At a movement in the bushes, she lifts her head suddenly, and sees the Piper.]

Veronika. Oh, God of Mercy! . . . It is only you!

Where is he? Where? Where are you hiding him?

Piper (confusedly). Woman . . . What do you wondering, with that bell? That herd-bell?

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†Pronounced Yahn.

The Speaker

Veronika. Oh! are you man or cloud? . . . Where is my Jan? Jan,—Jan,—the little lame one! He is mine.

He lives, I know he lives.

Piper. Surely he lives!

Veronika. *Lives!* will you swear it? Ah,—I will believe! But he . . . is not so strong As all the others.

Piper. Sit you down here. You cannot go away While you are yet so pale. Why are you thus?

Veronika. You have torn the hearts out of our bodies And left the city like a place of graves,—Why am I spent?—Ah, ah!—But he's alive! Yes, yes, he's living. I am searching since the dawn.

Piper. To-day?

Veronika. And every day.

Piper. That herd-bell there—Why do you bring it?

Veronika (sobbing). Oh, he loves them so. I knew, if he but heard it, he would follow—

Piper (like a wounded animal). You hurt me Somewhere,—you hurt me!

Veronika. Give them back! Give them to me, I say. You have them hidden. Are they all living?

Piper. Wilt thou believe me?

Veronika. Are they happy?—Oh, That cannot be! But do they laugh, sometimes?

Piper. Yes.

Veronika. Then you'll give them back again!

Piper. No, never.

Veronika (half to herself, distraught between suspense and hope).

I must be patient.

Piper. Woman, they all are mine.

I hold them in my hands; they bide with me. What's breath and blood,—what are the hearts of children

To Hamelin,—while it heaps its money-bags?

Veronika. You cared not for the money.

Piper. No?—You seem
A foreign woman,—come from very far,
That you should know.

Veronika. I know. I was not born
There. But you wrong them. There were
yet a few

Who would have dealt with you more
honestly

Than this Jacobus, or—

Piper. Or Kurt the Syndic!

Believe it not.

Now shall they learn—if money-bags can
learn—

What turns the bright world black, and the
Sun cold;

And what's that creature that they call a
child!

They know not how to be
Happy! They turn to darkness and to woe
All that is made for joy. They deal with
men

As, far across the mountains, in the south,
Men trap a singing thrush, put out his eyes—
And cage him up and bid him then to sing—
Sing before God that made him,—yes, to
sing!

I *save* the children.—Yes, I *save* them so,
Save them forever, who shall save the
world—

Yes, even Hamelin.—

But for only *you*,
What do they know of Children? Pfui, *their*
own!

Who knows a treasure when it is his own?

'Young faces,' sooth,
The old ones prate of!—Bah, what is't they
want?

'Some one to work for me, when I am old;
Some one to follow me unto my grave;

Some one—for me!' Yes, yes. There is not
one

Old huddler-by-the-fire would shift his seat

The Speaker

To a cold corner, if it might bring back
All of the Children in one shower of light!

Veronika.

Where is the child?

Piper.

No; that I will not tell. Only thus much;
I love thy child. Trust me—I love them all.
They are the brightest miracle I know.
Wherever I go, I search the eyes of men
To find such cleanness:—and it is not there.
Lies, greed, and cruelty, and dreadful dark!
And all that makes Him sad these thousand
 years,
And keeps His forehead bleeding.—Ah, you
 know!

Veronika.

Whom do you think on?

Piper.

Why, the Lonely Man.—

But now I have the children safe with me;
And men shall never teach them what men
 know;—

Those radiant things that have no wish at all
Save for what is beautiful!—The Rainbow,
The running Water, and the Moon, the
 Moon!

The only things worth having!

Veronika.

—Oh, you will not

Give him to me?

Piper.

How give you yours again,

And not the others? What a life for him!

Veronika.

Jan! Jan!

Piper.

He loves me. He is happy.

Veronika

(*passionately*).

No!

Without me?—No.

Piper.

He has not even once

Called you.

Veronika

(*staggering*). Ah, ah! how cruel! 'Tis the
 spell,
The spell.

Piper

(*touching his heart*). You hurt me, here. What
 makes it, Woman?—

Would you not have him happy?

Veronika.

O my God!

But I will find him. I will find him—

My longing will bring back my own.

Piper.

Ah, long not so.

Veronika.

Yes, it will bring him back!

He breathes. And I will wish him home to me,

Till my heart break!

Piper. Hearts never break in Hamelin.

Go, then; and teach those other ones to long;
Wake up those dead!

Veronika. Peace. I shall draw him home.

Piper. Not till he cries for thee.

Veronika. Oh, that will be

Soon,—soon.

[She goes haltingly, and disappears along the road to Hamelin.—The Piper, alone, stands spell-bound, breathing hard, and looking after her. Then he turns his head, and comes down, doggedly. Again he pauses. With a sudden sharp effort he turns, and crosses with passionate appeal to the shrine, his arm uplifted towards the carven Christ as if he ward off some accusation. His speech comes in a torrent.]

Piper. I will not, no I will not, Lonely Man!

I have them in my hand. I have them all—

All—all! And I have lived unto this day.

You understand

(He waits as if for some reply.)

You know what men they are.

And what have they to do with such as these?

Think of those old as death, in body and heart,

Hugging their wretched hoardings, in cold fear

Of moth and rust!— While these miraculous ones,

Like golden creatures made of sunset-cloud,

Go out forever,—every day, fade by

With music and wild stars!— Ah, but You know.

The hermit told me once, You loved them, too.

But I know more than he, how You must love them;

Their laughter, and their bubbling, skylark words

To cool Your heart. Oh, listen, Lonely Man!

The Speaker

Oh, let me keep them! I will bring them to
 You,
 Still nights, and breathless mornings; they
 shall touch
 Your hands and feet with all their swarming
 hands,
 Like showering petals warm on furrowed
 ground,—
 All sweetness! They will make Thee whole
 again,
 With love. Thou wilt look up, and smile on
 us!

Why not? I know—the half—You will be
 saying.

You will be thinking of Your Mother.—Ah,
 But she was different. She was not as they.
 She was more like . . . this one, the wife
 of Kurt!

Of Kurt! No, no; ask me not this, not this!
 Here is some dawn of day for Hamelin,—
 now!

'Tis hearts of men You want. Not mumbled
 prayers;

Not greed and carven tombs, not misers'
 candles;

No offerings, more, from men that feed on
 men;

Eternal psalms and endless cruelties!

Even from now, there may be hearts in
 Hamelin,

Once stabbed awake!

[He pleads, defends, excuses passionately; before his
 will gives way, as the arrow flies from the bow-string.]

—*I will not give them back!*

And Jan,—for Jan, that little one, that
 dearest

To Thee and me, hark,—he is wonderful.

Ask it not of me. Thou dost know I cannot!

Look, Lonely Man! You shall have all of us
 To wander the world over, where You stand
 At all the crossways, and on lonely hills,—
 Outside the churches, where the lost ones go!

And the wayfaring men, and thieves and
wolves
And lonely creatures, and the ones that sing!
We will show all men what we hear and see;
And we will make Thee lift Thy head and
smile.

No, no, I cannot give them all! No, no.—
Why wilt Thou ask it?—Let me keep but
one.
No, no, I will not.

.
.
Have thy way.—I will.

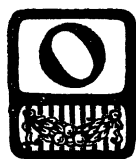


The Author's Reading at Bixby Centre

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

Arranged by Theodora Ursula Irvine, with the author's
permission.

Those readers who are familiar with "Timothy's Quest" will remember, perhaps, that Aunt Hitty Tarbox is a village seamstress and dressmaker who goes out by the day in Pleasant River. Her specialty is the making over of boy's clothes, and she uses her needle, her scissors and her tongue with equal rapidity. Aunt Hitty is sewing to-day at Mrs. Strout's. Kate Douglas Wiggin has made use of the same loquacious substitute for the village newspaper in this characteristic monologue.



H! yes, the Readin' was a great success, as everything is in Bixby Centre, when we get round to it, but it makes lots of work, I can tell you. There ain't many small places that's got the talent we have here to the Centre, and talent allus attracts talent, somehow.

No the entertainment wa'n't for the church, it was

for the benefit of the Winter Night Reading Club; but, of course, we had to give it in one of the three meeting-houses, for we ain't got any hall. They've had these author's readings in the cities lately, and the Winter Night Club's been saving up money for one these two years, and they was determined to do it up in style, so they wrote to the author they decided on and told her they wa'n't goin' to spare expense, and she could have \$5.00 and railroad fare if she'd come and read, and she should stop with Mis' Stevens at the Upper Corner, the one who entertained Thomas B. Reed when he was here. She sent word right back that she was expecting to be in Portland for a month, and she could come just as well as not and wouldn't trouble us to pay the \$5.00. She said it would be a pleasure and profit enough to meet the Committee who had been correspondin' with her. I didn't suspicion that writers was rich enough to refuse a five-dollar bill, but maybe she had money left to her by somebody and was kind of independent. . . .

Of course, it wa'n't what you would call 'skilled labor' anyway. She didn't make no pretense hardly, she just read right along good and clear, but she wa'n't no elocutionist and she didn't act out anything a mite. In one way, she couldn't hold a candle to that Miss—what is that black-haired girl's name, that's cousin to Mis' Tucker of the Lower Corner? Well, anyway, she graduated at a school of oratory and she's been here twice and recited "Asleep at the Switch," and the "Maniac." . . . Mis' Tucker says her cousin has real talent. I guess she has. She's got courage anyhow, and lungs. They say she took a gold medal the time she graduated. The whole class stood up in a row and recited the "Maniac" and she out-screached the rest without half tryin'. Did you ever hear it, Mis' Strout? The girl in the piece is as crazy as a loon, but she don't know it, and at the end of every verse she says, "I am not mad! I am not mad!" Well, this reciter—now what is her name—I know it as well as my own. Her mother was one of them humbly Muckfords that used to live on the Flag Medder road—well, anyway, the rest of the class just said "I am not mad!" in the craziest way they could, but when it come her turn, they say she put in a screech right in the middle that you could a-heard all over the county, and the judges leapt right out of their seats

on the platform There wa'n't no discussion as to who should have the medal; she earned it and she got it. She's splendid—Eldora Duncombe—that's her name, and I'm glad that I got it at last, but so many of our ladies here sleeps alone in their houses at night that they told Mis' Tucker they wouldn't go hear her cousin any more unless she read quieter pieces, and she said if she recited quieter pieces what was the good of knowing elocution. . . .

This author wa'n't no elocutionist and no screecher neither, but she had kind of a taking way with her after all, I must say that, tho' Si thought her hair was full red to read in public with. Did you hear how handsome the church looked? There was a girl from Lowell summer-boardin' at Mis' Doctor Smiths—Hazel Perkins—her name is, and she's been to an Author's Readin' and she offered to decorate the platform just like a parlor. It looked handsome, but land, it was queer. I never see such a collection of onnecessary things in my life. Si said it looked to him as if the Old Boy'd been havin' an auction on it. He told Mis' Perkins if she'd a put on a bed and a cook-stove the author could have kep' house on the platform and been real comfortable.

There was Mis' Trowbridge's banquet lamp that the children got for a prize selling Magic Soap. Almiry Berry's reflecting lamp was on the stage, too, and hanging from it was an ear of corn gilded, with a thermometer let in where some of the kernels were took out. It looked real kind of cute. Widow Buzzell's wicker chair and walnut table set in the center, and if she hadn't bronzed up the chair with Diamond paint so nobody recognized it! . . .

Miss Thomson only let us have her piano on condition that we wouldn't ask Clarence Cummins to play on it. He's had lessons for three years, and anyway, he's naturally strong in his fingers and powerful muscled all over. You'd certainly think he wouldn't leave a key on the instrument when he gets warmed up. He's a great favorite with the deaf and we've got a lot of deaf folks at Bixby Centre. . . .

No, I ain't said much about the readin' itself, for if you're on a committee you're too busy to listen to anything that goes on. The author looked pretty and appeared pretty. The audience was real pleased with her,

and she said they were awful easy to read to and awful quick at taking a joke; but I told her it wa'n't no ordinary State o' Maine audience she had in Bixby, a place that had its three churches, two settled ministers, four college graduates, and a Reading Club, and a High School and a drinkin' fountain! She said no, she couldn't expect to meet with such folks everywhere, but the remembrance of havin' once enjoyed sech advantages would keep her up when she was having hard times in other places. I thought that was real modest and pretty of her. . . .

The next morning, the committee went to the depot to see the author off. The Perkins' girl wanted the depot decorated with golden rod, but the president of the club said we'd got to leave somethin' to do in case the folks that wrote "Paradise Lost," or "Pilgrim's Progress," should come to Bixby to read. . . .

Just as the author was gettin' on the train, the president of the Readin' Club stepped up and presented her with an album that had the photographs of all the members pasted in it. Si says it ain't the handsomest club in the United States, even when it's got its best clothes on: but that's nothin' but a man's way of runnin' down women's clubs. We ain't all good looking, to be sure, but I did kind o' wished Lowisy Burrell had hed her new teeth and Aurelia Hanson her wavy front-piece before they was taken, but the author was too tickled for anything to get such a handsome present, and she said so. . . .

When the train went off, the author looked back from the platform. The committee was waving their handkerchiefs, and Mr. Hobson and the four ushers were swinging their hats at her. There's one thing certain, wherever that author goes readin', she won't find any place that will do the thing up in the same style as the Winter Night Club did when it entertained her at Bixby. . . .

There's Si just drove up and waving like mad. He won't want to wait a minute. I'll just leave these things and take them in the morning, Mis' Strout. I think you'd better get another yard of that lining down at the store. Better take a sample along, 'cause you ain't got a very good eye for color, you know. I always enjoy sewing here at your house, Mis' Strout, 'cause you don't never

gossip, or talk about your neighbors. Guess that's my umbrella standing there in the corner. Thank you. Well, good-bye. We've had a real nice talk—I'll see you in the morning. Yes, I'm coming, Si. . . .



A Little Vagabond

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

"Woman's Home Companion."

"Now who may this be?" I questioned,
As the door was pushed ajar,
And a wee bit laddie entered,
With a face as bright as a star.

He doffed his hat till its feather
Swept down to the very floor,
And he laughed, as I crossly bade him
Make haste and shut the door.

"Oh! I always leave it open
The least little crack," he said,
With a touch of his hand on my shoulder
And a toss of his curly head.

"For though I am swift in coming,
I am sometimes swift to go;
As light as an airy bubble
I am floating to and fro.

"For I am a vagabond, lady,
And you surely know my name,
In golden letters, Cupid
Is writ on the scroll of Fame.

"And here I bow, dear lady,
And prithee, take for mine
The heart I haste to offer,
And be my valentine."

A vagabond lover, surely,
For the wind blew fast the door;
And nothing was left of Cupid
But his shadow on the floor.

Mrs. Harrigan Telephones

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

(Mrs. Harrigan at the telephone. Busy doctor at the other end, five miles away. Mr. Howson makes the connection, and Mrs. Harrigan takes the receiver.)



RS. HARRIGAN. Oh, doctor, is that yoo sayin' "Hello"? Sure yoor voice is as thin as a sick chicken. . . . What's that? Yes, it's Mrs. Harrigan. But how did yoo know? Can yoo see me? . . . Ah, doctor, yoo're a flatterer. "Only one wid my voice," is it? . . . What's that? . . . Yoo're in a hurry. Well, then yoo're like me—in the middle of washin'. Sure ain't it funny tarkin' so far an' so manny hills between us? . . . What do I want of yoo? What does anny one want of a doctor? I want to ax yoo to come up and see me b'y Jimmy as soon as yoo can hitch up. He's very hot an' white, an' I'm afraid he has scarlet fever. He was so upset yistiddy to hair of the deat' of his dear fri'nd Hiram Whitlock. He hated to lose him; he was one of his best customers in the berry season. . . . What's that? Yoo must be goin'? Sure it's comin' I want yoo to be. Doctor, I wisht I had one of these t'ings in me own house. It's manny a time I'd be tarkin' to ye. I wonder could ye sind med'cine over it? If it'll carry wurruds it ought to carry pellets; they're so weeny. . . . Oh, doctor, wait. Ye might bring somethin' for the baby. He doesn' ac' right. I've been fryin' doughnuts fer him. I think he's cuttin' his first toot'. That's 'most as bad as cuttin' yoor foot on a scythe. Me man Mike left the scythe on the barn floor, an' the horse he was after buyin' lasht week sthepped on it, an' it lamed him. I tell him if he had put the horse out to pasture it wouldn't have happened. Say, doctor, it's awful funny tarkin' in these t'ings. Somethin' is ticklin' me ear that feels like the sound of a trolley-car. . . . Have I anny-thing more to say? Sure I have, an' it's aisier tarkin' in this than phwin yoo come up, yoo're always in such a hurry to get away. . . . Yoo're goin' to ring off!

What's that? I suppose some of that slang that me b'y Jimmy does be 'gettin' in the village. Doctor, could a person tark t'rough wan of these in a fog? It was arfil foggy this marnin', an' if Jimmy had took sick anny airlier I'd have made Mike hitch up for fear I couldn't rache yoo; but Mr. Howson tould me I could use his telephone, an' it's aisier than havin' Mike drive down, for the onions needs weedin' an' Mike says they're so back-wids he's not goin' to bother wid thim. Lasht year we had illigant onions. Sure, and to be sure, I sint yoor wife a prisint of thim, an' she paid me tin cints a quart for thim, an' I tould her nine cints was enough, but she's arlways that ginerous . . . Hello, here's Jimmy now. He's not lookin' so sick, do ye think, doctor? Ha! he wants to tark to yoo.

Jimmy. Hello, doctor. (*The doctor having hung up the receiver and gone away, there is no response.*) Hello, doctor. Never mind what mother says; I'm not sick now. Say, doctor, say somethin'. I want to hear how it sounds. Sure it's blissid little sound there is, only buzzin'.

Mrs Harrigan. It's the tarkin' in it yoorself that's the sport. Here, yoo don't know how to tark. (*Takes receiver.*) Doctor, never mind comin' if yoo're busy. Jimmy's better. But anny time yoo want to tark wid me ax Mr. Howson an' he'll sind for me. Good-by.

(*But the doctor is ordering his horse "hitched-up" for the long drive.*)



A Philosopher

I've often thought when I've been told
 To put away my toys,
 To go to bed at eight o'clock,
 That other little boys

'Sides me are being sent upstairs
 At just that very minute.
 Bed-time is nicer when you think
 There's other fellows in it.

A Patron of Art*

BY MARGARET CAMERON.

By special permission of the author.



H, how do you do, Mrs. Bisbrow? Are you going so early? . . . Yes, we've just come. This is my niece, Miss Chester. We've been to the Gorham reception. Such a tiresome crush! But, of course, everybody was there, and one had had to show one's self, at least. How are the gowns this year? Anything worth seeing? A private view is such an excellent place to see new gowns as a rule, but last year I thought they were very tame. Mrs. Belknap wore one that was really quite frumpy, if you remember. Good-night. Oh, by the way, how are the pictures? Which one is attracting the most comment. Bosqui? Ah, I never heard of him. Oh, indeed? I must look at it. Which wall is it on? Thank you; I'll glance at it. Good-night.

There's Mrs. Forsyth, Muriel, that woman in grey. She must have brought that gown from Vienna. She's just home. And there's Mrs. Belknap in a gown she's worn all winter. Such shocking taste in a woman of her position! It's really one's duty to dress as well as one's income permits. Last year she paid two thousand dollars for one picture, and came to the private view in a shocking gown. I wonder who she's talking to? Frowsy-looking man. Some impossible genius, I dare say. She cultivates 'em.

Oh, there's Kauffman, the great portrait painter—this large, shaggy man at the left. Let's go a little nearer. He's talking about Bosqui, too. Did you hear that? "The success of the year" . . . "keen sense of color values" . . . "remarkable distance" . . . "feeling for line" . . . "atmosphere" . . . what was that about atmosphere? I didn't quite catch it. Evidently, Muriel, this Bosqui is promising. We must have him in to tea some day. Perhaps I'll have him do a little thing for me.

Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Dwinelle? Mr. Dwinelle, you've met my niece? Yes, we've just come from the Gorham reception. Such a tiresome crush! We got away as quickly as we could; but, you know, when one's friends entertain, one must really show one's self at least. Oh, *everybody* was there. Have you seen Bosqui's picture? Such feeling for line and distance! My dear, I predict that he'll have a *Career*! Wonderful atmosphere! Really, wonderful. Ah? I've been here so short a time, I'm by no means sure I've discovered all his work; but one glance is sufficient! Er—how many pictures has he? Only one? Ah, really! Such a pity there aren't more! It's quite the only thing on the walls worth talking about, I assure you. I'm thinking of having him do a little thing for me. Yes? Good-night.

Muriel, did you hear Kauffmann say anything about Bosqui's *chiaroscuro*? Are you positive? Well, he must have *chiaroscuro*, if he has all those other things—don't you think?

Oh, how do you do, Mr. Atherton? Muriel, my dear, here's Mr. Atherton. Yes, of course, one does see the pictures better before the crowd comes. Tell me, have you seen Bosqui's thing? Oh, my dear Mr. Atherton, you musn't go until you've seen it! I have seldom been so struck by a line—I mean by the distance! Such remarkable feeling for color, you know! And *chiaroscuro*! Such *chiaroscuro*! Really, he'll have a *Career*! You mark my word, he'll be the success of the season. How do you do, Mrs. Belknap? Mr. Atherton, who *is* that frowsy-looking person with Mrs. Belknap? Is he—er—*anybody*, you know? She's been talking to him ever since we arrived, and—one never knows about Mrs. Belknap's friends. Sometimes, they're quite—er—well, the sort of person one would like to assist, you know, by asking them to tea, or something. And then sometimes—really, she knows such extraordinary persons, sometimes. Ah, then, I dare say he's nobody. Yes, it is getting late. Good-night. We shall see you Friday? Good-night.

Muriel, there's not a gown here that I'd be seen in except that grey frock of Mrs. Forsyth's. Where? Oh, yes, very nice, I dare say. I don't care much for marine things, you know. Oh, here comes Mrs. Bennett. Art patron, and all that sort of thing, you know.

The Speaker

How do you do, Mrs. Bennett? Isn't everything charming! Such a relief to see some fine pictures again! One gets so tired of merely social affairs! Yes, the pictures are really very good this year. But, of course, there's nothing to compare with Bosqui's thing. Isn't it wonderful? Oh, I predict a brilliant future for him! I'm going to have him do a little thing for me—just a little thing, you know. You know him, of course? Do bring him in to tea with us some day while my niece is here. Friday, you know. Yes; good-bye.

Dear me, what an ordinary looking lot of gowns! Eh? Oh, yes, I dare say. I don't care for figures, you know. What's the title? "The Tempest?" "*The Tempest!*" How excessively stupid! They've made a mistake in the catalogue! Really such carelessness is inconceivable! "The Tempest." indeed! Just a stupid-looking girl, and an old man, and a—er—er—a—er—what is that creature? Eh? Thank you, madam; I *quite* understood that it was after Shakespeare. How excessively impertinent! That young woman—who has never been presented to me, I'm quite sure—presumed to inform me that this picture is—er—of course, any one could see at a glance. Well, my dear, the title is misleading. It is very stupidly named. The picture should have been called "Caliban." To entitle it "The Tempest" is —er—is *plagiarism!*

Eh? What is it, Muriel? Oh, my dear child, a mere smudge! Do try to cultivate some feeling for Art, Muriel! No, no, it's perfectly impossible! What was the man thinking of? Ah, well, never mind. It's nothing of consequence. Real Art idealizes, my dear. This is hopelessly realistic. That sky is simply the color that any ordinary person might see. Indeed, the color is quite ordinary throughout. You see? A complete lack of artistic feeling and perception. Do let us find the Bosq—

Oh, Dr. Houghton! You came away early from the Gorhams', too. *Have* you seen the Bosqui? Eh? What is it, Muriel? *That* the Bosqui! That? Oh—er—yes, my niece and I were quite lost in admiration of it as you came up. Such a wonderful sense of color values! And er—er—such a relief to see a bit of *real* Art after the flood of impressionistic stuff! I'm going to have him do a little thing for me. Eh? Bosqui himself? Really? Do let me see him! Where—where is my lorgnette!

That? You mean the—the *distinguished* looking man with Mrs. Belknap? Is that Bosqui? Ah, one can see at a glance that he has temperament! Do, please, present him! Mrs. Belknap has monopolized him quite long enough.

Muriel, that—that very *interesting* looking man who has been with Mrs. Belknap all the evening is Bosqui, and Dr. Houghton is going to——

Ah, Mr. Bosqui, so *charmed* to meet you! My niece and I have been quite lost here before your picture! Such a wonderful sense of color values! I'm sure you must *hear* color, as I do! Doesn't beautiful color always seem to you like a chord of exquisite music? And the distance! Really, I never saw such distance on canvas, *never!* And the tempera—er—I mean, the *atmosphere!* One can fairly breathe it! Now, that little touch there at the left—Ah, no, unfortunately, I have never studied painting—that is, really *studied* it, you know; but I think if one has sincere feeling for Art—er—don't you? Ah, yes, of course, my niece; this is my niece, Miss Chester. Dr. Houghton, will you bring Mr. Bosqui in to tea on Friday? There are so many things I want to ask him about his work, you know. Mr. Bosqui. Er—Mr. *Bosqui!* Dr. Houghton has promised to bring you to us for tea on Friday. Oh, certainly, my niece will be there. Ah, that will be delightful! I want to talk to you about doing a little thing for me. You know, I predict a great future for you. Come, Muriel. So charmed to have met you, Mr. Bosqui! On Friday, then. Good-night.



He that riseth late, must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night.

—Benjamin Franklin, "*Poor Richard's Almanack.*"

Of little threads our life is spun,
And he spins ill, who misses one.

—Matthew Arnold, "*Horatian Echo.*"

A Matter of Importance

BY LAURA RICHARDS.



IT happened one day that the Angel—who attends-to-things was hastening along the street, with his wings tucked in and his robes tucked up, for he was in a hurry, when a Duke looked out of his castle window and called to him.

"Stop a moment, please!" said the Duke. "I wish to consult you about the succession to my dukedom. You know my grandfather, the Archduke——"

"I cannot attend to you this morning!" said the Angel. "I am engaged on business of importance; your affair must wait till another time." And he passed on.

"Dear me!" said the Duke. "What can be more important than the succession? I really must follow him and see what this great matter is."

So he followed the Angel.

The Angel hurried along, and presently he passed by a Bishop's palace, and the Bishop put his head out of the window and called to him.

"Please come in a moment!" said the Bishop. "I wish to consult you about the Great Synod which is to be held——"

The Angel shook his head.

"I am on business of importance, I cannot attend to trifles this morning." And he passed on.

The Bishop looked after him. "What mighty business can this be, that makes the Great Synod seem a trifle? I really think I must go and see." And he followed the Angel and the Duke.

Presently the Angel passed by a King's palace, and the King looked out of the window and called to him.

"Please come in here! The enemy's forces have crossed the border, and threaten to besiege the capital. I wish to consult you at once on the steps to be taken."

"By and by!" said the Angel. "I am on business of importance now and cannot stop for trifles." And he hurried on.

The King looked after him. "It must be something of world-wide importance, which can make the invasion of

my kingdom seem a trifle. I must really go and see what it is." And he followed the Angel and the Duke and the Bishop.

The Angel turned from a wide street, and passed down a narrow lane, and into a dingy court, where poor clothes hung drying. In the middle of the court stood a little child, with its eyes tight shut and its mouth wide open, crying and roaring as if its heart would break.

The Angel ran to the child, and knelt down and took it in his arms.

"Hush! hush!" he cried. "It is all right, dear. You took the wrong turning, that was all. She is just around the corner. Quick, let me wipe the tears away! Look! there she comes this minute."

A woman came flying round the corner, wild-eyed and panting. The Angel put the child into her arms, and the two melted together and sobbed and laughed themselves out of sight.

The Angel drew a long breath, and rustled his wings a little and turned to go back; and as he turned he saw the Duke and the Bishop and the King, all out of breath and crimson, and staring with big, round eyes.

"Oh! are you there?" said the Angel. "Well, now I can attend to your little matters."



Nancy's Cinderella*

BY ELEANOR HOYT BRAINARD.



NANCY once played fairy godmother. Cinderella, disguised as Nora O'Toole, was the sixth number of a continuous performance presented by an all-star cast of Irish cooks.

To say that Nora was charming would be speaking well within bounds. Two years ago she was the prettiest colleen in County Kildare, and the two years had changed her abode, but not her

*From "The Misdemeanors of Nancy." Copyright, 1902, by Doubleday, Page & Co.

face. After she had been in the household a week the nerves of the family smoothed themselves out, and the angel of peace brooded over the flat. The new cook could cook. She was cleanly almost to the point of godliness. She handled china as if she had been born with a Sèvres platter in her hand. She had a voice like a bird's, a delicious brogue, and the disposition of a cherub. Conversation in the home circle ran in only one groove—praise of Nora.

This state of things was too beautiful to last, and Nancy was unwittingly the angel of destruction.

It all came about, as so many things have come about, through a woman's tears. One evening, Nancy saw Nora the gay, sitting limply on the edge of the bed, and forlornly mopping a tear-stained face.

"Why, Nora, tell me all about it."

"Shure, I'm that ashamed of mesilf, Miss. It's nothin' at all, at all. I'm that foolish sometimes that I need a good beatin', I do that."

"But what's the matter?"

"Well, you see, Miss, it's the ball Tuesday night. The girls were here to-night a-beggin' me to go and I can't. It's a County Kildare ball, and all the girls and the lads will be from County Kildare. But there! Shure I mustn't be troublin' you wid me silliness. It's a bit of homesickness I'm feelin' the night."

"Why can't you go to the ball? Haven't you anybody to take you?"

"Ah, there, wud ye think I'd be needin' a lad, Miss? Faith, they'd be reaching to the next street if I'd stand them up in a row. Lad, is it? When I'm needin' a lad, it's not cryin' I'll be. I'll be dead entirely. If the clothes, bad luck to them, was only as aisy to get as the lads, I'd be wearin' velvet."

"You haven't any frock for the ball?"

"That's it, Miss, but if I had a ha' porth o' sense I wouldn't be cryin' over it. You see, all the girls are havin' new dresses, and I was out of work and in the hospital all summer, so I haven't the money. Ye should see Katy's pink silk, Miss; and Mary's got a red cashmere that lüks for all the world like a tinnimint-house fire, and neither of them becomin' to the dress. Shure if I had that pink silk I'd be leavin' all of County Kildare dead on the field the mornin'. The policemen would

be ringin' for ambulances to carry the lads off in, if the policemen wasn't laid out thimsilves. Pink's that becomin' to me, Miss."

"Nora, you are just about my size. With a little pulling in, you could wear my clothes. You shall have my new pink frock for the ball."

"Ye aren't meanin' it, Miss? Not the one with the apple-blossom wreath on it? Oh, I couldn't be thinkin' of it. It's that good of you to offer, but I'd never dare. If ye had some old dress, now, one that you'd never be wearin' again——"

"You'll be a dream in that pink frock, Nora, and you'll knock County Kildare into a cocked hat. No, you needn't be saying you won't. I've got my heart set on it. You are going to have the time of your life. I'll order a pumpkin at the corner grocery, and County Kildare ought to be able to furnish a prince descended from Brian Boru. Now, go to sleep and dream you are a comet with a tail of Kildare lads. Tuesday night you come into my room and I'll dress you, and then you'll go off and utterly snuff out that tenement-house fire and the pink silk. Good-night."

"Ye see, Miss, Terence will be there."

"Who's Terence? Is he the prince?"

"Well, Miss, no. He isn't a prince, but he's a very nice lad. We wur keepin' company till he saw Jerry Donahue kiss me,—shure, it was quite by accident, Miss—but Terence, he's that unreasonable, and he would have no excuse at all. So he gave Jerry two black eyes, for a treat, and he went off to Albany. If he thought I'd be after callin' him back, it's little he knows of the way of Kildare girls. There's plenty of lads with good tempers. But I'm not denyin', Miss, he was that handsome an' I'm wishin' I'd been more careful there wasn't anybody lookin' when Jerry kissed me. And now, Katy's tellin' me this evenin' that Terence is back in New York and is doin' fine. He's to take Lizzie Sullivan to the ball. She's that set up about him, and she's havin' a blue organdy dress made."

"Nora, you shall have my pink fan and my rhinestone combs. My money is on you. Sure Jerry Donahue is a man of sense. Small credit to the man who wouldn't kiss you—and I wish I were going to have as much fun Tuesday night as you are. That's all."

"The darlin' that ye are!"

On Tuesday night one radiant Irish girl put herself into the hands of an American girl who had herself prepared for critical campaigns. Nora twinkled at herself in the mirror with wondering and dimpling delight. The waving auburn hair was drawn up in soft masses to the top of the dainty head, and held in place by sparkling combs. The décolleté bodice showed a plump, white neck, full of delicious curves. The girl's cheeks needed no rouge, but Nancy powdered the bewitching, upturned face.

"Heaven help the lads of County Kildare, this night! Lizzie Sullivan's guardian angel is even now trailing his wings in the dust and shedding bitter tears. Run along, little girl, and make Terence as miserable as the law allows."

"There's no other so good as you, Miss."

"Oh, dear, don't cry and make your pretty nose red. We're all young just once, my dear. We must dance and flirt while we can, and—I've a Terence myself. Run along. Good-night."

The hall was fairly filled when Nora arrived upon the scene of action.

"It's a queen ye are the night," whispered Barney Magrue in her ear, "ye'll be after givin' me all the waltzes?"

"Will I that, Barney Magrue—an' eighteen waltzes on the card! Take shame to yersilf! Ye'll take me to Mrs. Rafferty at the head of the stairs. After that, we'll talk of the dancin'. Oh, boys, go along with you. Ye'd be takin' all my dances four times over. I'll be lookin' the prospect over first. One dance is enough for each one of you. No, Patrick, I'll not be savin' any six two-steps for you. Misther Diggins, I'm glad to know you, but I'm not fillin' my card now. Barney, it's a blatherer ye are. Ye like my dress, is it? It isn't so much, but I'm glad ye like it. Will I give ye one of the blossoms to wear? That I will not. It's a pretty little dress I do think, but I weren't thinkin' it was so becomin'."

Just then Mrs. Rafferty spied Terence at the door. "Look, Nora, there comes Terence McManus wid Lizzie Sullivan. They do say he's the great catch now. Nora, darlin' wud ye luk the way Lizzie's a-hangin' to him."

Nora stood at the top of the stairs against a background of black coats and trousers. Terence, looking up, saw a vision in shimmering pink, and a face that set his heart thumping. He forgot the girl hanging on his arm, forgot fat Mrs. Rafferty, forgot everything. He saw only Nora's face rising above the gleaming pink gown and the blossom-wreaths, and sprang up the steps, still staring hungrily at her.

"How do ye do, Mr. McManus? Was it all the waltzes ye were wantin', Barney?"

Terence tore off in a rage and didn't meet Nora again till they touched hands in the Lancers.

"And did ye like Albany, Mr. McManus? Then why did ye lave it? Do ye always lave the things ye like? I'm hearin' ye have a splendid place and great friends. I wish ye luck. No luck is it? Arrah, then! listen to the ingratitude of him. Jerry Donahue? And how should I know where he is? Keepin' company with him? It's four months ago I saw him last. Marry him? It's likely it was Barney ye were hearin' about, Mr. McManus."

She whirled away, and he set his teeth viciously.

Terence did no more dancing. He stood around in corners glaring at the crowd, and resolutely turned his eyes away from every glimmer of pink. The dance before the last was "lady's choice." He stood by an open window, trying to cool his temper, and staring out into the night. A hand touched his arm.

"Mr. McManus, will ye dance the waltz with me?"

"Is it a fool ye think I am?"

"I do that, and it's another that's talkin' to ye. Terence, lad, ye wouldn't be unkind enough to say no, an' me pickin' ye out from all the lads, an' you so hard to me all the months? Oh, Terence!"

"But ye did kiss Jerry."

"Shure I was sendin' him away for good, on your account, and crying to think I couldn't be two girls an' marry ye both. Ah, Terence, ye couldn't be carin' about that now, an' I lovin' ye even when ye acted so hard an wudn't give me a chance to tell ye."

"Ye didn't write."

"Wud ye love a girl that wud chase ye to Albany?"

"Then why did ye tell me now?"

"Because I cud see ye, an' it was in your eyes that ye wud like to hear it, Terence, darlin'!"

"Ye'll marry me this day a month, Nora?"

"This day week if ye like, Terence."

His arm went around her waist, crushing the pink chiffon sash beyond redemption, and when they joined the waltz something more than the pink gown made her radiant.

Nancy's mother looked for a new maid, and Nancy realized the cost of altruism, but she never regretted sacrificing the pink frock and the family cook.



The Punishment of Robert

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT.

Arranged by Winifred Gray Gracie.



ROBERT GALLAHUE TODD had been a bad little boy. Not just once, but repeatedly. And his father wondered how to punish him in a way that would convey the deepest and most lasting impression as to the wickedness of small boys who disobeyed their parents.

Robert had torn the pretty picture from the book he had been forbidden to touch. There must be punishment for this, but it must be punishment that should not only correct but educate.

"I must humiliate him; I must impress him that those who do wrong must suffer in the spirit as well as in the flesh, and that they also cause others to suffer," thought Mr. Todd. He meditated deeply for some moments, while Robert Gallahue stood patiently awaiting the decree.

"They also cause others to suffer!" It flashed through Mr. Todd's brain once more. Here was the light. Pains and penalties upon the child were as nothing, but his was a truly sympathetic nature, and if he saw that his

wrong-doings brought unhappiness to those he loved, the effect would of necessity be lasting.

"Robert," said Mr. Todd, in judicial tones.

"Yes, papa," answered the culprit, nerving himself for the spanking.

"Robert, you have been a very naughty boy."

Robert adopted a policy of silence.

"Are you sorry for tearing the picture from papa's book?"

The prisoner at the bar clung closely to his silence. The judge fixed him with grave eyes, and said:

"Papa will have to teach you a lesson. When Robert does wrong it makes papa feel bad; it makes mamma feel bad; it makes everybody except Robert feel bad. How would Robert like to stand in the corner with his face to the wall until he knows that he is sorry?"

"Wouldn't like it," Robert answered, with the calm candor of youth.

"Then papa will stand in the corner until Robert's conscience tells him what a wicked boy he is."

Mr. Todd stepped to the corner of the room. Robert Gallahue Todd watched him with round eyes and dropping lower lip. Mr. Todd took his position with his face to the corner, his head bowed and his hands loosely clasped behind him and waited.

"Are you sorry, Robert?" he asked.

Silence.

"See how you have compelled papa to stand in the corner. Papa is always hurt more than Robert when Robert has to be punished. Papa now has to be punished because his little boy has done wrong."

Papa's little boy continued to study papa's back.

"Are you sorry, Robert?" Mr. Todd asked, shifting his weight to the right foot.

Robert did not reply.

"Papa must stand here until you are sorry."

Robert looked cautiously about the room. Back of him was an open door. Tiptoeing softly, Robert made his way out into the fair sunshine to the Perkins' sand-pile.

Mr. Todd, in the corner, did not hear his son leave. In his mind's eye he could see his little lad standing back of him, with eyes in which by this time was breaking the light of realization, with lips which were almost

aquiver with grief. This was as it should be. The true motive of punishment, whether of man or child, should be to awaken the dormant knowledge of good and evil which is enshrined in every human breast.

"Robert, are you sorry?"

Mr. Todd shifted his weight over to his left foot as he asked this question. The same empty silence answered him. Never mind! The moral effect was being produced. It were better that repentance should not come too quickly.

"Are you sorry, Robert?"

Again that almost palpitant stillness. Mr. Todd had never before noticed the pattern of the wall-paper in his library. Certainly he knew what it looked like, but until this moment he had never observed the profusion of little dots and the arabesque of entangled vines which roamed aimlessly through the background. And the wall-paper had that pasty, gummy smell, too! He settled his weight on both feet and raised his head, for his neck was paining him.

"Is my little boy sorry?"

His little boy did not reply.

Here was a degree of obstinacy he had not counted upon. For half a cent he would turn around and administer the spanking of tradition, but to destroy a child's ideal of the steadfastness of its parent might be the hidden foundation of a misspent life. The afternoon sunbeam was creeping in at the side of the window-shade now and was stabbing Mr. Todd in the neck. He felt beads of perspiration trickling down inside of his collar, which was wilting. Ah, well! A little longer and then he should hear the penitent words that would hold so much prophetic intonation.

Down the stairs and through the hall came footsteps. They were timed by swishing skirts, and Mr. Todd knew it was his wife. She came into the library. He heard her gasp:

"William Henry Todd! What in the name of goodness are you doing in that corner?"

Mr. Todd unclasped his perspiring hands and waved one of them meaningly. Instead of understanding his signal for silence, she asked again:

"What do you mean? How you frightened me!"

Mr. Todd wiggled the fingers of both hands in a

desperate effort to convey to her the impression that this was a solemn moment. He tried to point a finger toward the spot where his fancy fondly pictured the form of his penitent son.

"William, are you crazy?"

More wigwagging of the hands and fingers.

"Of all things! Turn around here and tell me what is the matter!"

Mr. Todd hunched his shoulders and let them fall. He wigwagged for more silence. How like a woman this was! She could not understand, by seeing the child standing there, and his father in this attitude of contrition, that one of the prescribed forms of intellectual punishment was being put into force.

"Mr. Todd," in calm, satirical tones, "if you will kindly turn around and tell me what special form of foolishness this is, I shall be obliged."

Mr. Todd whirled about and ejaculated in a whisper:

"There! You've spoiled it all!"

He was looking into his wife's wondering eyes, and did not observe that they were alone in the room.

"Spoiled what?"

"Sh-h-h! I will tell you later."

"Are you crazy?"

"No! I might—Why, where is Robert?"

"He has been in the Perkins' back yard, playing, for the last half-hour or so."

Mr. Todd slumped into a chair and explained, whereat Mrs. Todd buried her face in her hands and threatened to go into hysterics.

In the midst of her choking laughter and her husband's choking wrath, they heard the patter of small feet in the kitchen.

"Jump-jump into the corner again, so he'll think you haven't moved," she urged.

"Not on your life!" growled the psychologically punishing parent.

And here came Robert Gallahue Todd, having in his train the Perkins boys and the Wright children. He paused in the doorway and marshaled his army on either side of him.

"Papa——," he began.

"Yes?" asked Mr. Todd, with a quick glowing of

heart that told him the boy was about to voice his repentance.

"Papa, these boys say I can't make you stand in the corner. *Can't* I, papa?"



Billy Brad and the Big Lie*

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.

Arranged by Josephine Sharkey.



BILLY BRAD stood straight before his mother and told the Big Lie. There were cake crumbs on his mouth and a smear of chocolate icing alongside of his nose, and yet he stood looking right into her eyes and uttered it.

"And—and—and—and a big bear came up on the porch, and—and—and—it ringed the door-bell, and—and—and I said: 'Go 'way, bad bear; you can't have any of my mama's cake,' and—and—and it tooked its gun, and—and—and it shooted me dead. And—and—and it eated the cake, and—and—and I gotted up and I tooked the old bear's gun, and—and—and I maked it run away, I did. And—and—and a big, old cow came up on our porch, and—and—and he ringed the door-bell, and—and—and I didn't not let him in, and—and—and he hooked the door right down, and—and—and he tooked his so-word and—and—and he killed me dead, and—and—and he wented into the pantry and eated my poor mama's cake, and—and—and he hooked the house all down."

"Billy Brad!"

"And I builded the house all up again," he said. "And—and—and I tooked that old cow's so-word and—and—and I killed him all to pieces.

"Billy Brad! That is a Big, Big Lie! I shall tell your father!"

In "The Delineator."

It is sickening to have one's best effort fall flat in that way. It discourages genius as nothing else can. It did not occur to Billy Brad that in telling a tale that was a Lie he had made an attack on the foundations of society. If his mother had said, in the first place, "Billy Brad, did you eat that cake?" he would have admitted cheerfully that he had eaten it. Instead, she had asked: "Billy Brad, who ate that cake?" This was a clear invitation to Billy Brad to tell the most interesting story possible, and he had done his best and it had fallen flat.

Billy's father came home. "Well, what kind of a boy was Billy Brad to-day?"

"Billy Brad has been a naughty boy. He has told me a Big, Big Lie!"

"That's bad, we can't have William Bradley, Jr., telling lies. I will have to see about this.

"Now, then, let us have this story, mother. What is this about Billy Brad and a Big Lie?"

"Well, William, I really think you will have to punish Billy Brad for it. I went out for a few minutes and left him alone in the house. I had to run down to the market for a minute. I really was not gone five minutes. And I left a cake on the lower shelf of the pantry; I distinctly told Billy Brad not to touch it, and yet when I got home I found a large piece gone."

"Maybe the cat ate it."

"It—it—it was a big bear. It—it—it came up on the porch, and—and—and it ringed the door-bell, and—and—and I said: 'Go 'way, bad bear; you can't have any of my mama's cake,' and—and—and it tooked its gun, and—and—and it shooted me dead, and—and—and it eated the cake——"

"It is nonsense about the cat. Billy Brad's mouth was all over crumbs and his face was smeared with icing. The cat, indeed! Billy Brad ate that cake, and then told a deliberate falsehood about it."

"And—and—and I gotted up and I tooked that old bear's gun and—and—and I shooted it dead, and—and—and *that* maked it run away, it did."

"Now, Billy Brad, mother says you have told her a Lie. We can't have that. Do you know what a Lie is?"

"No. And—and—and a big old cow came up on our porch, and—and—and he ringed the door-bell, and—

and—and I didn't not let him in, and—and—and he hooked the door right down, and—and—and he tooked his so-word, and—and—and he killed me dead, and—and—and he wented into the pantry and eated up my poor mama's cake, and—and—and he hooked the house all down, and—and—and I tooked the old cow's so-word and I killed him all to pieces, and—and—and I builded the house all up again."

"Now, stop! I want you to tell me who did eat that cake."

"Why—why—why a big old cow came up on the porch——"

"No, it didn't!"

"And—and—and a big old cow didn't *not* came up on the porch, and—and—and it ringed the door-bell."

"No, it did *not* ring the door-bell."

"And—and it didn't *not* ringed the door-bell, and—and he hooked the door right down——"

"No; he did nothing of the kind."

"And—and it didn't *not* hooked the door right down—*How* did the big old cow came in, papa?"

"It did not come in. There was no cow. There was no bear. No cow and no bear had a single taste of that cake, but you know who did eat it, Billy Brad."

"Do I? Mother—mother wented away, and—and—and the cake was in the pantry——"

"That is right, now be careful."

"And—and—and a great big awfully noss-er-noss flew into the window, and it shooted me dead, and—and it eated up the cake, and—and——"

"Stop there! In the first place, I have told you forty times *not* to say 'noss-er-noss.' Say rhinoceros, rhinoc-er-os. Say it."

"Noss-er-ros."

"Rhi-noc-er-os."

"Ross-er-noss."

"*Rhi*-noc-er-os."

"I-ross-er-ross."

"Well, there was no rhinoceros. Rhinoceroses do not fly, and one couldn't get in at the window, and I doubt if they like cake, and they don't have guns, and they couldn't shoot you dead if they wanted to, and you are not dead, as you can plainly see, and that whole story is just another Lie."

"Is it?"

"Yes, it is. Didn't you eat that cake yourself, Billy Brad?"

"Yes, I ate it. And the big bear ate it, and—and—and the old cow ate it, but—but—but the noss-er-noss didn't not eat it."

"Billy, you are not telling the truth yet. You ate all that cake, and you know it. Didn't you?"

"Yes, I ate it all, and the big bear ate it all and—and—and the big old cow he ate it all. We all ate it all. And there wasn't any cake left."

"The idea! There was lots left. He only ate a little."

"Well, I don't know what to do next. He has admitted that he ate the cake. I don't think he meant to tell a wilful lie. I don't believe he has any idea what a lie is. I might whip him for eating the cake when he was told not to eat it. Or I might whip him for telling all that tale about the bear and the cow. I will do whatever you say. I am only afraid that if I whip him now he may get the idea that he is being punished for telling us that he ate the cake. Son, if I whip you what will I be whipping you for?"

"For—for—for because the old big noss-er-noss can't not fly."

"No, not for that. It is because you told what was not so. You ate the cake. Your mother asked you who ate it, and you said a cow and a bear. That was not true. It was a lie. You ate the cake. If you had told your mother that you had eaten it, and had said nothing about the cow and the bear, that would have been the truth, and not a lie, and then you would only have been whipped for taking the cake. It—it is a good deal worse to be whipped for lying than for—for stealing. I shall have to whip you twice. Once for the lie and once for stealing the cake. Come with me!"

After a whipping the only place for a boy to go is to bed, and Billy Brad went there. He lay between the sheets and sobbed until the sobs dwindled to little sighs. He was still awake when they came up, and when his father tiptoed into the room to take a last look, Billy Brad looked up at him with bright eyes.

"Good-night, old boy. No hard feelings because I had to whip you, have you?"

"No, papa."

"And we won't tell any more lies, will we?"

"No."

A few minutes later his mother came in to tuck him in snugly for the night, and she, too, threw her arms around him, and kissed him.

"Good-night, but you shouldn't throw down your covers, little boy."

"No, mamma, I didn't. A—a—a big white nangel flyed in at the window, and—and—and it camed right through the screen, and—and—and it said: 'Is you too hot?' and—and—and it tooked my covers off, and—and—and I tooked a big gun, and—and I shooted the old nangel and—and—and I made it holler, and—and it flewed away, and—and nobody seed it, for because nobody can't not see nangels. And—and—and the nangel didn't not eat any cake. I eated it."

"Billy Brad, I don't know what is going to become of you!"

"I'm going to be a garbage man."



The Cowboy's Prayer

BY CHARLES B. CLARK, JR.

O Lord, I've never lived where churches grow;

I love creation better as it stood

That day You finished it so long ago

And looked upon Your work and called it good.

I know that others find You in the light

That's sifted down through tinted window-panes,

And yet, I seem to feel you near to-night,

In this dim, starlight on the plains.

I thank You, Lord, that I am placed so well;

That You have made my freedom so complete;

That I'm no slave of whistle, clock and bell,

Or weak-eyed prisoner of wall and street.

Just let me live my life as I've begun

And give me work that's open to the sky;

Make me a pardner of the wind and sun

And I won't ask a life that's soft or high.

Let me be easy on the man that's down
 And make me square and generous with all;
 I'm careless sometimes, Lord, when I'm in town,
 But never let them say I'm mean or small.
 Make me as big and open as the plains,
 As honest as the horse between my knees,
 Clean as the wind that blows behind the rains,
 Free as the hawk that circles down the breeze.

Forgive me, Lord, when sometimes I forget:
 You understand the reasons that are hid,
 You know about the things that gall and fret,
 You know me better than my mother did.
 Just keep an eye on all that's done and said,
 Just right me sometimes when I turn aside,
 And guide me on the long, dim trail ahead
 That stretches upward toward the Great Divide.



The Chorus Lady*

BY JAMES FORBES.

Arranged by Theodora Ursula Irvine.

No one who saw "The Chorus Lady" will ever forget Rose Stahl's inimitable impersonation of Patricia O'Breeong, whose heart is as large as her speech is slangy.



THE scene is the dressing-room of the "chorus-ladies" of the Long Acre Theatre, on New York's great "white way." Around three sides of the room, against the white-washed walls, and between the windows, are long dressing-tables, with mirrors back of them. A comely assortment of blondes and brunettes sit in front of the mirrors putting on the last touches before the curtain-call. They are Minnie

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Sulzer, Inez Blair, Evelyn La Rue, Rita Nichols, Lou Archer, Mai Delaney and Sylvia Simpson, a "show girl." They are discussing the recent marriage of one of their number.

"For goodness sake! That man ain't married Maizie!" exclaimed Lou Archer.

"Looks that way," chimed in Mai Delaney.

"Ain't them saucer-eyed blondes wonders, though!" commented the wardrobe woman. "Say, is he wealthy?"

"He's from Pittsburg," said Lou, laconically, amid general laughter.

In the corridor is heard the voice of Patricia O'Brien: "Don't tell me to get a move on; I'm not your slave. No, that *won't* be about all from me. You can take my two weeks' notice now. If you can get anybody to lead this chorus better'n me, get 'em, an' get 'em quick."

"That's a good bluff," sneered Simpson, as Patsy flung into the room, followed by a number of the other girls.

"You ought to be wise to bluffs. You know a few," retorted Patsy.

"Don't you look grand!" remarked Milly, eyeing her in wonderment.

"Might 'a' just stepped out of a suit-case," added Evelyn.

"Come at me light, girls," remonstrated Patsy. "Say, are you pipin' me veil? Ain't it a Susie Smitherino? I don't think this green's at all loud, do you? And ain't this a swell lid? I blew myself there—two ninety-eight, imported model. They wanted to put a bunch of peacock feathers on the side, but I'm that superstitious! Besides, what's the use of trimmin' when I have a veil?"

"I never seen you look sweller," said Inez. "Have you, Simpson?"

"O'Brien's a tremendously smart dresser," was the ironical rejoinder of that person, as she sat gracefully on a chair.

"Don't get petulant, sweetheart! You ain't the only Daily Hint from Paris," chided Patsy, cheerily.

"Oh, Patsy, them's new furs," exclaimed Milly.

Simpson raised her eyebrows.

"Isn't it rather late for furs?"

"Milly," explained Patsy, "I struck a clearin' sale of furs to-day. Look at 'em—cravat an' cushion-muff, four ninety-six. Best Adirondack sable."

Simpson laughed aloud.

"Say, are you passin' me the giggle?" asked Patsy, pausing just long enough in the fascinating and absorbing operation of exhibiting the bargains to note her enemy's unseemly mirth. "Talkin' of sales," she resumed, "ain't that a peach coat, though? Two sixty-eight, silk-lined. Feel that linin'."

"Try it on, Simpson, it might look good on you," invited Lou, fingering the lining to judge as to the quality of the silk.

"I can't wear ready-made clothing," she declared, turning up her nose.

"You can't wear ready-made clothing!" echoed Patsy. "Girls, ain't that a shame! Well, a perfect figure certainly saves money. Girls," went on the lively chorus leader, who was in high spirits after her day's shopping, "I seen some waists to-day that was real beaux—all over lace, real lace. An' how much d'yer think? Three dollars. I had to pass them up, though. After I bought these yellow kicks me pocketbook looked like a disaster."

She held up one foot that they might see her new tan shoes.

"You certainly was good to yourself," observed Inez.

"I've been savin' on carfare and lunches," explained Patsy. "I just said it was up to me to refurbish from cellar to dome."

"How d'you like me Fritzi Scheffs? Take it from me, them puffs is goin' to be the dead swell article. An' such a bargain! When I tell you the price you'll pass away. Just flash your glims on them curls—feel 'em—real hair. I got the puffs, the bunch of curls, an' the bayrette for one seventy-five from a lady friend at the Casino. She's lettin' her hair go back to brown this season. Girls, who d'you think I seen to-day? Leslie Carter. She was buyin' spangles. I was close to her, an' rubbered to beat the band. *Don't* you just love Carter? Honest, I think that woman's got the most emotional hair in this business."

"I've seen her in everything she plays," said Evelyn.

"So have I. You know Carter's a whole lot on my style," affirmed Patsy. "I'm really cut out to be one of them emotional, all-over-the-place actresses. I hate to talk about figures, but I could make the Venus de Milo look like May Irwin. I'm only in musical comedy to

learn to be graceful. I bet I could get a backer to star me if I could get the play, but, gee! it's hard to get a good tragic play. Of course I could get one from Charlie Frohman, but I don't want to take it away from Maude Adams or Ethel Barrymore. I can always dance for my livin'. So long, girls—there's the curtain-bell."



A Little Dutch Garden

BY HATTIE WHITNEY. ✓

I passed by a garden, a little Dutch garden,
Where useful and pretty things grew—
Heartsease and tomatoes,
And pinks and potatoes,
And lilies and onions and rue.

I saw in that garden, that little Dutch garden,
A chubby Dutch man with a spade,
And a rosy Dutch frau,
With a shoe like a scow,
And a flaxen-haired little Dutch maid.

There grew in that garden, that little Dutch garden,
Blue flowers, lovely and tall,
And early blush roses,
And little pink posies—
But Gretchen was fairer than all.

My heart's in that garden, that little Dutch garden,
It tumbled right in as I passed,
Mid 'wildering mazes
Of spinach and daisies,
And Gretchen is holding it fast.

Piller Fights

BY D. A. ELLSWORTH.

Piller fights is fun, I just tell you;
There ain't nuthin' I'd ruther do
'Nan get a big piller an' hol' it tight,
Stand up on the bed, an' nen jes' fight.

Us boys allus hev our piller fight,
An' bes' time of all is Pa's lodge night.
Whenever he goes we say, "good-night,"
Nen goes upstairs for a piller fight.

Sometimes mebbe Ma comes to the stairs,
An' hollers up, "Boys, you said your pray'rs?"
George'll holler, "Yes, ma'am." *He allus hez,*
Good deal of a preacher 'bout George, Pa says.

Ma'll say, "Pleasant dreams," an' shut the door.
If she's listenin' both of us snore.
Soon as ever she goes, we light a light,
An' pitch right into our piller fight.

We play that the bed is Bunker Hill,
George is 'Mericans—an' he stan's still,
But I'm the British, so I must hit
Hard's ever I kin, to make him git.

We played Bueny Visty one night,
Tell you that was an awful hard fight!
Held up our pillers like they's a flag,
Nen hollered, "Little more grape, Cap'n Bragg!"

'At wus the time 'at George struck the nail,
You'd jes' orter seen them feathers sail;
I wuz covered as white as flour;
Me'n him picked 'em off, for most an hour.

Next day, when our Maw seen that there mess,
She was awful mad, you better guess!
Room was all mussed up, piller-slip tore,
Feathers jest flyin' all 'round the floor.

The Speaker

Ma told our Pa, an' he jest said,
 "You come right out here to this here shed!"
 Tell you he whipped us till we wuz sore,
 Made us both promise to do it no more.

It's long time ago, an' now lodge nights,
 Or when Pa's away, we hev piller fights.
 But in Bueny Visty, George's bound
 To see there ain't nails anywhere 'round.

Piller fights is fun, I jest tell you,
 There ain't nuthin' I'd ruther do,
 Nan git a big piller an' hol' it tight,
 Stan' up in bed, an' nen jes' fight.



The Brook in the Heart

BY EMILY DICKINSON.

Have you got a brook in your little heart,
 Where bashful flowers blow,
 And blushing birds go down to drink,
 And shadows tremble so?

And nobody knows, so still it flows,
 That any brook is there;
 And yet your little draught of life
 Is daily drunken there.

Then look out for the little brook in March,
 When the rivers overflow,
 And the snows come hurrying from the hills,
 And the bridges often go.

And later, in August, it may be,
 When the meadows parching lie,
 Beware, lest this little brook of life
 Some burning noon go dry!

Reflections on Cleopathera's Needle

BY CORMAC O'LEARY.

So that's Cleopathera's Needle, bedad,
An' a quare lookin' needle it is, I'll be bound;
What a powerful muscle the queen must have had
That could grasp such a weapon an' wind it around!

Imagine her sittin' there, stitchin' like mad,
Wid a needle like that in her hand! I declare,
It's as big as the Round Tower of Slane, an' bedad,
It would pass for a round tower, only it's square!

The taste of her, ordherin' a needle of granite!
Begorra, the sight of it sthrikes me quite dumb!
An' look at the quare sort of figures upon it;
I wondher can these be the thracks of her thumb!

I once was astonished to hear of the faste
Cleopathera made upon pearls; but now
I declare, I would not be surprised in the laste
If ye told me the woman had swallowed a cow!

It's aisy to see why bould Cæsar should quail
In her presence an' meekly submit to her rule;
Wid a weapon like that in her fist, I'll go bail,
She could frighten the sowl out of big Finn MacCool!

But, Lord, what poor pigmies the women are now,
Compared with the monsther's they must have been
then!

Whin the darlin's in those days would kick up a row,
Holy smoke, but it must have been hot for the men!

Just think how a chap that goes courtin' would start
If his girl was to prod him wid that in the shins!
I have often seen needles, but bouldly assart
That the needle in front of me there takes the pins!

The Speaker

O, sweet Cleopathera! I'm sorry you're dead;
 An whin lavin' this wondherful needle behind
 Had ye thought of bequathin' a spool of your thread
 An' yer thimble an' scissors, it would have been kind.

But pace to your ashes, ye plague of great men,
 Yer stren'th is departed, yer glory is past;
 Ye'll never wield sceptre or needle again,
 An' a poor little asp did yer bizzness at last!



Leetla Giorgio Washeenton

BY T. A. DALY.

You know w'at for ees school keep out
 Dees holiday, my son?
 Wal, den, I gona tal you 'bout
 Dees Giorgio Washeenton.

Wal, Giorgio was leetla keed
 He leeve long time ago,
 An' he gon' school for learn to read
 An' write hees nam', you know.
 He moocha like for gona school
 An' learna hard all day,
 Baycause he no gat time for fool
 Weeth bada keeds an' play.
 Wal, wan cold day w'en Giorgio
 Ees steell so vera small,
 He start from home, but he ees no
 Show up een school at all!
 Oh, my! hees Pop ees gatta mad
 An' so he tal hees wife:
 "Som leetla boy ees gon' feel bad
 To-day, you bat my life!"
 An' den he grab a bigga steeck
 An' gon' out een da snow,
 An' lookin' all aroun' for seek
 Da leetla Giorgio.

Ha! w'at you theenka? Firs' theeng he see
 Where leetla boy he stan',
 All tangla up een cherry tree,
 Weeth hatchet een hees han'.
 "Ha! w'at you do?" hees Pop he say,
 "W'at for you busta rule
 An' stay away like dees for play
 Eenstead for gon' to school?"
 Da boy ees say: "I no can lie,
 An' so I speeka true.
 I stay away from school for try
 An' gat som' wood for you.
 I theenka deesa cherry tree
 Ees gooda size for chop,
 An' so I cut heem down, you see,
 For justa help my Pop."
 Hees Pop he no can gatta mad,
 But looka please' an' say:
 "My leetla boy, I am so glad
 You taka holiday."
 Ees good for leetla boy, you see,
 For be so bright an' try
 For help hees Pop; so den he be
 A granda man bimeby.
 So now you gotta holiday,
 An' eet ees good, you know,
 For you gon' do da sama way
 Like leetla Giorgio.
 Don't play so mooch, but justa stop,
 Eef you want to be som' good,
 An' try for help your poor old Pop
 By carry home som' wood;
 An' mebbe so like Giorgio
 You grow for be so great,
 You gona be da President
 Of dese Unita State'.



The day is dark only when the mind is dark; all
 weathers are pleasant when the heart is at rest.
 —Hamilton Wright Mabie, "In the Forest of Arden."

The Outlaw

BY CHARLES B. CLARK, JR.

When my loop takes hold on a two-year-old,
By the feet or the neck or the horn,
He kin plunge and fight till his eyes go white,
But I'll throw him as sure as you're born.
Though the taut rope sing like a banjo string
And the latigoes creak and strain,
Yet I've got no fear of an outlaw steer,
And I'll tumble him on the plain.

For a man is a man and a steer is a beast,
And the man is the boss of the herd;
And each of the bunch, from the biggest to least,
Must come down when he says the word.

When my leg swings 'cross on an 'outlaw hawse
And my spurs clinch into his hide,
He kin r'ar and pitch over hill and ditch,
But wherever he goes I'll ride.
Let 'im spin and flop like a crazy top,
Or flit like a wind-whipped smoke,
But he'll know the feel of my rowelled heel
Till he's happy to own he's broke.

For a man is a man and a hawse is a brute,
And the hawse may be prince of his clan,
But he'll bow to the bit and the steel-shod boot,
And own that his boss is the man.

When the devil at rest underneath my vest
Gets up and begins to paw,
And my hot tongue strains at its bridle-reins,
Then I tackle the real outlaw;
When I get plumb riled and my sense goes wild,
And my temper has fractious growed,
If he'll hump his neck just a triflin' speck,
Then it's dollars to dimes I'm throwed.

For a man is a man, but he's partly a beast—
He kin brag till he makes you deaf,
But the one, lone brute, from the West to the East,
That he kaint quite break is himse'f.

A Border Affair

BY CHARLES B. CLARK, JR.

Spanish is the lovin' tongue,
 Soft as music, light as spray;
 'Twas a girl I learnt it from
 Livin' down Sonora way.
 I don't look much like a lover,
 Yet I say her love-words over
 Often, when I'm all alone—
"Mi amor! mi corazon."

Nights when she knew where I'd ride
 She would listen for my spurs,
 Throw the big door open wide,
 Raise them laughin' eyes of hers,
 And my heart would nigh stop beatin'
 When I'd hear her tender greetin',
 Whispered soft for me alone—
"Mi amor! mi corazon."

Moonlight in the patio,
 Old Senora nodding near,
 Me and Juana talkin' low
 So the "madre" couldn't hear—
 How those hours would go a-flyin',
 And too soon I'd hear her sighin',
 In her little sorry-tone—
"Adios, mi corazon."

But one time I had to fly
 For a foolish gamblin' fight
 And we said a swift good-bye
 On that black unlucky night.
 When I'd loosed her arms from clingin',
 With her words the hoofs kept ringin',
 As I galloped north alone—
"Adios, mi corazon."

Never seen her since that night;
 I kaint cross the Line, you know.
 She was Mex. and I was white;
 Like as not it's better so.
 Yet I've always sort of missed her
 Since that last, wild night I kissed her,
 Left her heart and lost my own—
"Adios, mi corazon."



Commencement at Billville

BY FRANK L. STANTON.

Commencement's come at Billville; the girls are in the
 show,
 A-smilin' an' beguillin' in a maze o' calico;
 An' they're sighin', speechifyin', got the reins without
 a check,
 An' the boy is still a-standin' on the usual burnin' deck!

An' Mary's got her little lamb, as gentle as a shoat,
 An' not a single drum is heard, nor even a funeral note;
 An' Iser's rollin' rapidly, you almost see it shine,
 An' some are born at Bingen, at Bingen on the Rhine!

They're goin' like two-forty, the town can't get to sleep,
 For, Pilot, 'tis a fearful night; there's danger on the
 deep;
 An' Curfew shall not ring to-night, they've sworn it,
 an' they know!
 Commencement's come at Billville, and the girls are in
 the show!



It is better to prefer honorable defeat to a mean
 victory, to lowering the level of our aim that we may
 more certainly enjoy the complacency of success.—
 JOHN RUSKIN.

The Middle Child

BY ETHEL M. KELLY.

Whenever there is company
 And mother sends for us,
 It's always 'bout the baby that
 They make the biggest fuss.
 They say, "She's sweet as she can be!"
 "Her hair, just see it curl!"
 They never say such things to me,
 'Cause I'm the middle girl.

And then they say to sister, "Why,
 Is this the oldest child?"
 She'll be a woman by and by!"
 And after they have smiled
 And held her hand, they look at me.
 Mamma says, "She's begun
 To lose her teeth," and then they laugh—
 'Cause I'm the middle one!

Then baby speaks her little piece,
 And sister's asked to sing;
 But no one ever seems to guess
 That I do anything.
 Although my name is Marguerite,
 And Marguerite means "pearl,"
 Nobody thinks that I'm sweet,
 'Cause I'm the middle girl.

When I grow up, and when I have
 A family of my own,
 I'll send up for the middle girl
 To come down-stairs alone;
 And I shall let her speak and sing
 And have a lot of fun,
 I'll not deny her anything
 Cause she's the middle one!

Bargains in Hearts

BY MAUD HOSFORD.

In "Taken from Life."

For sale: A very fine line of hearts
 At prices far below cost;
 A circumstance which affords you a chance
 To replace the one you have lost.

Hearts that are tender; hearts that are brave;
 One that's been worn on a sleeve
 Is marked down so low it surely must go
 Though it is somewhat soiled, you perceive.

Broken hearts, too, that have been "restored;"
 One that has only a crack;
 And hearts that are set on a coronet,
 For lovers of bric-a-brac.

Sad hearts, glad hearts, hearts of gold,
 Hearts that gold only can buy;
 And a heart so true it will just suit you
 If you'll only take it to try.

**New Facts About Sir Walter Raleigh**

A boy wrote a composition on Sir Walter Raleigh, and it was like this: "Sir Walter Raleigh was a great man; he took a voyage and discovered America, and then he took another voyage and discovered Virginia, and when he had discovered Virginia, he discovered the potato; and when he had discovered the potato, he discovered tobacco. And when he had done so, he called his associates about him, and said: 'My friends, be of good cheer; for we have this day lighted in England a flame which, by God's grace, shall never be quenched.'"—
From "Social Discontent," John William Griggs.

Teaching a Girl Football

BY S. E. KISER.



"Of course, you understand all about football?" said the man with the chrysanthemum in his coat lapel, as he led the way to the reserve section of the grandstand.

"No-o," admitted the girl, hesitatingly. "But you will explain as they go along, won't you? What are all those people carrying those funny looking cone things for?"

"Oh, yes, I'll tell you all the points. Those are megaphones. You see, a fellow's voice can't be loud enough to fill the bill on an occasion like this, so he's got to holler through something that tells."

The girl looked at the crowd and shuddered.

"Don't they make an awful din, all of them together?"

"You bet," he replied, approvingly; "just wait till they get started."

"Tell me about the game. I want to understand all about it before they begin."

"Well, suppose your college was playing against mine —"

"Fancy," she murmured, protestingly.

"And suppose we won the toss. You want the toss? All right. We'll give you the toss, and you take—say the north goal, where you will be likely to get the best wind. Then the first thing you do is to get stage fright and cold feet and we score you to kill. See?"

"N—not quite," she admitted.

He sighed resignedly. "Now, just look here—it's perfectly plain. You take the ball on downs, don't you?"

"Certainly," she said, stoutly.

"And hand us the leather?"

"The leather? Oh, of course, the leather." She smiled, wanly. "But what is the leather?"

The man gave her a withering look and suddenly jumped to a bench.

"Hurrah!" he shouted, waving his hat. "Hurrah! whoop!" The blare of the megaphones began.

"What's the matter?" whispered the maid, grasping his sleeve.

The Speaker

"Can't you see? The players have come and both teams are in great shape. Now, you keep your eyes open and you'll understand the game."

"Yes, but they are all standing in front of me and I can't see a thing."

"All right. I'll tell you what is going on. There they go. Whoop! Hurray! Bully boy!"

"What is it? What is it?"

"I'm showing you. Whew! Go it! There's the kick of your life. Punt now—punt now—it's your only chance—punt like the—Excuse me. What's that? Oh, please don't keep asking foolish questions. I'm telling you. Listen to what I say. Hurray! Wow! Don't bounce that beauty. That was a pretty fifteen yard run. Whoop, through and hurdle the line, there! Down goes the pig-skin. No, she's sailed high and ahead. He's caught her, and now comes the rush. Bury 'em. Hurray! Hurray! He wriggled over the chalk to the touchdown."

The man shouted until apoplexy seemed imminent before the girl could make herself heard.

"You said you would explain," she said, "but you have done nothing except yell."

"That's the thanks I get for giving up the game to teach you the science," he responded, with dignity. "I have explained every play as it has been made. You must use your sense a little. Come stand up on this bench," he said, relenting a little. "That's better. Now, you see that fellow's the half-back and he's a dandy, too. Watch that jump! How's that for a hurdle? Hurray! Hurray! Hurray! Break through there and tackle! Look at the hammer-throws with the pig-skin! Wow! Duck there! Duck! Here they come! Crumple that line and batter the left wing of the Crimson!"

The man stopped for breath, and she said:

"I don't understand."

"I can't help that," he said, rudely. "I explained the whole thing from the start. Anybody with ordinary intelligence would see how it is."

"That is," the girl replied, icily, "if it happened to be anybody with ordinary intelligence who explained."

On the way out the man and the maid met another pair.

"Wasn't it splendid?" said the new girl, with enthusiasm.

"Yes-s," responded the other girl, doubtfully. "But I didn't understand it."

"You didn't," said the other man, heartily. "Why didn't you tell her, old man?"

The "old man" replied with a look of wrath and misery—"I tried to, but she could not understand."

"Couldn't you?" asked the other girl, with eyes widely innocent. "Why, I saw through it at once, didn't I?"

"Well, I should say you did. Why, she stood up there on that bench and yelled whenever I did, and waved her handkerchief and yelled 'Splendid' all the time. It was great!"

As they were ready to go away, the first girl caught the other's arm and the two men walked ahead.

"Honest, now, did you understand?"

"Not a bit of it," replied the other, with a gay laugh. "I wouldn't bother my head trying to."

"But he said——"

"Of course he did, and he thinks so. But all a girl needs to know is the right place to wave her flag and cry 'Splendid.'"

"I asked Herbert questions all the while and he just used terrible slang and yelled."

The other stopped and faced her impressively. "You have got to stop that or you'll have a broken engagement to answer for."

"But I want to understand."

"Don't wish anything foolish," continued the Minerva of the gridiron. "It is labor thrown away."



Smile a smile;
While you smile,
Another smiles,
And soon there's miles and miles
Of smiles. And life's worth while
If you but smile. —Jane Thompson.

A Vagabond Song

BY BLISS CARMAN.

There is something in the Autumn
That is native to my blood—
Touch of manner, hint of mood—
And my heart is like a rhyme,
With the yellow and the purple
And the crimson keeping time.

The scarlet of the maples
Can shake me like a cry
Of bugles going by.
And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the frosty asters like smoke upon the hills.

There is something in October sets the gipsy
blood astir;
We must rise and follow her,
When from every hill of flame
She calls and calls each vagabond by name.



The Soldier Boy For Me

BY S. E. KISER.

The man who wears the shoulder-straps
And has his sword in hand,
Who proudly strides along in front,
Looks good and brave and grand;
But back there in the ranks, somewhere,
Just where I cannot see,—
With gun upon his shoulder, is
The soldier boy for me!

The man who wears the shoulder-straps
 Is handsome, brave and true,
 But there are other handsome boys,
 And other brave ones, too!
 When there are heights that must be won,
 While bullets fill the air,
 'Tis not the officer alone
 That braves the dangers there.

The man who wears the shoulder-straps
 Is cheered along the way,
 And public honor dulls his dread
 Of falling in the fray;
 But there behind him in the ranks,
 And moving like a part
 Of some machine, is many a man
 With just as brave a heart.

The man who wears the shoulder-straps
 Deserves the people's praise;
 I honor and applaud him for
 The noble part he plays.
 But back there in the ranks somewhere,
 Stout-hearted, brave, is he—
 Prepared to do, and nerved to dare—
 Is the soldier boy for me.



Patience, Hope and Love!
 O part them never! If Hope prostrate lie,
 Love, too, will sink and die.
 But Love is subtle; and will proof derive,
 From her own life, that Hope is yet alive. . . .
 Yet haply there will come a weary day
 When, overtasked, at length
 Both Love and Hope beneath the load give way;
 Then, with a statue's smile, a statue's strength,
 Stands the mute sister, Patience—nothing loth;
 And, both supporting, does the work of both.
 —Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

A Royal Princess

BY CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

I, a Princess, king-descended, decked with jewels, gilded,
drest,
Would rather be a peasant and lull my babe to rest.
For all I shine so like the sun, I am purple like the west.

Two and two my guards behind, two and two before,
Two and two, on either hand, they guard me evermore,
Me, poor dove, that must not coo—eagle that must not
soar.

All my walks are lost in mirrors whereupon I tread,
Self to right hand, self to left hand, self in every place,
Selfsame solitary figure, selfsame seeking face.

Then I have an ivory chair, high to sit upon,
Almost like my father's chair, which is an ivory throne.
There I sit up left and right, there I sit alone.

Alone by day, alone by night, alone days without end.
Oh, my father! Oh, my mother! Have you ne'er a
friend?
As I am a lofty princess, so my father is a lofty king,
Holding in his strong right hand world-kingdom's bal-
ances.

He has quarreled with his neighbor, he has scourged his
foes;
Vassals, counts and princes follow where his pennon
goes—
Long-descended, valiant lords, whom the vulture knows.

On whose track the vulture swoops, when they ride in
state,
To break the strength of armies and topple down the
great:
Each of these my courteous servant, none of these my
mate.

My father counting up his strength set down with equal
pen

So many head of cattle, head of horses, head of men;
Some to work on roads, canals, some to man his ships,
Some to smart in mines beneath the overseer's whips.

Once it came into my heart and whelmed me like a flood,
That these, too, are men and women, human flesh and
blood,

Men with hearts and men with souls, though trodden
down like mud.

Our feasting was not glad that night, our music was not
gay.

On my mother's graceful head, I marked a thread of
gray,

My father frowning at the fare, seemed every dish to
weigh.

I sat beside them, sole princess, in my exalted place;
My ladies and my gentlemen stood by me on the dais;
A mirror showed me I looked old and haggard in the
face.

It showed me that my ladies were all fair to gaze upon,—
Plump, plenteous-haired, to every one love's secret
surely known.

They laugh by day, they sleep by night: Ah, me, what
is a throne?

Amid the toss of torches to my chamber back we swept,
My ladies loosed my golden hair—meantime I could have
wept

To think of some ingalling chains whether they waked
or slept.

I took my bath of scented milk, delicately waited on;
They burned sweet things for my delight,—cedar and
cinnamon,

And lit my shaded lamp, and left me there alone.

A day went by; a week went by. One day I heard it
said:

"Men are clamoring, women, children, clamoring to be
fed,

Men, like famished dogs, are bawling in the streets for
bread."

The Speaker

So they whispered at my door; nothing I could hear.
Vulgar, naked truth, ungarnished for a royal ear,
Fit for cooping in the background, not to stalk so near.

But I strained my utmost sense to catch this truth and
mark,—
“There are families out grazing like cattle in the park.
A pair of peasants must be saved even if we build an
ark.”

A merry jest, a merry laugh, each strolled upon his way:
One was my page, a lad I reared and bore with day by
day;
One was my youngest maid, as sweet and white as cream
in May.

Other footsteps followed with a weightier tramp;
Voices said: “Picked soldiers have been summoned from
the camp
To quell these base-born ruffians who make free to howl
and stamp.”

“Howl and stamp,” one answered; “they make free to
hurl a stone
At the minister’s state coach, well aimed and stoutly
thrown.”
“There’s work then, for the soldiers; for this rank crop
to be mown.”

“Once I saw a poor old fool with ashes on his head
Whimpering because a girl had snatched his crust of
bread;
Then he dropped; when some one raised him it turned
out that he was dead.”

“After us the deluge,” was retorted, with a laugh,
“If bread’s the staff of life, they must walk without a
staff.”
While I’ve a loaf they’re welcome to my blessing and
the chaff.”

These passed. The King. "Stand up," said my father,
 with a smile;
 "Daughter mine, your mother comes to sit with you
 awhile.
 She's sad to-day, and who but you her sadness can be-
 guile?"

He, too, left me. Shall I touch the harp now while I
 wait?
 (I hear them doubling guard below, before the palace
 gate.)
 Or shall I work the last gold stitch in my veil of state?

Again I caught my father's voice in sharp words of com-
 mand,
 "Charge!" A clash of steel. "Charge again, the rebels
 stand.
 Smite and spare not, hand to hand! Smite and spare not,
 hand to hand!"

Then swelled a tumult at the gate, high voices waxing
 higher;
 A flash of red reflected light lit the cathedral spire;
 I heard the cry of fagots, then I heard a yell of fire.

"Sit and roast there with your meat, sit and bake there
 with your bread,
 You who sit to see us starve!" one shrieking woman said.
 "Sit on your throne and roast with your crown upon
 your head!"

Nay, this thing will I do while my mother tarrieth,
 I will take my fine spun gold, but not to sew therein,
 I will take my gold and gems and rainbow fan and
 wreath;
 With a ransom in my lap, a king's ransom in my hand,
 I will go down to these people, will stand face to face,
 will stand
 Where they curse king, queen and princess of this cursed
 land.

They shall take all to buy them bread—take all I have
 to give;
 I, if I perish, perish, that's the goal I half conceive;—

Once to speak before the world, rend bare my heart and
show

The lesson I have learned, which is death, is life to know.
I, if I perish, perish. In the name of God, I go.



An Elevator Love Story

BY LILLIAN BELL.

Arranged by Theodora Ursula Irvine.



SHIRLEY HOLLENDEN had followed Lida Shermerhorn across the Atlantic and pursued her with dogged faithfulness in spite of the fact that she had said again and again that she would not marry him. At the time of her father's gigantic failure, delicately reared as she was, she had been thrown out on the world without an hour's preparation, and had bravely gone to work turning everything she touched into money. But her pride forbade her marrying a man of wealth, even though that man was Shirley Hollenden. But to abandon a project was not in Shirley Hollenden's make-up.

He even went so far as to warn Lida in the presence of their common friend, Mrs. Gregory, upon the futility of her procedures.

"It would be of no use, Mrs. Gregory," he said, without looking around, "for any girl I had set my heart on to try to escape me. I'd propose to her every day for ten years. I'd write to her, telegraph to her, cable her. I'd propose to her at all three meals. I'd lie in wait and propose to her walking, or riding, or swimming. I'd propose to her in a cellar, on top of a buss, or up a tree. The only thing for her to do would be to decide how she'd take me, for take me she'd have to."

"Dear me, Shirley!" said Mrs. Gregory, faintly, "I'm glad I am out of your reach. I feel quite worn out by your perseverance already."

*From "The Expatriates." Copyright, 1900, by Lillian Bell.

He looked at Lida, but she was yawning with elaborate impertinence.

"At any rate, she got it!" he said, to himself.

He was thinking of this incident as he neared their apartment in Paris one June day. It was on a top floor, and was reached by an interminable flight of stairs, or by one of those miserable automatic elevators, into which you shut yourself, press a button and then pray fervently, that the thing will stop where you have indicated.

On this afternoon, Shirley stopped, looked up the shaft, and, seeing the lift at the top floor, pressed the button for it to descend. He waited a moment, then tried again.

"I suppose the thing's stuck," he said, beginning the ascent of the stairs.

As he reached the top floor, he heard sounds which made him dash up the last flight four steps at a time. Then he folded his arms and smiled with unctuous enjoyment.

The elevator had stuck, but stuck in a most malignant manner about five or six feet above the floor. The pointed spikes of the iron gate, which failed to reach the ceiling, as ours always do, came just above the floor of the elevator, and in the act of climbing over them to reach mother earth was Lida Shermerhorn.

Hearing steps, the girl paused in horror, and looked over her shoulder. When she saw Shirley, she shrieked and climbed back into her prison.

Shirley stood still and looked at her.

"Oh, Shirley!" she cried; "do help me down, I've been here half an hour and I can't make anybody hear me. What are you standing there grinning for? Aren't you going to take me down? Well, then, will you turn your back for a minute? Well, but you'll have to. I can't stand here and argue with you forever! Do you think it's nice of you to keep me up here? I'm so tired, Shirley. I haven't had any luncheon, and I didn't have even an egg for my breakfast—only coffee and half a roll. Oh, don't be a fool, Shirley Hollenden! I wouldn't eat up here if you'd throw them to me. Besides I don't like them. I want to come down and have my tea. Oh, I do wish I were a little, fluffy, blue-eyed woman who cried! If I could only cry! I'd give a yowl that would bring you to terms. But if I tried

I'd laugh. But I will say this for you, you are no gentleman!"

"Will you marry me, Lida?"

"Land, no! I wouldn't think of such a thing! Oh, don't go away, Shirley. I—I've really been here heaps longer than I said, and I'm nearly dead! Let me down, that's a darling! Well, really, Shirley Hollenden, it's downright rude of you to smoke. And that pipe smells horrible. When I have a headache, smoke makes me ill. I have a headache to-day. What are you sitting down for? You surely can't mean to keep me up here much longer!"

"I'm going to keep you up there, Lida Shermerhorn, until you swear you'll marry me. I've proposed to you so often I've lost count of the times. If any one comes I'll keep them off with a gun, if necessary. I suppose you could sleep in that cage, couldn't you, if you forced me to stay in this draughty passage all night? Do you know what my name is? It's Davy Crockett."

Lida's face changed. She colored a little. "You know why I won't marry you," she said.

"That's all rot," observed Shirley, briefly.

"I simply can't get my own consent," moaned Lida.

"Can you deny that you love me? Now, be honest with yourself and with me! Don't you love me?"

"Yes, I do!"

"Well, then, when can you get ready to be married? This is January. Will you marry me in May?"

"No, I won't."

"June, then!"

"I won't marry you at all."

"Well, then, I might as well have a telephone put in that lift, because you shan't come down till you promise."

Lida sat down on the floor with her back to Shirley. Ten minutes passed. Ten more. Neither spoke. Shirley began to fear that he would be obliged to back down and let her out. But presently she got up slowly and looked down at him with a confused air.

"That you, Mr. Davy Crockett?" she said.

"Yes," said Shirley, springing to his feet and going toward her.

"Then, don't shoot! I'll come down!"

"Do you mean it, dear? Do you really mean that you will marry me?"

"Yes, I really mean it."

"Dear child!"

"Now, will you turn your back?"

"Jump, and I'll catch you!"

"I won't jump! I'd break my neck. No; keep turned—until—no, I'm not down yet!—I'll tell you when—Oh, Shirley, don't! I can't get my breath! Yes!—I do! How many times do you want me to tell you!—So am I—perfectly! No—Not yet—No! Please!—Please!—There, I knew it! You've broken my glasses."



The Glory That Is To Be

BY HORACE LATHROP DAWSON.

In the Cornell Widow, with apologies to Rudyard Kipling.

L'ENVOI.

When earth's last bubble is busted, and the tires are
twisted and dried,

When the oldest motor is rusted, and the youngest
chauffeur has died,

We shall rest and no one shall speed it—slow down for
a cycle or two,

Till the maker of all good motors shall crank our ma-
chines anew!

And all that were good shall be rapid; they shall sit
in a gold machine;

They shall steer with a ring from Saturn, with nectar
for gasoline;

They shall find real sports to race with—Mercury, Old-
field et al;

They shall run for an age on a gallon and never get
punctures at all!

And only the comets shall pass us, and Pegasus only
shall blame;

And no one shall drive to cripple, and no one shall
drive to maim;

But each for the joy of speeding, and each in his
separate car

Shall run the thing like the mischief—in spite of the
laws as they are.

Lewis Rand*

BY MARY JOHNSTON.

Adapted by Theodora Ursula Irvine.

At every turn of the road of life Ludwell Cary and Lewis Rand had met. They both had loved Jacqueline Churchill from boyhood, and she had chosen Lewis Rand, loving him with the loyal devotion that remains untouched by time or fate.

Born for daring deeds and noble leadership, the love of conquest had led Lewis Rand into strange paths. With many another young Virginian, he had joined himself secretly to Aaron Burr in that perilous plot against the United States. So carefully had his plans been laid that no one save Ludwell Cary dreamed of his share in the fatal enterprise. When the blow fell, and Aaron Burr stood before the bar of justice on trial for treason to his country, Lewis Rand sat in the courtroom and knew that his life and honor lay in the hands of his enemy. Let Ludwell Cary but speak and he, too, would be arraigned by the side of the traitor.

But Ludwell Cary forebore to speak. The pleading face of a woman rose in vision before him, and for her sake he was silent—sparing her husband now as he had spared him once before.

The memory of that other time rushed bitterly to the mind of Lewis Rand, and the hatred within his heart grew to a black fury. This man who had shot in the air rather than wound him in the duel, this man whose silence in the courtroom gave him liberty—for him there never could be aught but hate.

The clouds were heavy with the approaching storm as Lewis Rand mounted his horse and rode home with closed lips and a deep furrow between his brows. Passion was having its way with him.

"From the first and always I must have hated. Now it is warp and woof, warp and woof. To take safety

* The New York Times calls "Lewis Rand" "one of the strongest works of fiction that has seen the light of day in America." Several other chapters in the book would make excellent reading. Copyright, 1908, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

from the hand of Ludwell Cary!—that requires more than my philosophy is prepared to give. Let him look to himself!”

At this moment he saw a horseman just ahead. He had paused on the rocky strand beside the stream, and, hearing hoofs behind him, had partly turned his own steed. For a moment the two men, so suddenly confronted, sat their horses and stared at each other. The silence held for a heart-beat, then Rand spoke thickly: “So you, too, took the river road?”

“Yes. It is rough but short. When did you leave Richmond?”

“As soon as I could. You would have been better pleased, would you not, had I never left it? In your opinion, I should be in durance there, laid by the heels with Aaron Burr!”

“You are not yourself, Mr. Rand.”

“Do not push innocence upon the board! When did it begin, your deep interest in my concerns? Who gave you—who gave you the right of inquisition? What has your soul or your way of thinking to do with mine? You are not my keeper. I would not take salvation at your hands—by Heaven, no!”

“You are speaking madly, sir!”

They pressed their horses more closely together. Cary was pale with anger, but upon Rand’s face was a curious darkness.

“And last October—that, too, was noble. Oh, you would play the hero! First trap me into a duel, then add the insult of sparing to shoot. Sir, you have my thanks.”

“You are beside yourself, Mr. Rand, and in a less passionate hour I will tell you that you have judged me wrongly.”

The very restraint of his action was a spark to gunpowder. Rand’s hand fell to a holster. There was a flash and a report. The reins dropped from Cary’s grasp. He fell heavily to earth, and lay beside the stream with a ball through his heart.

Lewis Rand reached home just as the storm broke above his head with terrific fury. Jacqueline met him at the door.

“Come indoors, Lewis, come out of the storm. Oh, welcome home, my dear.”

The Speaker

He held her to him with a wild energy in clasp and touch. "You love me still? That's true—that's true, Jacqueline?"

"You know—you know it's true. I was born only to love you—and I thought you would never come!" Suddenly she drew away from him and looked up into his face.

"Lewis, what is the matter? Something dreadful has happened. Our souls did not come together to share only the lit paths, the honey in the cup. Tell me, Lewis."

"It is black and bitter—there is no light, and it will kill the sweetness. If I could live with you and you never know it, I would try to do so—but—I cannot—"

"What have you done? Tell me, oh, tell me!"

After a moment he told her.

"I have killed a man!"

"Killed—it was by accident!"

"No. It was not accident. I'll claim no more than that. The black rage was there to blind me, make me deaf. The name of it is murder."

He felt her quiver.

"Lewis, who was the man?"

"Ludwell Cary."

The truth fell like a stroke from glowing iron. With a cry she dragged her hands from Rand's, crossed the room, and flung herself down beside the couch and cowered there with a hidden face. Rand arose, and, walking to the window, stared at the veil of rain and stabbing lightning.

At last Jacqueline stirred—moved mechanically to the fire, laid fresh wood upon it, then returning to the couch, held out her hands.

"Come," she said in her low, musical voice. "Come, tell me—"

He sank upon his knees beside her and bowed his head upon her lap.

When the tale was done, he stood up, and took her in his arms.

"You do love me? That isn't dead?"

"I love you, Lewis."

"Then, by Heaven, I'll fight it out! Jacqueline, Jacqueline——"

She presently freed herself.

"You left him—lying there!—What are you going to do, Lewis, what are you going to do now?"

"I will tell you what I have done, and where the danger's greatest——"

"The danger?"

"The danger of discovery."

"Lewis—will you not tell them?"

"Tell them——"

"Is it not—oh, Lewis, is it not the only thing to do? Sin and suffering—yes, yes, the whole world sins and suffers! But, oh, ignoble to sin and to reject the suffering!"

He stared at her. "Why did you think I had that exaltation of mind? I have it not; no, nor one man in five hundred thousand. The man I murdered—perhaps possessed it; indeed I think that he did. But I—I—do not own it, nor can I see matters with another's vision."

"You propose to lie—and lie—and lie!"

After a moment he answered, with bitterness: "I'll not win rest, forgiveness, sleep! But, by Heaven, I'll keep what men care for. I'll keep strength and reputation and name—I'll not endure the world to say, 'Look at her who loved him, how she is stained!'"

She put her arms around him.

"There is no stain! I will forever love you. Love casts off soil as it casts out fear. Will you not come with me—and tell them?"

He sat for some minutes still in her clasp, then leaning forward, took her face in his hands and kissed her on the brow. "No," he said with finality.

The murder of Ludwell Cary by an unknown hand caused a cry of grief to go up from town and country, but weeks grew into months and Lewis Rand walked safe among his fellows. Fortune smiled upon him fairly. Each day that passed added to his popularity, his success. In Richmond it was whispered that the brilliant young attorney would be named for governor at the coming election.

But success brought with it no joy, praise, no peace—no sleep. In the quiet hours he stared wide-eyed at the spectre that would not depart—the white, still face of the man he had left lying beside the stream. And always in his ears sounded the pleading voice—"Do the right—the simple right."

It was evening. Lewis Rand and Jacqueline sat alone in the growing twilight. No word was needed. Each knew that the other was sad at heart.

"Jacqueline, there is something I must say to you. Seven months have passed—and Ludwell Cary lies unavenged. I have been slow. But I had to break a strong chain, Jacqueline, I had to find a path in a desert place."

She bowed her head upon her arms.

"Do I not know what it was? I have seen—I have seen, oh, Lewis, Lewis!"

"It is broken," he said, "and though the desert is yet around me, my feet have found the path. To-morrow, Jacqueline, I give myself up."

She uttered a cry, turned, and threw herself into his arms. "To-morrow! O Love!"

He bent over her with broken words of self-reproach. She stopped him with her hand against his lips.

"No, I am not unhappy—no, you have not broken my heart—you have not ruined my life! Don't say it—don't think it! I love you as I loved you in the garden at Fontenoy—as I loved on our wedding eve—I love you more deeply now than then."

"I have come," he answered, "to be sorry for almost all my life. I was leader in a party in whose principles I believed and still believe—and for Aaron Burr I betrayed my party. I might have had a friend—and always I knew he was the man I would have wished to be—but, instead, I thought of him as my foe and I killed him. I have wronged you very much. But I never wronged you in my love—never, never, Jacqueline. That is my mountain peak—that is my cleansing sea—that is that in my life that needs no repenting—that is true, that is right. Oh, my wife, my wife!"

"Lewis, to have loved you has been for me my crown of life."

"It is all done now, Jacqueline. You knew it was drawing to this end."

"Yes, I knew, I knew—Lewis, what will you do all the days, the months, the years to come?"

"That which I have brought upon myself I will try to endure; and out of effort may come at last—I know not what." A star shot across the meadow. "Look, Jacqueline! It is a star of hope!"

Early the next morning he rode away. Half way down

the drive he looked back and saw her standing under the beech tree. She raised her hand, her scarf fluttering back from it. It was the gesture of a princess watching a knight ride from her tower.



Three Prayers

BY KATE TUCKER GOODE.

An infant in its cradle slept,
And in its sleep it smiled—
And one by one three women knelt
To kiss the fair-haired child;
And each thought of the days to be
And breathed a prayer half silently.

One poured her love on many lives,
But knew love's toil and care;
Its burdens oft had been to her
A heavy weight to bear;
She stooped and murmured lovingly,
"Not hardened hands, dear child, for thee."

One had not known the burdened hands,
But knew the empty heart;
At life's rich banquet she had sat,
An unfed guest, apart;
"Oh, not," she whispered tenderly,
"An empty heart, dear child, for thee."

And one was old; she had known care,
She had known loneliness;
She knew God leads us by no path
His presence cannot bless;
She smiled and murmured trustfully,
"God's will, dear child, God's will for thee!"

The Great Guest Comes

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

Before the Cathedral in grandeur rose,
At Ingelburg where the Danube goes;
Before its forest of silver spires
Went airily up to the clouds and fires;
Before the oak had ready a beam,
While yet the arch was stone and dream—
There where the altar was later laid,
Conrad the cobbler plied his trade.

Doubled all day on his busy bench,
Hard at his cobbling for master and hench,
Shearing and shaping with pull and pat,
He pounded away at a brisk rat-tat,
Hide well hammered and pegs sent home,
Till the shoe was fit for the Pope of Rome.
And he sang as the threads went to and fro:
"Whether 'tis hidden or whether it show,
Let the work be sound, for the Lord will know."

Tall was the cobbler, and gray and thin,
And a full moon shone where the hair had been.
His eyes peered out, intent and afar,
As looking beyond the things that are;
He walked as one who is done with fear,
Knowing at last that God is near.
Only the half of him cobbled the shoes:
The rest was away for the heavenly news.
Indeed, so thin was this mystic screen
That parted the Unseen from the Seen,
You could not tell from the cobbler's theme,
If his dream were truth or his truth were dream.

It happened one day at the year's white end.
Two neighbors called on their old-time friend;
And they found the shop, so meager and mean,
Made gay with a hundred boughs of green.
Conrad was stitching with face ashine,
But suddenly stopped as he twitched a twine:

“Old friends, good news! At dawn to-day,
As the cocks were scaring the night away,
The Lord appeared in a dream to me,
And said, ‘I’m coming your Guest to be!’
I have been busy with feet astir,
Strewing the floor with branches of fir.
The wall is washed and the shelf is shined,
And over the rafter the holly twined.
He comes to-day! and the table is spread
With milk and honey and wheaten bread.”

His friends went home; and his face grew still
As he watched for the shadow across the sill.
He lived all the moments o’er and o’er,
When the Lord should enter the lowly door—
The knock, the call, the latch pulled up,
The lighted face, the offered cup.
He would wash the feet where the spikes had been;
He would kiss the hands where the nails went in;
And then at last he would sit with him
And break the bread as the day grew dim.

While the cobbler mused there passed his pane
A beggar drenched by driving rain.
He called him in from the stony street
And gave him shoes for his bruised feet.
The beggar went and there came a crone,
Her face with wrinkles of sorrow sown.
A bundle of fagots bowed her back,
And she was spent with the wrench and rack,
He gave her his loaf and steadied her load
As she took her way on the weary road.
Then to his door came a little child,
Lost and afraid in the world so wild,
In the big, dark world. Catching it up,
He gave it the milk in the waiting cup,
And led it home to its mother’s arms,
Out of the reach of the world’s alarms.

The day went down in the crimson west
And with it the hope of the blessed Guest.

The Speaker

And Conrad sighed as the world turned gray:
 "Why is it, Lord, that your feet delay?
 Did You forget that this was the day?"
 Then soft in the silence a Voice he heard:
 "Lift up your heart, for I kept my word,
 Three times I came to your friendly door;
 Three times my shadow was on your floor,
 I was the beggar with bruised feet;
 I was the woman you gave to eat;
 I was the child on the homeless street!"



The Cat*

BY ANTHONY EUWER.

Mr. Euwer, who is entertainer and artist, as well as poet, has achieved his remarkable success in the reading of these and other of his poems by delivering them with the solemnity of manner becoming the boy philosopher who is supposed to have written them. The verses are illustrated with beautiful colored lantern slides of the drawings as Mr. Euwer proceeds.

The Cat's a four-legged Quadruped,—
 Not countin' in his tail,
 The Mrs. is the Tabby Cat
 And Thomas is the male.

The Cat it is carnivorous,
 Although to milk inclinin',
 It makes a hump out of its back
 And whiskers it looks fine in.

No home should be without the Cat
 Aspesly where there's Mouses,
 It never goes away, the Cat,
 But stays jest where the house is.

*Published by The Little Book Concern, New York. By special permission of the author.

The Bulldog

BY ANTHONY EUWER.

Once there wuz a Bulldog
And a Tabby-cat
Thought they'd lick each other
So they had a spat.

When it all wuz over
Didn't much remain,
Cept a hunk of vertibrate
And a squish of brain.

Like the death of Moses,
Nothin much is know
Bout the main particulars
Cept they wuz alone.

Which wuz winnin' victor
No soul livin' knows,—
Best I guess to leave 'em
Lyin' in repose.

Some day when you're passin
That there spot you'll see
Jest some Catnip growin
By a Dogwood Tree.



The Saw-fish

BY ANTHONY EUWER.

The Saw-fish he, lives in the sea,
And saws out Ice-berg Palaces;
He works all night by jest the light
Of Rorie-Borie-Alices.

The Speaker

Also by day,—'tis jest his way
To show his pre-severience,
For like a brick he's learned to stick
To jobs by long experience.

It may not tho seem true I know,
To say in this here article,—
His eyes get mussed so with saw-dust,
He hardly sees a particle.

And then he'll try to scratch his eye
And twist his tail round fretfully,
To span the space up to his face,
But gives it up regretfully.

That's why he'll take so long to make
His house, as some have said it did,—
Two hundred years the time I hear
With which he's sometimes credited.

Then poor old him, his eyes grow dim,
His saw-teeth bent and jiggily,
He only works in little jerks
His spine's so weak and wiggily.

Then like as not the sun gets hot,
His house begins to gravitate,
And with a swish old Mister Fish,
He's got to up and navigate.

So now about almost played out,
His life-work smashed and threw aside,
With awful smote he saws his throat
And ends committin suicide.



Everything comes to those who wait,
And the lazy man waits to greet it;
But success comes on with rapid gait
To the fellow who goes to meet it.

The Saint and the Sinner

BY MADELINE BRIDGES.

Heart-worn and weary the woman sat
 Her baby sleeping across her knee,
 And the work her fingers were toiling at
 Seemed a pitiful task for such as she.
 Mending shoes for the little feet
 That pattered over the cabin floor,
 While the bells of the Sabbath day rang sweet,
 And the neighbors passed by the open door.

The children played, and the baby slept,
 And the busy needle went and came,
 When lo, on the threshold stone there stepped
 A priestly figure, and named her name:
 "What thrift is this for the Sabbath day,
 When bells are calling, and far and near
 The people gather to praise and pray,
 Woman, why are you toiling here?"

Like one in a dream she answered low:
 "Father, my days are work-days all;
 I know no Sabbath. I dare not go
 Where the beautiful bells ring out and call.
 For who would look to the meat and drink
 And tend the children and keep the place?
 I pray in silence, and try to think,
 For God's love can listen, and give me grace."

The years passed on, and with fast and prayer
 The good priest climbed to the gate of rest,
 And a tired woman stood waiting there,
 Her workworn hands to her bosom pressed;
 "Oh, saint, thrice blessed, mount thou on high,"
 He heard the welcoming angels say,
 When meekly, gently, she passed him by,
 Who had mended shoes on the Sabbath day.

When the Regiment Came Back

BY ELA WHEELER WILCOX.

All the uniforms were blue, all the swords and rifles new,
When the regiment went marching down the street.
All the men were hale and strong as they proudly moved
along
Through the cheers that drowned the music of their
feet.

Oh, the music of their feet keeping time to drums that
beat,
Oh, the glitter and the splendor of the sight:
As with swords and rifles new, and in uniforms of blue,
The regiment went marching to the fight.

When the regiment came back all the guns and swords
were black,
And the uniforms had faded into gray.
And the faces of the men who marched through that
street again
Seemed like faces of the dead who lose their way.

For the dead who lose their way cannot look more gaunt
or gray—
Oh, the sorrow and the anguish of the sight.
Oh, the weary lagging feet, out of step with drums that
beat,
When the regiment came marching from the fight.



Initiative and Referendum

Speeches delivered by Colgate, affirmative, during the course of the direct argument between Colgate University and Union College on the proposition, "For and against the Initiative and Referendum for New York State! A divided decision was rendered in favor of Colgate.

FIRST AFFIRMATIVE.

MR. J. H. AMBERG, '12.

The Initiative and Referendum is a proposition of great and growing interest in this country. It has already been adopted in nine states of the Union, and is promised in many others. The plan is a simple one. The Initiative is a device by which a person or group of persons may draft a proposed law, and if this is signed by a certain reasonable percentage of the voters, it is then submitted to the people at a regular or special election. If the required popular approval is obtained it becomes a law. The Referendum, on the other hand, is a plan by which a certain reasonable percentage of voters may require that any measure passed by the Legislature, except certain emergency measures, shall be referred to the electorate, and if the stipulated majority be received it also becomes a law. In other words, the Initiative and Referendum is a plan to permit the people by a direct vote to decide for themselves whether they wish certain laws which the Legislature refuses to enact, and whether they wish to check the Legislature from passing undesirable laws. That is simple, isn't it?

The main proposition which I shall endeavor to prove to you this evening, and upon which we base our argument, is this: "Any measure which is a move in the direction of more democracy, and which is at the same time practicable, should be adopted in this State." By democracy we mean popular control in the affairs of state. By practicable we mean any measure not repugnant to stable, efficient energetic government. Our proposition then is, "Any measure which is a move in the direction of more democracy—that is, more popular control in government, and which at the same time is prac-

licable—that is, in harmony with efficient government, should be adopted in this State.”

This principle is a fundamental principle of American government; first, because the founders of both State and national governments adopted as much democracy as was at that time practicable. The framers of our Constitution received their theories of democracy from the colonists who had gone before them. These colonists were Anglo-Saxon frontiersmen of the freest type, men who demanded the right of free petition and enjoyed free institutions, such as the New England town-meeting. Their spirit of democracy grew until before the Revolution, such orators as Samuel Adams and Patrick Henry hurled across the ocean the deepest note of liberty and democracy. At this time Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence, saying: “All men are created free and equal . . . governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.” That was democracy; that was liberty!

The criticism has been made, however, that the framers of our Constitution neglected these theories of democracy. But they were no longer engaged in formulating a theory, but had the task of establishing a government that would endure. They now turned their attention to the question of practicability. As James Madison, himself the spirit of the constitutional convention, said, “The great task before the convention lay in combining the requisite energy and requisite stability of government, with the inviolable attention due to the popular will.” There were two reasons why they endeavored to limit to a certain extent the principle of democracy. The first was that up to that time no republic had ever long endured. Therefore our republic was to be doubly safeguarded. The second was, that conditions in our country did not warrant complete democracy at that time. Education was at its beginning; conditions of transportation and communication were primitive, and there existed no compact nationalistic spirit which would assist the working of democracy. Observing these principles, our fathers framed a feasible democratic constitution, providing that all financial legislation should originate in the popular House, and that all powers not specifically designated to Congress should be reserved to the States or the people thereof.

Not only on the national government was there inserted as much popular control as was then considered feasible, but the constitution of New York State was also democratic. Claiming to be enacted "in the name of and by the authority of the good people of the State," it provided for unlimited franchise in the cities of Albany and New York. Ours was the only State with but one exception which at first provided for the popular election of the governor.

Thus it appears that the framers of both the State and national governments incorporated as much democracy as was at that time practicable. So much for the first point. Now, the second point: the evolution since then in both State and nation has been in the direction of more democracy when practicable.

In our national government, for instance, as soon as the Constitution was adopted, ten amendments were added, known as the Bill of Rights, each adding to the rights of the people; and these the national government was bound to respect. A little later the theory which elected a president by means of a select body of electors, was practically abandoned because of the growth of parties and party methods. His election has since depended upon a popular direct vote. Progress toward democracy has continued until to-day a majority of the States respect the popular choice for United States senators. Soon it seems, there will be an amendment enforcing direct election of United States senators in every State of the Union.

In New York State also, democracy has gone forward as it became practicable. The suffrage in the greater part of the State was at first subject to a property and tax qualification. But in 1821 under DeWitt Clinton the property qualification was removed, and in 1826 the tax qualification also disappeared, leaving universal manhood suffrage. The first constitution of our State was not submitted to the people. However, in 1821 the new constitution was ratified by the people, and since then every constitution and every constitutional amendment has been referred to the people for their sanction. Not only have the people gained control of the fundamental law, but they have also gained control of statutory law. In 1846 the Legislature submitted to the electorate the question of extending the public school system. Later,

in 1894, the voters were given the right to act upon all important financial matters. In the last decade local option has been established, giving the citizens of each section the right to decide for themselves the method of treating the liquor question.

Thus it appears that the evolution in both State and nation has been in the direction of more democracy as gradually it became practicable. The two objections of our forefathers have been overcome. No longer is there fear for the safety of our States. We have demonstrated that a republic can permanently endure, and we no longer need to be doubly safeguarded. Education in the United States is on a par with that found anywhere throughout the world. Conditions of transportation and communication have advanced to a point unbelievable in 1776. Steam and electricity have served to weld our nation into a compact whole where democratic principles may be readily applied.

So we lay down the principle, that any measure which is in the direction of more democracy and is at the same time practicable should be adopted in this State. This is a fundamental principle of government in America; first, because the founders of both State and national governments established as much democracy as was then practicable; secondly, because the evolution since then in both State and nation has been in the direction of more democracy as it became practicable. Therefore, we of the affirmative maintain that the democratic commonwealth of New York should adopt any measure—the Initiative and Referendum, for instance—if it is a move in the direction of more democracy and is to-day practicable.

SECOND AFFIRMATIVE.

MR. F. E. MIDKIFF, '12.

My colleague has shown that any measure which is in the direction of more democracy, and at the same time practicable, should be adopted in New York State. The Initiative and Referendum is a move in the direction of more democracy, because our present legislative system is not sufficiently democratic—that is, does not permit sufficient popular control in legislation, and because the

Initiative and Referendum will increase the extent of popular control in legislation.

My first point: Our present legislative system is not sufficiently democratic; first, because our representatives frequently do not and indeed cannot know the will of their constituencies. To be sure the representative is instructed by the party platform concerning the general will and attitude of his party on general matters. We do not maintain that our representatives are mentally incapable, educationally unqualified, or generally unqualified mentally for their legislative duties. But we do maintain that in the present complex system of legislation, many bills and questions arise concerning which nothing is said in party platforms; concerning which the press and public generally are silent, and concerning which therefore the representative is unable to learn the will of his constituency. Only those interested in such bills, usually a small minority, because of compact organization are able to make known their wishes to their representatives, and their clamor is frequently mistaken for the will of the whole people. The present legislative system is utterly devoid of any provision for keeping a legislator in touch with his entire constituency. But, in the second place, the present system gives abundant opportunity to the lobby and boss influence in legislation, greatly to the detriment of the general welfare. Recall the Allds case, where it was proved that during the years 1901 to 1905 sums of money varying from \$1,000 to \$10,000 were annually expended by the bridge companies to check unfavorable legislation and to secure favorable legislation. And the insurance investigation, where the Superintendent of Insurance testified that \$150,000 was spent during the last six years by one insurance company to secure discrimination in insurance legislation. Even ex-President Roosevelt expressed his belief that at least one-third of New York's representatives are subject to bribes. And Ambassador Bryce, after a most thorough investigation of political conditions in United States, covering a period of a quarter century, says: "It was hoped at the beginning of our century that the New York Legislature was improving. But any such optimistic view was dispelled when the curtain was drawn aside in 1911. There exists such a witches' Sabbath of jobbery and bribery in the New,

York Legislature as the world has seldom seen." And Justice Hughes, when governor, himself said: "It is well known that bribes are annually accepted at Albany."

The affirmative do not maintain that all legislators or a majority of them are at all times or most of the time subject to bribery and corruption. We did not maintain at the start that all legislators were ignorant, or were at all times ignorant of the people's will. But we did maintain that legislators were frequently ignorant of the popular will regarding many matters of legislation, and the present system provides no method of revealing the people's will. And now we maintain that there are frequent cases of bribery and corruption, with the result that the popular will is disregarded, and legislation is enacted in favor of selfish interests and hostile to the popular interest. And from this condition there is no escape. The people have not the instrument to free themselves from the results of their agents' acts. Because the present legislative system is devoid of any provision for informing the legislator concerning the will of his constituency on important matters of legislation: because it gives abundant opportunity for lobby and boss influence in legislation to the detriment of the people, the present system does not allow the people sufficient control in legislation, and therefore is not sufficiently democratic.

My second point: The Initiative and Referendum guarantees the expression of the people's will. In the first place it secures the enactment of desirable laws, and prevents the passage of undesirable laws. It insures that any measure, which the people have long desired, for which there is considerable need, and which a reasonable percentage of the people are willing to petition and support by their votes, will surely be enacted into a law. And on the other hand, if there is a measure which the interests hostile to the public interest, the corporations, by corrupt means, have forced through the legislature, then the people if they so desire may revoke this action of their agents. But furthermore, the Initiative and Referendum removes improper influences from the legislature. Mr. Lobingier, a prominent western jurist, lecturer on jurisprudence, member of the Supreme Court of the Philippines, says: "That as soon as the Initiative and Referendum was put into operation in

Oregon, bribery and political corruption disappeared. And if either exists to-day, it is unknown to me." And it is utterly unreasonable to suppose that a boss or powerful lobby will father a bill through the legislature which is hostile to the people, when it is known that the people still have the power to defeat that measure. Nor will a corporation bribe legislators to enact favorable laws, when it is known that the people can and may reverse their action. Because the Initiative and Referendum secures the enactment of desirable laws, and the suppression of undesirable laws; because it removes improper influences from the legislature; it guarantees the expression of the popular will.

And because the present legislative system does not allow sufficient popular control in legislation, and because the Initiative and Referendum does permit greater popular control in legislation, the Initiative and Referendum is a move in the direction of more democracy.

THIRD AFFIRMATIVE.

MR. S. H. CONRAD, '12.

Thus far in the course of the argument, we have shown you that any measure which is a step in the direction of more democracy, and is at the same time practicable, should be adopted in New York State. Secondly, we have shown that the Initiative and Referendum is a move in the direction of more democracy. It remains for me to show that the Initiative and Referendum is practicable in New York State. And if we are to ask you to believe that it is practicable in this State we must show two things: First, that it is workable; and secondly, that in its workings it will not destroy our present republican form of government.

The Initiative and Referendum is workable in New York State, because it has worked well in Oregon, and vital conditions are even more favorable to its success in this State. It has been tried in several other States, and has been universally successful. But it has been given its most complete trial in Oregon, and, therefore, we are justified in drawing our conclusions from the experience of that State. Hon. Chas. H. Lobingier, from whom my colleague has quoted already this evening,

author of an extensive treatise, titled the "People's Law," says of the Initiative and Referendum, "It has been universally successful. If there are any defects in the Oregon Amendment, they are not yet apparent." Senator Bourne, of Oregon, said before the Senate of the United States: "The Initiative and Referendum have been successful in Oregon. Repeatedly did the Legislature refuse to pass certain measures which later the people enacted for themselves. Such measures as the Direct Primaries, Tax on the earnings of Public Service Corporations, Direct Election of United States senators, and an adequate corrupt practices act." So much for the successful experience of Oregon, based upon the testimony of competent witnesses. Now let us turn to our own State, and observe the conditions which insure even greater success here.

What are the conditions of population? In Oregon there are seven persons to the square mile, in New York there are eleven hundred and twenty-seven. This means that in New York it is easier for the people to meet and discuss measures, that it is easier for friends or opponents of any bill to address large assemblages of the people, that it is easier for the average voter to reach the polls. Secondly, the educational standard of New York is exceedingly high. Our school system is conceded to be the best in America. Of our nine and a half millions of people, according to Commissioner Draper's last report, but five and five-tenths per cent. are illiterate. This indicates that in New York the people are educated sufficiently to solve the problems which direct legislation will bring before them. Thirdly, our people are already acquainted with the fundamentals of the system. Ambassador Bryce tells us that the principle of Local Option is essentially that of the Initiative. On the other hand, for nearly fifty years we have had the Referendum on Constitutional amendments, and on certain financial measures. And our experience thus far has been most satisfactory. Notwithstanding the fact that the measures voted upon have been of little vital interest, with no educational campaign, with no determined effort to bring out the voters, with no vital issues at stake, nevertheless, nearly fifty per cent. of the voters have expressed their will at the polls. This means that there is in New York State to-day a large proportion of

the voters acquainted with the system and prepared to take their share in its working. We do not maintain that the Initiative and Referendum would at the very start be an absolute and unqualified success. The early struggles of our own Federal Government, the first dissatisfaction with the Australian Ballot, and the present status of direct primaries prove that instant and unqualified success cannot be expected of any measure. But we do maintain that in view of the facts which have been presented, the success of the system in Oregon, the conditions in our own State more favorable to the successful operation of the system, the denser population, the high intelligence and conservative disposition of our people, we may reasonably ask you to believe that the system would be workable in New York State.

Secondly, the Initiative and Referendum, in its working, would not be destructive of our present republican form of government. Says Robert Treat Paine, of Massachusetts, "The Initiative and Referendum is not destructive of representative government, but is a modification which makes it truly representative." There is a certain element of change, but let us see what this change is. The right of petition has always been a fundamental principle of our government. But to-day the petitions of the people are being ignored. The Initiative gives these petitions force and power. Again, upon all measures to-day we have the double-check of the executive veto and judicial interpretation. "It is not," says Senator Bourne, "destructive of representative government to impose upon these measures also, a third check, that of the people's will." And says the Supreme Court of Oregon, "The Initiative and Referendum does not abolish nor destroy the republican form of government, nor substitute another in its place. The representative character of the government is still retained. The people have simply reserved to themselves a larger share of legislative power. Thus the opinion of men high in public life as well as the judgment of the highest court of Oregon confirms our contention that the Initiative and Referendum would not destroy republican government.

We have shown that any measure which is a move in the direction of more democracy and is at the same time practicable should be adopted in New York State. Sec-

ondly, we have shown that the Initiative and Referendum is a move in the direction of more democracy. And now we have shown that it is practicable in New York State, since it is workable, and since in its workings it will not destroy the republican form of our government. The conclusion inevitably follows: the Initiative and Referendum should be adopted in New York State.

Speeches delivered by Colgate, Negative, during the direct argument between Colgate University and Hamilton College, on the proposition: "For and against the Initiative and Referendum for New York State." A unanimous decision was rendered in favor of Colgate.

FIRST NEGATIVE.

MR. A. W. HUGHES, '11.

Before entering upon my direct argument, I desire to call the attention of the audience to the burden of proof in this question. He who asserts must prove. Consequently the gentlemen who assert that the Initiative and Referendum should be adopted in New York State must substantiate their statement. And since they are advocating a form of government quite foreign to our present system of government, they must make their proof doubly strong. In view of this the negative insists that the affirmative must clearly point out, first that there is a real need, and secondly, that their scheme is practical. Throughout this debate constantly ask yourselves these questions: "Have they shown a vital need for so radical a change? Have they pointed out a system free from any vital objections?"

It now becomes my province to show that the Initiative and Referendum is not needed in New York State: First, because legislative conditions are on the whole healthy and representative of the people's will; secondly, because such imperfections as exist can better be remedied without so radical a change as the Initiative and Referendum.

Note.—It should be said in explanation that Hamilton College defined the terms in a manner not acceptable to Colgate, and hence the statements in the first part of the third Negative speech, relative to the proper definitions of terms.

Present legislative conditions are on the whole healthy and representative of the people's will. My opponent has stated that conditions at Albany are rotten; that lobbying and bribery are the rule, that legislation is perverted in favor of special interests. I deny that such is the fact. My denial is based not upon general, unproved statements, but upon the record of our legislature during the last few years. Let us recall some of their more important acts.

In 1907 newspapers were required to print the names of their owners upon the title page; an effective anti-pass law was enacted; the Public Utilities Commission was created as the most effective means ever devised for dealing with corporations. In 1908, our election laws were placed on a par with those of any State in the Union; a careful inspection of tuberculosis was assured; bucket-shops were almost legislated out of existence. In 1909 the laws of the State were codified; black-mailing and kidnapping were subjected to heavy penalties; race-track gambling became a thing of the past; the powers of the Public Service Commission were extended to include the trolley companies of New York City. In 1910 an improved form of the inheritance tax was adopted; the white-slave and child-labor laws were improved; the powers of the Public Service Commission were again extended to include Telegraph and Telephone Companies; powerful trust companies were compelled to place their business upon a sound basis, open to State inspection.

This is a partial record of the more important bills passed. Such a record, according to the *Review of Reviews*, has resulted "in the entire nation expecting from New York every year, some progressive and even radical legislation." Again, Charles E. Hughes had legislatures of this character in mind, when he said, "I believe that we shall have more and more intelligent and unselfish representation of the people's wishes." And again, "I believe it would be difficult to point to a time in our history when a larger number of public men were striving honestly to do their duty."

In view of this record of these statements from so high an authority, it is but fair that the affirmative should point out specific instances of biased legislation. We challenge the affirmative to point out laws passed by our legislature and signed by the governor upon which they

would demand the referendum. We challenge them to point out laws demanded and needed by the people of this State, which our legislature has failed to enact. And in their rather difficult task we give them the benefit of the statement made by Prof. Beard, of Columbia, an authority without a superior in this State, who said in 1910: "While the fear of the referendum may have driven some lobbyists from some State capitals, it may well be doubted whether any important measure has been secured through its use, which could not have been secured through ordinary channels."

In the second place, such imperfections as exist can be remedied without so radical a change as the Initiative and Referendum. We hope for no Utopia in this State. Even our opponents have not thus far claimed that the Initiative and Referendum will remedy all the ills of human nature. What we desire is a legislature that will enact laws intelligently drafted for the benefit, not of one section of the State, nor for any particular class; but for the benefit of all the people. The adoption of a radical change would be out of all proportion to our needs.

The remedy for any existing imperfections is not to put legislative powers into the hands of the people, but to select better representatives. In the words of J. B. Sanborn, lecturer on law in the University of Wisconsin, "Progress in legislative reform is to be attained not through radical changes in our legislature system, but through the selection of better men as members of our legislatures, and through improvement in our legislative methods." Professor Hyslop, of Columbia, expressed the same idea when he said: "The problem of good government is to choose an honest and intelligent man to administer it, and to give him the power to do it, when found." Through attendance at the party caucus, through a careful scrutiny of the ballots at election time and through a real interest in good government, the people can obtain good legislators and good legislation.

In the future we may devise other improvements to secure a still higher class of representatives. The short-ballot reform is urged by such men as Woodrow Wilson, Charles E. Hughes, Professor H. J. Ford, of Princeton University, and a score of other careful students of government, because it will cut down the number of officials

to be elected; because it will simplify our unwieldy ballot, and because it will lessen the demands upon the voter's time and study. The same men distrust and openly oppose the Initiative and Referendum, because it adds to the size of the ballot, demands from the voter added knowledge of issues as well as men, and, in the words of one student, "makes confusion worse confounded."

But, whether the short-ballot will be needed or adopted, we may feel sure that legislative reform will come through centralization of power and responsibility, and through simplification of governmental machinery; not through added complications, and further division of the duties of government. As H. M. Campbell, a prominent lawyer of Detroit, declares, "A small part of the intelligence and vigilance on the part of the people, necessary to give any efficiency whatever to a system of direct legislation, would assure the election of delegates who would surely represent the people." Finally, in the words of Charles E. Hughes, "There may be those who believe that to attain the ideals of popular government changes in our organic law are necessary. But there is no warrant for such a change until conscience and public spirit obtain from existing institutions all they are able to confer."

In conclusion, who wants the Initiative and Referendum? The press do not want it, the party platforms say nothing about it, the people are silent in regard to it. Throughout the State there is one vast silence. Apparently only the gentlemen of the affirmative find conditions so deplorable as to demand this change. While we congratulate them on the possession of such keen perceptive powers, we maintain that in view of no need and no demand, their attitude is unwarranted.

The affirmative have unfairly defined the question. The only fair definition in view of their own indefinite statement of the question is that which is generally accepted. Since almost without exception, both in theory and practice, the Initiative and Referendum includes constitutional as well as statutory law, they must make this conception their definition.

A heavy burden of proof rests upon the affirmative to show the need of their proposed change, and to show that it will work in New York State. As a matter of

fact, their proposed scheme is unnecessary. Legislative conditions are on the whole healthy and representative of the people's will. A review of State legislation shows that such acts as the Public Utilities Commission Law, the Anti-Racetrack Gambling Law, and a score of others have been enacted with sole regard to the welfare of all. Such men as Charles E. Hughes have stated their belief that legislative conditions in New York were never better, and are likely to steadily improve. The affirmative are challenged to point out specific laws wrongly enacted, or wrongly killed, which the Initiative and Referendum will remedy.

What changes, if any, that are to come should be in the line of perfecting our representative system through the selection of better representatives. A careful interest on the part of the people, aided possibly by the short-ballot reform, will secure a better legislature and consequently better legislation. Clearly, as men like President Schurman, of Cornell, and ex-Governor Hughes have indicated, there is no need of a change until public spirit obtains what existing institutions are capable of conferring. Finally, there is no great demand in New York for the Initiative and Referendum. Apparently the only ones who really want it are the gentlemen from Clinton, and in view of the absence of need and popular demand, we must conclude that their demand is too visionary.

SECOND NEGATIVE.

MR. H. C. MILLER, '13.

The affirmative would require the signatures of fifteen to twenty per cent. of the voters of the State to a petition. That number is absurdly large. That would make a petition—I have just been figuring it out—from three to four miles long. Is that practicable?

Yet we are dealing with a very practical question; one that vitally concerns the welfare and prosperity of a great State and nine million people. It is, therefore, incumbent upon the gentlemen of the affirmative not only to prove beyond a reasonable doubt that the present legislative system of the State is inadequate, but also to likewise show that what they propose is in harmony with the political instincts, habits and desires of the people;

that it is adapted to an industrial community of vast proportions; that it is applicable to a social organization involving great extremes of wealth and poverty. Only as it satisfies these conditions can it be called practicable.

However, aside from all this, the negative wish to propose certain practical tests, based upon the actual working of the scheme under existing conditions, by which its practicability may be fairly gauged.

First: Is the popular petition an adequate means of initiating legislation in this State?

Secondly: Is the "Yes" and "No" popular vote an adequate means of passing upon legislation thus initiated?

Thirdly: Would the Initiative and Referendum, if adopted, make it possible for one section of the State, geographically small, to dominate the whole?

Let us consider them in order. In the first place, the popular petition is very far from being a practicable means of initiating legislation in this State. As everybody knows, circulating a petition is about the easiest thing in the universe, that goes by the name of work. Almost any one will sign a petition that costs nothing and involves no responsibility. Why, instances have been known where the number of votes cast for the proposition was actually smaller than the number of names signed to the petition. But, because petitions are easy to obtain, there could be no greater fallacy than to suppose that they would arise spontaneously from the good and virtuous *en masse* and unorganized. That is all right in theory, but it never works out that way in practice. Behind a petition there is always an organization with sufficient interest at stake to induce it to expend the necessary time and money in order to go about among the voters and secure their signatures. That organization may be good or bad, but an organization there must always be. Naturally, the stronger and better financed it is, the more successful it will be in circulating its petition. See what a splendid opportunity this would give to what our opponents are pleased to call the "interests," which, as we all know, are the very exponents of thorough organization and financial strength. Take, for example, the great railway corporations. How easy it would be for them to circulate a petition for unfavorable legislation among their vast army of employees on

the promise that it would bring greater prosperity and, therefore, greater wages!

To quote from Senator Lodge, "It would give to those who make a business of politics and seek legislation for a profit an unrivalled opportunity. They would be always ready. They would shut out by dummy questions all others that they did not like, and place upon the ballot propositions, artfully drawn, to serve their own interests. Where organization, money and perfect readiness are all that are required, the professional, with a personal pecuniary interest at stake, will outwit and defeat the amateur nine times out of ten." To initiate legislation by the popular petition, then, would surely bring down upon the voters a horde of propositions, representing every conceivable interest, political, social and industrial, with the inevitable consequence of class and special legislation of the worst sort. Thus by the first test, the adequacy of the popular petition as a means of initiating legislation, their scheme falls.

In the second place, the "yes" and "no" vote is by no means a practicable means of passing upon legislation, thus initiated. Legislative measures are usually long and complicated, and certainly the average voter has neither the time, means, training or inclination to make a detailed study of every proposition that would be presented to him. Said the great English jurist, Austin, "Of even greater importance than the ethical is the technical in legislation;" and it is the height of absurdity to suppose that the great mass of the voters can adequately consider and pass upon all sorts of long and intricate propositions relating to banking, insurance, transportation, corporations and the like, where even experts disagree.

Moreover, propositions as presented usually contain many provisions—some good, some harmless, some bad. Now mark the difficulty. Under the proposed plan the proposition must be accepted or rejected just as presented, whole and entire, good, bad and indifferent, with no opportunity to debate, none to reconsider, none to strike out, none to amend. The pistol is at your head; vote "yes" or "no" at your peril, and that instantly and finally, and not merely upon a single proposition, but upon propositions by the score, and there you have the Initiative and Referendum in all its glory. Therefore, by the second test, the test of the adequacy of a popular

"Yes" and "No" vote to pass upon legislation initiated by the popular petition, the scheme also fails.

Thirdly, the proposed plan would make it possible for a section of the State territorially small, to dominate the whole State. Our present constitution wisely provides that the city of New York shall never have a majority of the legislators of the State. Under its provisions, the city now has twenty-one out of the fifty-one senators, and sixty out of some hundred and fifty assemblymen. In a popular vote, however, the city with a population already half a million greater than the rest of the State, and growing much faster, would surely inevitably decide every question by sheer force of numbers. Not only that, but one of the very first propositions submitted would undoubtedly be to amend the constitution to make representation proportionate to population. The rest of the State being in the minority would be absolutely powerless to prevent its passage, with the result that the city would dominate legislative action just as thoroughly as popular action.

Furthermore, these representatives being regularly Democratic and controlled by the boss of Tammany Hall would be sufficient to change this State from one politically doubtful to one subject to the curse of one party domination, as for instance, the State of Pennsylvania. To adopt the Initiative and Referendum, then, would mean to place this State absolutely and irrevocably under the control of an all-powerful and more or less corrupt political machine of the city of New York, and we challenge our opponents to show that that would not result.

In conclusion, because it fails so utterly by every test; because the popular petition is not an adequate means of initiating legislation; because the "Yes" and "No" popular vote is not an adequate means of passing upon legislation initiated under the popular petition, and because it would enable New York City to dominate the State, the negative maintain that the proposed plan is impracticable, and, therefore, should not be adopted in this State.

THIRD NEGATIVE.

MR. L. C. SORRELL, '11.

The gentlemen of the affirmative have undertaken to exclude the constitutional initiative from this question. We have shown that the practice in all of the States, which have adopted the Initiative and Referendum, with but the three exceptions, mentioned by the affirmative, includes the Initiative upon constitutional amendments as well as upon matters of general legislation. So much for precedent. Dr. F. C. Howe, of Washington, D. C., Secretary of the National Progressive Republican League, an advocate of the Initiative and Referendum, in a personal letter written in reply to our own requesting his opinion regarding the meaning of the terms in this proposition, stated: "I should assuredly hold that the terms Initiative and Referendum in your question should be taken to mean legislation independently of the legislature, as well as the constitutional initiative." So much for authority. We are justified then in using the terms as they are generally used in this country. Both precedent and authority agree that the general usage includes the constitutional initiative, and, therefore, we propose to hold our opponents to that definition of this question which shall include the constitutional initiative.

Permit me now to resume the direct argument at the point where it was left by my colleague, the second negative speaker. The negative have shown first, that legislative conditions in New York State do not demand so radical a remedy as the Initiative and Referendum; secondly, the proposed remedy is not a practicable remedy. But even did conditions in New York demand a radical remedy—even were the proposed remedy a practicable remedy—it would nevertheless be an unwise remedy, because it would introduce serious evils into our present system. If adopted, the Initiative and Referendum would be destructive of the established principles of government in New York State.

Two principles of government, fundamental in nature, are established in New York State. First, that constitutional law should be and is distinguished from other law as being more sacred and more nearly permanent.

The constitution secures to each of us our personal liberties, and to the government its stability. But how does it do this? Well, in the first place, the constitution is made difficult to change. Any proposed change must be ratified by two separate legislatures and then be accepted by the people; or must be accepted by a special convention, and then be accepted by the people. In either case the time required is at least two years, and thus not even the people themselves by any sudden revolutionary act may deprive us of our liberties, or the government of its stability. But it also accomplishes this in another way. It confers governing power upon three separate co-ordinate departments, each acting as a check upon the other. For instance, suppose the legislature should by law infringe our right of free speech; or the executive should by force prevent us from freely and peaceably assembling here this evening; then the third department, the judiciary, the courts, would declare such acts unconstitutional, and would restore to us the rights of free speech and free peaceably assembly. Thus the difficulty of amending the constitution, and the veto-power of the court both tend to secure our personal liberties and to preserve governmental stability, and both rest upon the distinction between constitutional and other law.

In the second place, ours is and should be a representative government. This means that the people act not directly, but indirectly through their chosen agents. And it should be representative, because it is the peculiar merit of representative government that it permits us to select responsible agents, more experienced and wiser than ourselves, to make our laws for us. And, furthermore, representation tends to make more secure our personal liberties, and to render the government more stable. Representatives are not so susceptible to demands for change as are the people themselves. Representation lets passion cool, and allows sober, reflective judgment to prevail.

Bear in mind then these two fundamental principles of government established in New York State: First, that constitutional law is and should be distinct from other law; secondly, that ours is and should be a representative government. The Initiative and Referendum, if adopted,

Would obliterate the distinction between constitutional and other law. It would throw open the constitution to the process of easy change; easy change would render the constitution less sacred and less permanent, and would finally reduce it to a level with other law. In Oregon, formerly four years were required to change the constitution; now four months suffice. And the large number of constitutional amendments proposed and adopted in that State bears eloquent testimony to the breakdown of constitutional law through the Initiative and Referendum. But, furthermore, it tends to weaken the veto power of the court. Consider the position of the court. Suppose, for instance, the people of this State should enact a law infringing the right of free speech. This would be plainly unconstitutional. Yet, what could the court do? The law has the sanction of the people. So has the constitution. Both have an equal sanction. In fact, if either has a higher sanction, it is the law, for that is the last authoritative utterance of the people. The court would have no basis for declaring the law unconstitutional, for as Professor J. A. Smith, of Washington University, an able and ardent advocate of the Initiative and Referendum, says, "Even the judicial veto would fall into disuse, for there would be no reason for its exercise, when the people are the real source of both constitutional and ordinary legislation." Or, as Edwin Maxey, Professor of Jurisprudence in Nebraska University, has said, "The tendency would be to consider all laws bearing the sanction of the people as constitutional; hence there would be no permanent constitution at all." But even suppose, and this supposition is highly improbable, the court would have the audacity to thwart the popular will. The people still have the constitutional initiative. The same power that enacts laws may change the constitution, and will be disposed to remove all barriers to its will, even to the extent of recalling the judges, and removing from the court altogether its veto-power over legislation. Because the Initiative and Referendum throws open the constitution to the easy process of change, and because it either weakens or destroys altogether the power of the court to restrain the legislative body, it is bound to obliterate the distinction between constitutional and other law.

In the second place, the Initiative and Referendum is potentially destructive of representative government. It would substitute direct for indirect government, and to that extent would prove subversive of representative government. In the second place, it would weaken the responsibility of representatives. Power and strict accountability go together, says Woodrow Wilson; destroy or weaken the one, and you weaken or destroy the other. But experience proves the tendency of the Initiative and Referendum to undermine the representative system. The gentlemen of the affirmative doubtless do not intend that it shall destroy the representative system. But what assurance can they give us that it will not do so? They have, indeed, said that it is intended only as a check upon the legislature; but can they show that it will go no farther? Consult the experience of Oregon, where, according to the affirmative, the Initiative and Referendum has been so successful. Almost the first use made by Oregon of the Initiative and Referendum was to extend the system itself to smaller localities, counties and municipalities. Then they used it to secure the recall of the executive. Last fall they used it to make sweeping changes in the judiciary, to the extent of removing the courts from constitutional law, and allowing them to be changed by statute law. Not only were the courts thus weakened, but citizens were deprived of most fundamental private rights. In civil cases verdicts by three-fourths of a jury was permitted; the courts were prohibited from allowing retrial where there existed a shred of evidence to sustain verdict, and the Supreme Court was prohibited from allowing appeals where the lower courts had committed errors. Thus the people of Oregon, who doubtless intended the Initiative and Referendum merely as a check upon the legislature, have used it to further extend the system, to recall the executive, and to make sweeping changes in the judiciary. But one step remains; recall the judges, as the new constitution of Arizona provides, and the representative system is gone. As W. H. Brown, former Secretary of the Chicago Civic Federation, said, "In its last results the Initiative and Referendum transforms a constitutional, representative government into an unconstitutional, irresponsible democracy." Because it substitutes direct popular control for indirect popular con-

trol, because it weakens the responsibility of representatives, and because, as experience shows, it constantly tends to undermine the representative system, the Initiative and Referendum is potentially destructive of representative government.

And because it is potentially destructive of representative government, and because it would obliterate the distinction between constitutional and other law, the Initiative and Referendum would be destructive of the established principles of government in New York State.

And, therefore, because it would be destructive of the established principles of government in New York; because it is impracticable; because legislative conditions do not demand it, and because the people do not demand it, we are against the Initiative and Referendum for New York State.

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(Good.)



Before the Gates

BY FRANK L. STANTON.

I.

At Heaven's high gate each mortal told his story,
And one came crowned with gold, and one with glory.

II.

One said: "I built great temples that arise
With spires that point the pathway to the skies."

III.

And one: "I scattered gold before my door
When rose the rage of all the rabble poor."

IV.

And yet another: "On the heights of Fame,
Toiling obscure, I carved a deathless name."

V.

And then came one in meek and lowly guise:
Nor to the angel did he lift his eyes.

VI.

"What hast thou done to gain the courts above?"
"Nothing," he said: "All that I knew was love;

VII.

"That love which was—that love which is to be,
And love I gave, and love returned to me!"

VIII.

Then said the angel: "Lift thou up thine eyes;
Enter the shining gates of Paradise!"

Deposed

BY EDWIN L. SABIN.

I useter be "it" at Christmas;
 The whole darned thing was me.
 But it ain't that way no longer,
 For we've got a baby—see?
 'An' happens that I ain't in it
 Around that Christmas tree!

Of course I do get *some* presents,
 The same's I useter get;
 If I didn't—well, if I didn't
 There'd be a kick, you bet.
 An' we have the tree an' fixin's
 The same's we uster; yet—

It's "Baby! Oh, see, see, baby!"
 "Does baby like it? There!"
 "Did Santy bring lots of pitties?"
 "No, baby mustn't tear!"
 "Let babykins have it, brother"—
 Till a fellow wants to swear.

They've give him a lot more stuff'n
 He'll ever, ever use.
 An' what do yuh think? It's *my* stuff
 He always has to choose!
 An' I have to hand it over
 For "baby" to abuse!

He's played with my truly engine
 An' put it on the bum;
 An' he's sat on my book of injuns,
 An' stuck a hole in my drum;
 An' it ain't such fun at Christmas
 Since that there baby come.

But they needn't think they can "Santy"
 Him like they've "Santied" *me*;
 For I'm agoin' to tell him
 There ain't no Santy—gee!
 An' mebbe he'll think he'd rather
 Go *back* to heaven—see?

Jim Bowker

BY S. W. FOSS.

Jim Bowker, he said ef he'd had a fair show,
An' a big enough town for his talents to grow,
An' the least bit of assistance in hoein' his row,
Jim Bowker, he said,
He'd fill the world full of the sound of his name,
An' climb the top round in the ladder of fame.
It may have been so;
I dunno;
Jest so it might been;
Then ag'n—

But he had tarnal luck; everythin' went ag'n him,
The arrears of fortune they allus 'ud pin him;
So he didn't get a chance to show what was in him;
Jim Bowker, he said,
Ef he'd had a fair show you couldn't tell where he'd come,
An' the feats he'd 'a' done, an' the heights he'd 'a' clumb.
It may have been so;
I dunno;
Jest so it might been;
Then ag'n—

But we're all like Jim Bowker, thinks I, more or less,
Charge fate for our bad luck, ourselves for success,
An' give fortune the blame for all our distress.

As Jim Bowker, he said,
Ef it hadn't been for luck an' misfortune an' sich,
We might 'a' been famous an' might 'a' been rich.

It might be jest so;
I dunno;
Jest so it might been;
Then ag'n—



The Heathen

BY WILLIAM D. NESBIT.

When Sunday is, w'y I'm so bad
 My folks they don't know what to do,
 'Cause wicked things, they make me glad
 And I do what I oughtn't to!
 So I'm a heathen! Yes, sir! I'm
 A sit-in-darkness kind 'at don't
 Do good things ever at any time
 'Cause what I got to do I won't!

An' I wish 'at I could go wild
 'Ith just some feathers in my hair
 An' my Aunt Sue says: "Such a child!
 A perfect heathen, I declare!"
 'Cause I don't like th' Sunday-school,
 An' won't learn the golden tex'
 An' I won't know the golden rule,
 An' they don't know *what* I'll do nex'!

An' I bowed down to wood and stone!
 I bowed right at our big front door
 'An' at th' front steps—all alone—
 I did! A dozen times an' more!
 I shut my eyes each time; you see,
 Th' heathen-in-his-blindness does,
 An' I'm just go' to try to be
 The bigges' heathen ever wus!

An' I don't care, utceptin' it's
 So hard to keep on actin' queer,
 With ever'body givin' fits
 To me—th' only heathen here.
 But if you'll watch me close, w'y, you'll
 Know w'y I'm doin' it. You see,
 Th' children in th' Sunday-school
 Will give their pennies all to me!

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NEBUCHADNEZZAR	Russell	18
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JIM	Harte	18
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OH, NO	Bell	18
HIGH LOW! JACK AND THE BABY.....	Croy	18
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LYING	Moore	18
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MOTHER'S NAP	Dillingham	18
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THE SNAKES	Field	19
THE MODERATE DRINKER	Daly	19
THE CALF PATH.....	Foss	19
THE SOUTH IS GOING DRY.....	Nesbit	19
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THE WAITING-ROOM	Winston	20
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THE GIFT OF TACT.....	Loomis	20
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THE PRICE OF FAME.....	Gilmer	20
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PAT MAGEE'S WIFE	Barrington	25
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DER OAK UND DER VINE.....	Adams	25
DAT BABY OF MINE.....	Adams	25
SOLOMON AND THE BEES.....	Saxe	25
SONG OF THE DANCING DERVISHES.....	Irwin	25
DE CAPTAIN OF DE "MARGUERITE".....	Amsbary	25
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THE ANNUITY	Outram	30
NOTHING TO WEAR	Butler	30
CONUNDRUM OF THE WORKSHOPS.....	Kipling	30
MIRANDY ON THE ENEMY	Dix	30
VARIATIONS ON A THEME	Adams	30
SONG OF A SHIRT.....	Cutting	30
TOGO GETS ACQUAINTED WITH THE CLOTHES LINE	Irwin	30
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ROBERT BROWNING	Gunsaulus	10
DEATH OF LAFAYETTE	Prentiss	10
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EVEN THIS SHALL PASS AWAY.....	Tilton	2
A KENTUCKY CINDERELLA	Smith	4
THE OLD MAN AND SHEP	Scorer	5

THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY	Kiser	5
THE MISSION OF KITTY MALONE	Cleary	7
HIS MOTHER'S SERMON	Maclaren	7
THE ST. JOHN FUND	Greene	8
WHISPERIN' BILL	Bachelor	8
THE DEATH OF IVAN ILYITCH	Tolstoy	9
THE RAJPUT NURSE	Arnold	9
THE MITHERLESS BAIRN	Thorn	11
THE KING'S GREAT VICTORY	Anderson	11
THE CHILDREN WE KEEP	Wilson	11
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HIGHLAND MARY	Burns	17
THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN	Browning	17
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THE PATRIOT	Browning	18
ROSA	Long	18
MOTHER AND POET	Browning	18
LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT	Dufferin	18
THE QUAKER WIDOW	Taylor	18
MY YOUNG UN	Anon	18
MY WIFE AND CHILD	Jackson	18
A MAN'S REQUIREMENTS	Browning	18
THE BLIND BOY	Cibber	18
ONE OF BOB'S TRAMPS	Smith	20
A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR A LADY.....	Kelly	20
A BACHELOR'S SUPPER	Mitchell	20
I USED TO KNOW YOUR MA	Nesbit	22
A SONG OF THE FACTORY	Montague	22
THE BOY WHO SAID "G'WAN".....	Carryl	22
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THE PRINCE OF ILLUSION	Long	23
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ONE L'L' LAMB	Young	25
THE WAIFS	Foley	25
"MOTHER"	Riley	25
THE DREAM AND THE DEED	McNally	25
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THE RETURN OF ENOCH ARDEN	Tennyson	28
DAVID COPPERFIELD	Dickens	28
THE CANE-BOTTOM'D CHAIR	Thackeray	28
THE IVY GREEN	Dickens	29
THE CRACKAJACK STORY.....	Kellock	29
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WHEN THE COWS COME HOME	Mitchell	29
THE STOLEN SONG	Williams	29
THE FERRY OF GALLAWAY	Cary	29
MOTHERHOOD	Bacon	29
THE DOCTOR'S LAST JOURNEY	Maclaren	30
A WOMAN'S QUESTION	Browning	30
THE LAST RIDE TOGETHER	Browning	30
CRISTINA	Browning	30
AFTERMATH	Allen	30
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GOD LOVED THE LILIES.....	Preston	30
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THE CAP THAT FITS	Dobson	1
THE CURE'S PROGRESS	Dobson	1
THE RECESSIONAL	Kipling	3
THE HUNT	Baker	4
BALLADE OF FRANCOIS VILLON.....	Swain	4
AT LINCOLN'S TOMB	Love	4
THE KNIGHT IN THE WOOD.....	Warren	5
THE STIRRUP CUP	Lanier	5
DAS KRIST KINDEL	Riley	5
OPPORTUNITY	Sill	7
LULLABY	Foley	7
THE BRAVEST BATTLE	Miller	7
MY SHIPS	Wilcox	7
IO VICTIS	Story	7
DOORS OF DARING	Van Dyke	8
BEDOUIN LOVE SONG	Taylor	8

THE SONG OF THE MAN.....	Abbott	8
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TO HELEN	Poe	9
MY WISH	Rogers	9
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THE TAPESTRY WEAVERS	Chester	9
OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT	Moore	9
THE LOST LEADER	Browning	11
DA SWEETA SOIL	Daly	11
THE THROSTLE	Tennyson	12
THE LADY OF SHALOTT	Tennyson	12
COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD.....	Tennyson	12
CROSSING THE BAR	Tennyson	12
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EVOLUTION	Smith	12
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ONLY A MAN	Hopper	22
THE BROOK IN THE HEART	Dickinson	24
A VAGABOND SONG	Carman	24
BEFORE THE GATES	Stanton	24
THE VAGABOND	Stevenson	25
INISHAIL	Anon	25
SING HEIGH-HO!	Kingsley	25
THE ROAD TO LAUGHTERTOWN	Blake	25
THE MOUNTAINS	Tynan	26

CHILD LIFE AND FOR CHILDREN

Of the 120 selections in The Speaker No. 14, over 100 are suitable for children to recite.

ONE, TWO, THREE	Bunner	1
THE SHAVE STORE	Cooke	3
THE MOO COW MOO	Cooke	3
BROTHER WOLF & THE HORNED CATTLE.....	Harris	3
A SUMMER LULLABY	Bumstead	3
THE FIRST NOWELL	Old Carol	3
TINY TIM ("CHRISTMAS CAROL").....	Dickens	3
THE FAIRIES	Allingham	3
QUEEN MAB	Hood	3
THE STAR SONG	Herrick	3
O, LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM	Brooks	3
SANTA CLAUS	Anon	3
THE FLAG GOES BY.....	Bennett	3
POCAHONTAS	Thackeray	3
A FAREWELL	Kingsley	3
TODAY	Carlyle	3
BE TRUE	Bonar	3

GOOD BOY LAND	Blake	3
THE FIR TREE	Anderson	3
FROM A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.....	Stevenson	3
THE LAND OF NOD	Stevenson	3
AULD DADDY DARKNESS	Ferguson	3
THE OWL AND THE PUSSY CAT	Lear	3
THE ANGEL'S WHISPER	Lover	3
THE LOST DOLL	Kingsley	3
WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?	Child	3
PO' LITTLE LAMB	Dunbar	3
LITTLE BROWN BABY	Dunbar	3
AN INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP....	Browning	3
LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF.....	Scott	3
CONCORD HYMN	Emerson	3
A HOWDY SONG	Harris	3
BUD'S FAIRY TALE	Riley	3
THE BOY SCARET O' DYIN'.....	Slosson	3
WHAT DOES LITTLE BIRDIE SAY	Tennyson	3
HAPPY IN MY LOT	Ewing	3
THE VICTOR OF MARENGO	Anon	3
MIRANDA AND HER FRIEND KROOF.....	Roberts	3
LITTLE NELL	Dickens	3
PARSIFAL THE PURE	Wagner	3
HOW THE ELEPHANT GOT HIS TRUNK.....	Kipling	4
THE OWL	Tennyson	4
LADY MOON	Houghton	4
HYMN OF A CHILD	Wesley	4
THE OLD DOLL	Thomas	4
LITTLE CHRISTEL	Rands	4
DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY	Warner	4
THE LARK AND THE ROOK.....	Anon	4
A LITTLE KNIGHT ERRANT	Richards	4
A LITTLE FEMININE CASABIANCA	Martin	5
THE PLAY'S THE THING.....	Martin	5
THE DANCING SCHOOL AND DICKY	Daskam	5
MODEL STORY IN THE KINDERGARTEN..	Daskam	5
ARDELIA IN ARCADY	Daskam	5
CHARLES STUART AND THE BURGLAR...	Champion	7
LULLABY	Foley	7
UNEXPECTED GUESTS	Cameron	7
AT DANCING SCHOOL	Anon	8
ROCK-A-BY LAND	Brininstool	9
FOREIGN LANDS	Stevenson	13
DICKS PLEASANT DREAM	Dudley	13
WHEN PAPA HOLDS MY HANDS.....	Gillilan	13
THE SLEEPY SONG	Daskam	13
OLD MR. RABBIT	Harris	18
A BOY'S PLEDGE	Hutchinson	19
A TEMPERANCE SONG	Baldwin	19
WHEN I'M A MAN	Douglas	19
THE BOTTLE IMP.....	Thayer	19
LITTLE SISTER	Gilson	20
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A WORTHY FOE	Anon	23
A MATTER OF IMPORTANCE	Richards	24

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THE CROWNING INDIGNITY	Nesbit	25
THE ONE HUNDRED AND ONETH	Donnell	25
STOLEN FRUIT	Hunt	25
A LAUGHING CHORUS	Anon	25
THE BLUEBELL	Deland	25
THE FISHING PARTY	Anon	26
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THE SULKS	Bates	29
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THE FAIRY SHOEMAKER	Allingham	29
DE MOON PILOT	Pruitt	29
LITTLE DANCING LEAVES	Larcom	29
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CUDDLIN'TOWN	Hauff	30
DOROTHY'S OPINION	Wells	30
ANNE OF GREEN GABLES	Montgomery	30
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W. E. GLADSTONE	Phillips	12
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BILLINGS OF '49	Balmer	13
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WRITE IT EVERYWHERE	Willard	19
WARREN'S ADDRESS	Pierpont	20
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CAVALRY SONG	Cutler	23
THE VERMIN IN THE DARK	Markham	23
THE FOURTH OF JULY	Pierpont	23
OUR COUNTRY	Howe	23
DE LEON	Butterworth	23
WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY	Butterworth	23
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WHEN THE REGIMENT CAME BACK	Wilcox	24
HIS NEW SUIT	Kiser	25
THE SONG OF PEACE	Miller	25
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THE MAN WHO FOUGHT WITH THE TENTH	Thomas	25
WASHINGTON'S GRAVE	Pike	25
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WHAT THE FLAG MEANS	Lodge	31
ARNOLD WINKELREID	Montgomery	31
ABRAHAM DAVENPORT	Whittier	31
THE PRESENT CRISIS	Lowell	31
THE MAN WHO WEARS THE BUTTON	Thurston	31
GENERAL GRANT	Lowell	31
THE POOR VOTER ON ELECTION DAY	Whittier	31

SPECIAL OCCASIONS

(See also Patriotic.)

LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM (CHRISTMAS)	Brooks	3
A PLEA FOR THE OLD YEAR	Moulton	5
APOLLO BELVEDERE (CHRISTMAS)	Stuart	5
DAS KRIST KINDEL (CHRISTMAS)	Riley	5
THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY	Kiser	5
THE WAITING FIGURE (NEW YEAR'S)		7
THE MISSION OF KITTY MALONE (THANKS- GIVING)	Cleary	7
A VISION OF WAR (DECORATION DAY)	Ingersoll	8
AT THE TURN OF THE ROAD (CHRISTMAS)	Glaspell	8

THE ST. JOHN'S FUND (EASTER).....	Greene	8
MEMORIAL DAY	Long	10
DECORATION	Cooke	11
ALLA FOR ROSA (CHRISTMAS).....	Daly	13
THE CHRISTMAS FIRE	Spofford	25
A DREAM OF PAST CHRISTMASES.....	Secordin	25
THANKSGIVING DAY	Bangs	25
TO THE NEW YEAR	Riley	25
THE MANGER SONG OF MARY.....	Markham	25
BETHL'EM STAR	Stuart	25
MARY AT THE SEPULCHRE	Arnold	26
IN CHRISTMAS LAND	Stanton	27
COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON	Henry	30

DRAMATIC

The Speaker No. 14 contains 120 selections for all kinds of religious occasions—Sunday School, Young People's Societies, Christmas, Easter, Thanksgiving, and so on.

THE HISTORY LESSON ("L'AIGLON").....	Rostand	1
ARENA SCENE ("QUO VADIS").....	Sienkiewicz	1
JEAN VALJEAN AND THE BISHOP.....	Hugo	1
GLORY	Long	1
THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER.....	Poe	1
RHYME OF DUCHESS MAY	Mrs. Browning	1
THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.....	Barrett	2
GENTLEMEN, THE KING	Barr	2
THE ONLY WAY ("TALE OF TWO CITIES").....		2
A NIGHT IN STE. PILAGIE (from "Lazarre").....		
.....Catherwood		2
THE PRISONER OF ZENDA	Hope	2
THE CALL OF THE WILD	London	2
THE TELL-TALE HEART	Poe	2
RICHELIEU	Lytton	2
BURGOMASTER'S DEATH (from "The Bells").....		2
FOR DEAR OLD YALE.....	Langston	2
THE LANCE OF KANANA	French	2
JOHN STORM'S RESOLUTION	Caine	4
THE FLOOD OF THE FLOSS.....	Eliot	4
A GONDOLA RACE	Smith	4
THE DEATH OF HYPATIA	Kingsley	5
THE TOURNAMENT	Scott	5
FAGIN'S LAST DAY	Dickens	5
THE WINNING OF LORNA DOONE.....	Blackmore	5
30 min., or 3 separate readings.		
A SOLDIER OF FRANCE	Ouida	7
A STORY OF THE SEA.....	Webb	7
THE REVEL	Dowling	8
A FIGHT WITH A CANNON	Hugo	8
FOURTEEN TO ONE	Phelps	9
THE RAJPUT NURSE	Arnold	9
THE TEAM (A WEST POINT FOOTBALL STORY)		
.....Buchanan		9
CUT OFF FROM THE PEOPLE	Caine	9
THE WOMEN OF MUMBLE'S HEAD.....	Scott	11

THE STEEPLECHASE	Ouida	11
THE PILOT	Howells	11
THE REVENGE	Tennyson	12
THE RAVEN	Poe	12
ZETTO, THE STORY OF A LIFE	Long	13
BILLINGS OF '49	Balmer	13
GOING OF THE WHITE SWAN	Parker	13
RAMON	Harte	13
THE MARTYR	Oliver	13
THE MAN WHO WAS	Kipling	13
ON THE BOTTOM OF THE DORY	Connolly	16
A FALLEN STAR	Chevalier	16
THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE	Shaw	16
MARY TUDOR	Vere	16
NATHAN HALE	Finch	16
REPENTANCE	Hackett	16
THE BRAVE MAN	Burger	17
THE LIFE BOAT	Anon	17
BEN BUTLER'S LAST RACE	Moore	17
MARY TUDOR	Vere	17
THE VAMPIRE	Kipling	17
BIMI	Kipling	18
A FAMILY FEUD	Dunbar	18
THE PORTRAIT	Meredith	18
GONE HOME ON NEW YEAR'S EVE	Weatherby	18
STORY OF A STOWAWAY	Scott	18
CHIQUITA	Harte	18
MY LAST DUCHESS	Browning	18
JIM BLUDSO OF THE PRAIRIE BELL	Hay	18
LITTLE BREECHES	Hay	18
"SHANG"	Child	19
THE DOWNFALL OF CONWAY	Moore	19
THE BOTTLE OF HELL-FIRE	Day	19
THE LUCK OF THE BOGANS	Jewett	19
KID McDUFF'S GIRL	Riis	19
MARY ELIZABETH	Ward	19
THE TWO GLASSES	Wilcox	19
A MAN FOR A' THAT	Gough	19
HOW JAMIE CAME HOME	Carleton	19
THE SHOEMAKER'S LITTLE WHITE SHOES	Willard	19
DRINKING ANNIE'S TEARS	Thorpe	19
JOE'S BABY	Sheldon	19
THE HAZING OF VALLIANT	Williams	20
COLLEGE OIL CANS	McGuire	20
THE POTION SCENE	Shakespeare	20
ON A BARRICADE	Hugo	20
THE CARES OF KINGSHIP	Shakespeare	20
THE RIDE FROM GHENT TO AIX	Browning	20
RIZPAH	Tennyson	20
HENRY HUDSON'S LAST VOYAGE	Van Dyke	20
THE INMATE OF THE DUNGEON	Morrow	20
THE EGYPTIAN AND THE CAPTAIN	Barrie	20
THE LAST LOVE-FEAST	King	22
MOLLIE AND THE OPERA GAME	Gates	22
THE UTILITY OF BOOING	Macklin	22

DEAD MAN'S RUN.....	Cawein	22
DEACON AND PARSON ON NEW YEAR'S.....	Murray	22
MARRIAGEMONY OF MINERVA WHITE.....	Rion	22
NOBODY'S TIM	Phelps	22
THE CHIEF OPERATOR	Phelps	23
DRUMS OF THE FORE AND AFT.....	Kipling	23
THE FLOATING BALANCE	Osbourne	23
THE PIPER	Peabody	24
AUTHOR'S READING AT BIXBY CENTRE....	Wiggin	24
NANCY'S CINDERELLA	Brainard	24
THE CHORUS LADY	Forbes	24
THE OUTLAW	Clark	24
A BORDER AFFAIR	Clark	24
A ROYAL PRINCESS	Rossetti	24
AN ELEVATOR LOVE STORY	Bell	24
LEWIS RAND	Johnston	24
THE BETTER TREASURE	Andrews	25
JIM'S WOMAN	Abbott	25
TIM CALLIGAN'S GRAVE-MONEY.....	Bates	25
A LOVE STORY OF OLD MADRID.....	Crawford	25
THE GREEN GNOME	Buchanan	25
MOB SCENE FROM LITTLE MINISTER.....	Barrie	26
VIRGINIA OF VIRGINIA	Rives	26
JACK THE FISHERMAN	Phelps	26
SERGIUS TO THE LIONS	Wallace	26
THE HAYSTACK IN THE FLOODS	Morris	26
THE MAN WITH ONE TALENT	Davis	26
JOINT OWNERS IN SPAIN	Brown	27
MY DISREPUTABLE FRIEND	Davis	27
CAMPASPE	Lyly	27
AS YOU LIKE IT	Shakespeare	27
THE HORN OF PLENTY	Wilkins	27
THE BREAKING OF THE ICE BRIDGE.....		27
IF I WERE KING	McCarthy	27
A FIGHT WITH PIRATES	Reade	27
DEATH OF MADAME DEFARGE	Dickens	28
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW	Shakespeare	28
THE BOAT RACE	Hughes	28
SELLING THE FAMILY PICTURES	Sheridan	28
THE OLD HOUSE A NEW INN	Goldsmith	28
THE SECRET OF DEATH	Arnold	28
ARBACES TO THE LION.....	Lytton	28
THE BENEDICTION	Coppee	28
THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO	Hugo	28
GINEVRA	Coolidge	28
COMO	Miller	28
BATTLE OF NASEBY	Macaulay	28
THE WILDERNESS	Anon	28
A LIFE BOAT YARN	Lyster	28
RUPERT'S MARCH	Thornbury	28
THE CONFESSION	Eldridge	29
THE TRIAL OF TOM GRAYSON.....	Eggleston	29
HEARTS AND HANDS	Porter	29
THE LEAP OF ROUSHAN BEG.....	Longfellow	29
THE REPORTER WHO MADE A STORY.....	Buchanan	29

MISTHER DENIS' RETURN	Barlow	29
HOW ADVENTURE CAME TO PETEE	Hunting	29
NELL	Buchanan	29
WALLACE OF UHLEN	Blake	29
ANDREW'S LEADING LADY	Forbes	30
THE STORMING OF MISSION RIDGE	Taylor	30
BALLAD OF ELIZABETH ZANE	Anon	31
THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON	Lanier	31
BUNKER HILL	Calvert	31
MONTEREY	Hoffman	31
THE RIDER OF THE BLACK HORSE	Lippard	31
IVRY	Macaulay	31
HERVE RIEL	Browning	31
RAY'S RIDE	King	31
THE CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE	Tennyson	31
THE CUMBERLAND	Longfellow	31
BOMBARDMENT OF VICKSBURG	Hayne	31
THE REVOLUTIONARY RISING	Read	31
THE BLACK REGIMENT	Boker	31
THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW	Lowell	31
THE LION AND THE MOUSE	Klein	32
MERCEDES	Aldrich	32
HUGO GROTIUS	Kotzebue	32
THE WINDOW-BLIND	Jones	32
JULIET AND HER NURSE	Shakespeare	32
THE NAP INTERRUPTED	Pinero	32
JULIUS CAESAR	Shakespeare	32
PYGMALION AND GALATEA	Gilbert	32
TWO SOULS WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT	Halm	32
KING LEAR	Shakespeare	32
KING JOHN	Shakespeare	32
POOR DEAR MAMMA	Kipling	32

BRIEFS OF DEBATES

Briefs of Debates, affirmative and negative, on the following questions, as used in the colleges indicated:

FEDERAL AND STATE GOVERNMENT	Princeton	8
INHERITANCE TAX	Michigan	8
ARMED INTERVENTION FOR THE COLLECTION OF DEBTS	Brown	8
THE SANTO DOMINGO TREATY	Amherst	8
THE OPEN SHOP	Universities Iowa and S. Dakota	8
MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP	Iowa State	8
RAILROAD POOLING	Chicago and Univ. of Minn.	9
RECIPROCITY WITH CANADA	Dartmouth and Brown	9
INITIATIVE AND REFERENDUM	Dickinson and Penn State	11
INCOME TAX	Swarthmore and Franklin and Marshall	11
EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY FOR ACCIDENTS	Yale and Princeton	11
FEDERAL CHARTER FOR INTERSTATE BUSINESS	Michigan	12

COMMISSION SYSTEM OF MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT	Dartmouth	12
GOVERNMENT BY INJUNCTION		13
AMERICAN IMPERIALISM		13
FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT		13
PRESIDENTIAL SYSTEM VS. PARLIAMENTARY SYSTEM.....	Dickinson—Franklin and Marshall	14
ABANDONMENT OF PROTECTIVE TARIFF.....	University of Pennsylvania	15
PROGRAMS OF DECLAMATION AND ORATORICAL CONTESTS		8
THE INCOME TAX	Harvard	19
THE DIRECT PRIMARY.....	Univ. of Southern California	21
CONSERVATION OF NATIONAL RESOURCES.....		
.....	Columbia University	23
INITIATIVE AND REFERENDUM.....	Colgate College	24
INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETICS		27
THE RECALL OF JUDGES.....	Doane College	27
GOVERNMENT CONTROL OF MONOPOLIES.....		
.....	Princeton University	27
GREEK-LETTER FRATERNITIES..	Swarthmore College	27
THE SINGLE TAX.....		
.....	Universities of Manitoba and North Dakota	28

(With most briefs there is a good bibliography of the question.)

FOR RELIGIOUS OCCASIONS

Christmas, Easter, Thanksgiving, Sunday School, Young People's Societies, etc.

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER	Lover	3
ARENA SCENE FROM "QUO VADIS".....	Sienkiewicz	1
AT THE TURN OF THE ROAD	Glaspel	8
A BOY'S PRAYER	Beeching	3
THE BOY THAT WAS SCARET O' DYIN.....	Slosson	3
THE BRAVEST BATTLE	Miller	7
BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.....	Tennyson	12
THE BUGLE SONG	Tennyson	12
THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS	Holmes	12
A CHILD'S GRACE	Burns	3
THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR.....	Parker	2
THE CHILDREN WE KEEP	Wilson	11
CRADLE HYMN	Luther	4
CRADLE HYMN	Watts	4
CROSSING THE BAR.....	Tennyson	12
CUT OFF FROM THE PEOPLE	Caine	9
DAS KRIST KINDEL	Riley	5
DEATH STANDS ABOVE ME	Landon	5
DOORS OF DARING	Van Dyke	8
EULOGY OF GARFIELD	Blaine	10
EVEN THIS SHALL PASS AWAY.....	Tilton	2
A FAREWELL	Kingsley	3
THE FIRST NOWELL (Old Carol).....		3
FOURTEEN TO ONE	Phelps	9
HAPPY IN MY LOT.....	Ewing	3
HIS MOTHER'S SERMON	Maclaren	7

HYMN OF A CHILD	Wesley	4
INFLUENCE OF UNIVERSITIES	Cleveland	10
IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL	Tennyson	12
IO VICTIS	Story	7
JEAN VALJEAN AND THE BISHOP	Hugo	1
JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO	Burns	9
THE KING'S GREAT VICTORY	Anderson	11
LINCOLN, A MAN CALLED OF GOD	Thurston	12
LITTLE CHRISTEL	Rands	4
THE LOST LEADER	Browning	11
THE MOTHERLESS BAIRN	Thom	11
MY HEART LEAPS UP	Wordsworth	2
MY STAR	Browning	7
OH LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM	Brooks	3
OPPORTUNITY	Sill	7
THE OTHER ONE	Peck	11
PARSIFAL THE PURE		3
RECESSIONAL	Kipling	3
THE ST. JOHN'S FUND	Greene	8
SANTA CLAUS	Anon	3
THE SIGN OF THE CROSS	Barrett	2
SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITIES	Gough	10
THE SONG OF THE MAN	Abbott	8
SYMPATHIES OF RELIGION AND ART	Gunsaulus	10
THE TAPESTRY WEAVERS	Chester	9
WAGES	Tennyson	11
THE WAITING FIGURE	Anon	7
WHAT IS RELIGION?	Waters	10
WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST	Child	3
WITH WHOM NO VARIABLENESS	Clough	2
A YOUNG MAN'S RELIGION	Waters	10
THE GOING OF THE WHITE SWAN	Parker	13
CHEER UP, HONEY	Dowd	13
LINCOLN'S HEART	Butterworth	13
A PETITION TO TIME	Proctor	13
SLEEP	Mrs. Browning	13
A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT	Burns	13
WATCHWORDS	Coxe	13
THE ORATORY OF BISHOP SIMPSON	Churchill	14
SEND THEM TO BED WITH A KISS	Anon	14
A MORNING PRAYER	Stevenson	14
THE SIN OF OMISSION	Sangster	14
GOD GIVE US MEN	Holland	14
A LITTLE PARABLE	Aldrich	14
FAITH	Bryan	14
WORK THOU FOR PLEASURE	Cox	14
IMMORTALITY	Bryan	14
THE PRINCE OF PEACE	Bryan	14
KEEP SWEET	Gillilan	14
THE MAN WITH THE HOE	Markham	14
WHAT I LIVE FOR	Banks	14
WHILE WE MAY	Willard	14
MOTHER	Fetter	14
BE STRONG	Babcock	14
THE BROKEN PINION	Butterworth	14

THE DREAMS AHEAD	Litsey	14
MY MOTHER	Anon	14
WATCH THE CORNERS	Linton	14
OPPORTUNITY	Ingalls	14
THINGS ARE ALL RIGHT	Anon	14
LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS	Hemans	14
YOUR MISSION	Gates	14
THE POPPY LAND EXPRESS	Abbott	14
WHO NE'ER HAS SUFFERED?	Goode	14
WHERE THE RAINBOW NEVER FADES....	Prentice	14
I WOULD, DEAR JESUS	Long	14
THE WORLD'S BID FOR A MAN.....	Stuart	14
AS JESUS PASSED	Smith	14
OPPORTUNITY	Malone	14
COUNTING THE COST	Gillilan	14
WHEN HE COMES	Shadwell	14
LOVE THE MEASURE	Buchanan	14
HARPS HUNG UP IN BABYLON.....	Colton	14
DONE UNTO CHRIST	Richard	14
A HOME SONG	Van Dyke	14
THE KNEELING CAMEL	Temple	14
SCHOOL DAYS	Babcock	14
THE TEMPEST	Palmer	14
PRACTICE	Drummond	14
CHRISTIANITY DEFINED	Drummond	14
WHAT IS CHRISTIANITY?	Maclaren	14
HOPE FOR ALL	Beecher	14
CHRISTIAN CHARACTER	Waters	14
THIS WORLD	Stanton	14
WHAT IS A CREED?	Waters	14
WHAT HAVE WE DONE TODAY?	Waterman	14
A CHRISTMAS CAROL	Lowell	14
DYING IN HARNESS	O'Reilly	14
SKY-BORN MUSIC	Emerson	14
BEAUTIFUL THINGS	Swing	14
CHRISTMAS EVERYWHERE	Brooks	14
INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD	Abbott	14
THE PULPIT IN MODERN LIFE	Hillis	14
THE RIGHT WAY	Carey	14
A THANKSGIVING	Towne	14
THE CHRISTIAN PULPIT	Hillis	14
FOR THOSE WHO FAIL	Miller	14
WHY SHOULDST THOU FEAR?	Dewhurst	14
GRANDMOTHER'S SONG	Cooke	14
PANACEA	Cooke	14
THE ANGEL AND THE SHEPHERDS	Wallace	14
THE FOLLY OF FALSEHOOD	Speer	14
WHEN SAW WE THEE	Speer	14
THE DEATHBED	Hood	14
REQUIEM	Stevenson	14
EPILOGUE	Browning	14
PEACE	Vaughn	14
THE QUIET HEART	Newton	14
GOD'S WAY	Bonar	14
THE PRACTICE OF IMMORTALITY	Gladden	14

THE RAINBOW	Wordsworth	14
A ROSE TO THE LIVING	Waterman	14
THE LIFE SCHOOL	Waterman	14
BITTER SWEET	Waterman	14
THE ATTRACTION	Richard	14
ONCE IN A WHILE	Waterman	14
THE BIBLE	Ferris	14
THE NOW	Ware	14
THE WASHERWOMAN'S SONG	Ware	14
IN HIS GOOD TIME	Browning	14
FORETOKENS OF IMMORTALITY	Hillis	14
PEACE AND HOPE	Hillis	14
HOME COMING	Abbott	14
THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD	Foss	14
THE SKY FOR YOU	Stanton	14
A SONG OF SEASONS	Stanton	14
THE SOUL'S CHRISTMAS	Ferris	14
CHRISTIANITY AND POLITICS	Ferris	14
OVERWORKED	Wilcox	14
A PRESENT FOR LITTLE BOY BLUE	Foley	14
A CHEER	Dowd	14
THE FUTURE BRIGHT	Stanton	14
THE GOOD OLD HYMNS	Stanton	14
WAS LINCOLN A KING?	Anon	14
A BIT OF CHEER	Beauchamp	14
SO MANY	Stanton	14
IMMORTALITY	Knox	17
McKINLEY'S DYING PRAYER	Creelman	17
PALM SUNDAY AND EASTER	Hale	17
THE SONG OF THE MYSTIC	Ryan	17
THE FOOL'S PRAYER	Sill	17
MY CREED	Kiser	17
COURAGE	Anon	19
THE MILITANT CHURCH	Dickie	19
AFTER FORTY YEARS	Nesbit	19
OUT OF THE DEPTHS	Wilcox	19
A HERO	Wilcox	19
THE MORAL WARFARE	Whittier	19
HEAVEN	Anon	20
THE LOST WORD	Van Dyke	20
A WORKMAN'S PRAYER	Stott	22
HOPE	Clough	22
FOR ALL THESE	Tompkins	23
THE GOSPEL OF LABOR	Van Dyke	23
THE GREAT GUEST COMES	Markham	24
THE SAINT AND THE SINNER	Bridges	24
FAILURE	Garrison	25
SAY SOMETHING GOOD	Gillilan	25
IF I CAN LIVE	Jackson	26
OTHERS CALL IT GOD	Carruth	28
THE ROSE OF CALVARY		28
GETHSEMANE		28
THE CHURCH OF THE BEST LICKS	Eggleston	29
ROGER WILLIAMS	Butterworth	31
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